READINGS IN INDIANA HISTORY

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

A COMMITTEE OF THE HISTORY SECTION OF THE INDIANA STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

INDIANA UNIVERSITY: EXTENSION DIVISION

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LOGAN ESAREY — CLARENCE V. HAWORTH
MATTIE B. LACEY — CHRISTOPHER B. COLEMAN
JAMES A. WOODBURN — ADELAIDE STEELE BAYLOR
OSCAR H. WILLIAMS, Chairman

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Foreword

Following the instructions of the History Section, the committee has sought to render available for teachers and pupils in the public schools the best original or firsthand materials for some study of Indiana history. It has so grouped and arranged the selections as to suggest the main outlines of the State's development, and, at the same time, by means of introductory comments, has attempted to supply the historical setting and to weave the parts into a connected whole.

The materials here set out are, it is the belief of the committee, best adapted to pupils of the grammar grades and the high school, although teachers of the lower classes will find suggestive matter for stories or talks for the children. It has been the aim in all cases to preserve the exact language and form of expression of the original, though for the sake of clearness and grammatical propriety occasional changes were introduced into the text. Children, as well as grown-ups, are fond of the quaint and sometimes antiquated mode of expression with which the sources abound.

Care has been taken to give, in connection with the title of every selection, the exact citation or reference, so that teachers who are interested in fuller elaboration than is afforded by the limited selection may readily find the entire account. The date of the composition is always given in connection with the name of the writer, and effort made in all cases clearly to make the distinction between the date of the writing and the time referred to in the selection.

The committee wishes to acknowledge its indebtedness to many persons who in a fine spirit of co-operative helpfulness have contributed to the success of its work. Especially is it under obligation to Dr. Logan Esarey, Secretary

of the Indiana Historical Survey, a member of the committee, for his counsel on the plan of arrangement and his valuable insight embodied in the editorial comment; to Mr. Harlow Lindley, Director of the Department of Indiana History and Archives, for his assistance in the search for materials; to Dr. S. B. Harding, Professor of European History in Indiana University, for his many suggestions on the form and mechanical structure of the book; to many authors and publishers for their courtesy in permitting the use of abstracts from their books; and to the Extension Division of Indiana University for undertaking the publication of the volume.

Oscar H. Williams,
Chairman.

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Readings in Indiana History

PART I. INTRODUCTORY

1. Historical Survey

The development of the western States of the American Union is rapidly becoming one of the most attractive fields for historical study. The origin and development of communities, in the dim dawn of Greek, Roman, and German history, have been studied with much interest. In America this development took place in the broad daylight of modern times. No colonies in historical times were freer to work out their own political and social organization. Any and all persons were welcome to settle in the valleys beyond the Appalachian mountains. There were no religious requirements, no political connections, no commercial restrictions worth speaking of. Protestants and Catholics, Methodists and Presbyterians, Quakers and Baptists, and thousands with no religious preferences at all, sat down together in the wilderness. Their children often attended the same schools; they helped one another build their houses, roll their logs, and build their churches. They fought out their religious battles with brain and tongue and remained good neighbors during and after the battle.

From the East came the Puritanic New Englanders with high Federalist notions. From the South came Scotch and Irish peasants and blue-blooded Virginians with Jeffersonian democratic tendencies. From Canada and Europe came the subjects of kings. All these, with every shade of political opinion, came together to organize townships, counties, and states, with the single restriction on their work that they make their institutions republican. It was not even compulsory that they form any government at all; they could remain under the first grade of territorial government, a military protectorate. Nothing can be more instructive than to observe how these pioneers constructed their local governments and then became imbued with the idea that anyone could make laws and administer a government. They were all Jacksonian democrats in the sense that they believed in the honesty and equality of all men.

Realizing the close connection between good government and good citizenship they stood for good government. Realizing the close relation between general intelligence and good government they stood for universal education.

Likewise, in commerce the pioneers were left to their own resources. They could trade with the Indians, with the English of Canada, or the Spanish at New Orleans, so far as the government of the United States was concerned. Instead of hindering them, the National Government did what it could to promote their foreign trade, by opening up the Mississippi and the Lakes to American commerce. Aside from practically giving the colonists the land on which they settled, the National Government did little directly to aid them.

In their struggles with the Indians, with the Spanish, and with the English, it was the frontier riflemen that determined the battles. In the struggles with forest and streams it was the pioneer thought and muscle that planned and executed. The pioneers built their own schools and educated themselves along their own lines. Nowhere in history has there been such freedom of thought and action. Their achievements and failures are all their own. The struggle has now been going on over a century. The following selections have been chosen with a view to illustrate this struggle of a century, the stage and the actors.

2. Suggestions to Teachers

The best results are to be attained only by a more or less systematic study of what is as yet a new field of history. The richness of subject-matter, the nearness to the lives and interests of the children, the importance of the subject in civic training, all render necessary increasing emphasis upon the study of the State's history. To gain time for this the teacher may shift the stress from less important parts of American History as, for example, the usual elaboration of the Columbus tradition, or the emphasis upon the facts of early colonial settlement, or better still the stress upon the details of military campaigns in the early wars.

In general, two or three plans for using the "Readings" suggest themselves. First, they may be used as material for occasional story-reproduction in oral composition. This casual and more or less random employment of the selections hardly suffices for purposes of historical study. Again, they may be taken up in the reading hour, as a substitute for the selections in the reader or book of

classics. This plan is little better than the first mentioned for serious study of history. Or, finally, they may be given as the basis for topical studies in Indiana history. This use, if followed up with class discussions, should give satisfactory results. To aid in this kind of study and discussion, outlines for assignment and preparation of lessons have been appended at the close of the book.

In the class hour, under the skilled guidance of the teacher, the pupils should be encouraged to offer comments and to discuss freely, from their individual points of view, the problems which confronted former generations of builders of community and State. In this way the civic habit of weighing and judging the factors in current problems is developed. The pioneer period, in the larger sense, was rife with privation and hardship, with struggle and ceaseless labor, with brain-puzzling problems of adaptation; the period of constructive energy which followed was no less full of hard and difficult problems of institution-making and revision. Children should not only draw fruitful comparisons with present day life and conditions but should enter with appreciative insight into the experiences of those builders who wrought so well in their day and generation. Above all, they should come to feel a strong sense of obligation to the forefathers of the commonwealth for their contribution, neither small nor insignificant, to the material and moral greatness of the Indiana of to-day.

The teacher with artistic instinct will seek to create vivid impressions of past scenes and experiences. She will live over with the children those striking episodes in the invasion of the wilderness, in preparing the soil for human habitation, in the contests with the savage, and in the later struggles for liberty and freedom from the stain of slavery. To do this requires the stimulation and exercise of the creative intellect and imagination. A boy or girl who is asked to write an imaginative letter from a child in a pioneer home, describing the surroundings and recounting the experiences of an Indian attack, or who composes an autobiographical sketch of a hunted slave on Indiana soil, or who frames a speech of an Indian chieftain as he looks for the last time upon the waters of his beloved Wabash before departing on the weary pilgrimage to the distant west land,—has gone far toward living in vivid fashion the experiences of actors in the drama of the past.

Visualization is a fruitful means of creating vivid impressions. Children who draw or paint will find real pleasure in reproducing in crayon or color the stalwart figure and gay dress of an Indian

chief —a Tecumseh or a Little Turtle—or in sketching the outlines of a river-ark, with an immigrant family aboard and bound for the wilderness, or in drawing a canal scene or portraying the arrival of a lumbering stage-coach. The boys who do manual work will find an outlet for constructive ability in making the model of an early flatboat, a blockhouse, a stockaded fort, or an Indian tomahawk. Such articles and drawings form suggestive tokens and decorative features for the schoolroom upon which children look with pride and satisfaction. Map-making always lends definiteness and visualized form to place relationships. Clark's exploits in the Northwest, Scott's expedition into the Indian country, the route of the Wabash and Erie Canal, and of the Whetzel and "Buffalo" Traces, should be carefully placed upon a map and necessary details added to make clear the setting.

Another means of giving vividness and reality to history study is to set the children to gather the neighborhood traditions of the past. Often the richest vein will be struck in the family narratives of the part played by grandparents in the great movements of former days. In some cases, a living representative of the olden times, a pioneer survivor in the community, will furnish gladly a stock of new and instructive sidelights on an age whose records are all too meager. A volunteer of the Civil War, a member of the "Home Guards" in the days of Morgan, will recount for the children the scenes of those "stirring days." Many times old letters come to light in such a search and add their note of reality to the study of the past.

The teacher should be prepared to fill in the details of the picture whose rough outlines may be discerned in the selections and their grouping. Fortunately, a literature is rapidly growing up around the story of Indiana in the making, and more and more that story is becoming common property. The selections themselves will be found to supplement one another in many places. For example, the description of the forests, in the opening selection, is carried further in half a dozen other places, as in the selections on clearing the forests, and in the travel and hunting stories. Rich and abundant material bearing on the subject is constantly appearing in the *Indiana Magazine of History.*

PART II. AN INDIAN COUNTRY, 1765 TO 1816

CHAPTER I

3. Introductory Sketch

The soil of what is now Indiana, when first visited by white men, was heavily forested. There were no open blue-grass pastures such as charmed the eyes of Daniel Boone when he first beheld Kentucky, nor was it an impassable thicket of vegetation such as is still to be found in the cypress swamps of Mississippi. There were treeless places like the Shaker prairie north of Vincennes, and the Wea plains south of Lafayette, where deer and buffaloes might be seen by hundreds in their season. In general the country might have been called an open woodland. A few well-beaten paths crossed the State from northwest to southeast, made originally by buffaloes passing from the Illinois prairies to the Kentucky canebrakes. Later these were used by the Indians, the French, and the early pioneers from the eastern colonies.

Few States are so well drained, naturally, as Indiana. It lies open to the St. Lawrence system on the north. Into this the Maumee and the St. Joseph drain, while the northwest corner borders on Lake Michigan. Across the central portion of the State from northeast to southwest runs the beautiful Wabash, the favorite stream of the State. Its long, parallel branches reach out into almost every county, and in the old days this fact made it the delight of the fur-traders. In their light canoes they glided smoothly up and down White river, Driftwood, Eel, Tippecanoe, and the Mississinewa. The Ohio and its small branches opened up the southern border of the State to the settlers coming in from the east, and, after they had become established, furnished a way over which they reached the markets in their flat boats. The small clear lakes in the northern part of the State were the favorite resorts of the Indians just as they are now the resorts of the white people.

Indiana was once probably the home of the Miamis, though history fails us at this point. When the first French explorers reached this region there were no tribes living in what is now Indiana. The Miamis and their kinsmen had fled to the westward in fear of the Iroquois, who had secured guns from the Dutch at New Amsterdam.

Some time after 1700 the Miamis secured firearms and returned to their old home on the Wabash, if indeed it had ever been their home. From 1700 to 1763 the Indians and French fur traders inhabited the land, living very much together and on equal terms. Catholic missionaries also visited the land and tried to wean the Indians from their native savagery.

In 1763 the English took possession, English traders in large measure taking over the fur trade. The greedy English trader brought firearms and liquor to the tribesmen and from that date began the rapid decline of the Indian nations. Pontiac's War put an end to English domination, though of course England retained title to the country till the conquest in 1779 by Virginia. With that event, which marked the coming of American settlers, the old French era ends.

The baneful influence of the British fur traders, often encouraged by the British government, remained with the Indians till the last. The English were largely responsible for the destructive wars between the Americans and the Indians. The latter got their guns and ammunition from the English. The purpose of the English was entirely selfish. The longer they could keep the Northwest an Indian hunting-ground the longer they would enjoy the fur trade. Had the British promptly withdrawn, in observance of the treaty of 1783, it is probable the whole Miami confederacy could have been saved to civilization.

CHAPTER II

INDIANA WHEN ENGLISHMEN FIRST CAME

4. The Forests

(From *A History of Johnson County*, by Judge David Demaree Banta [1881], pp. 50-51.)

Judge Banta was well acquainted with the settlers of Johnson county, having been an editor at Franklin before the Civil War. For further description of early forests see the selection from Croghan's Journal, and Scott's Expedition.

Tall trees covered the whole country with their wide-spreading branches depending to the ground, and the shrubbery below arose and united with the branches of the trees. Huge grape-vines, scorning to associate with the humble shrubs, like great serpents ascended and festooned the trees to the topmost branches, and thence, spreading in every direction, crept from tree to tree, tying and uniting the tops of a dozen together into an undistinguishable network of vegetation, as if for defense against the omnipotent force of the cyclone. Here grass and tallest trees,

> "Impenetrable
> To star or sunlight, spread their umbrage broad
> And brown as evening;"

for

> "—nature here
> Wantoned as in her prime, and played at will
> Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more strength
> Wild above rule or art."

In the open spaces, in the valleys, grew either prickly-ash or nettles, both equally armed with sharp, fiery prickles. The nettles grew so thick and were so terrible in the burning pain inflicted that the wounded wild deer in its flight from the hounds of the hunter, although in search of a covert, would never enter. It was often necessary to cover the horses' legs while plowing fresh lands to prevent contact

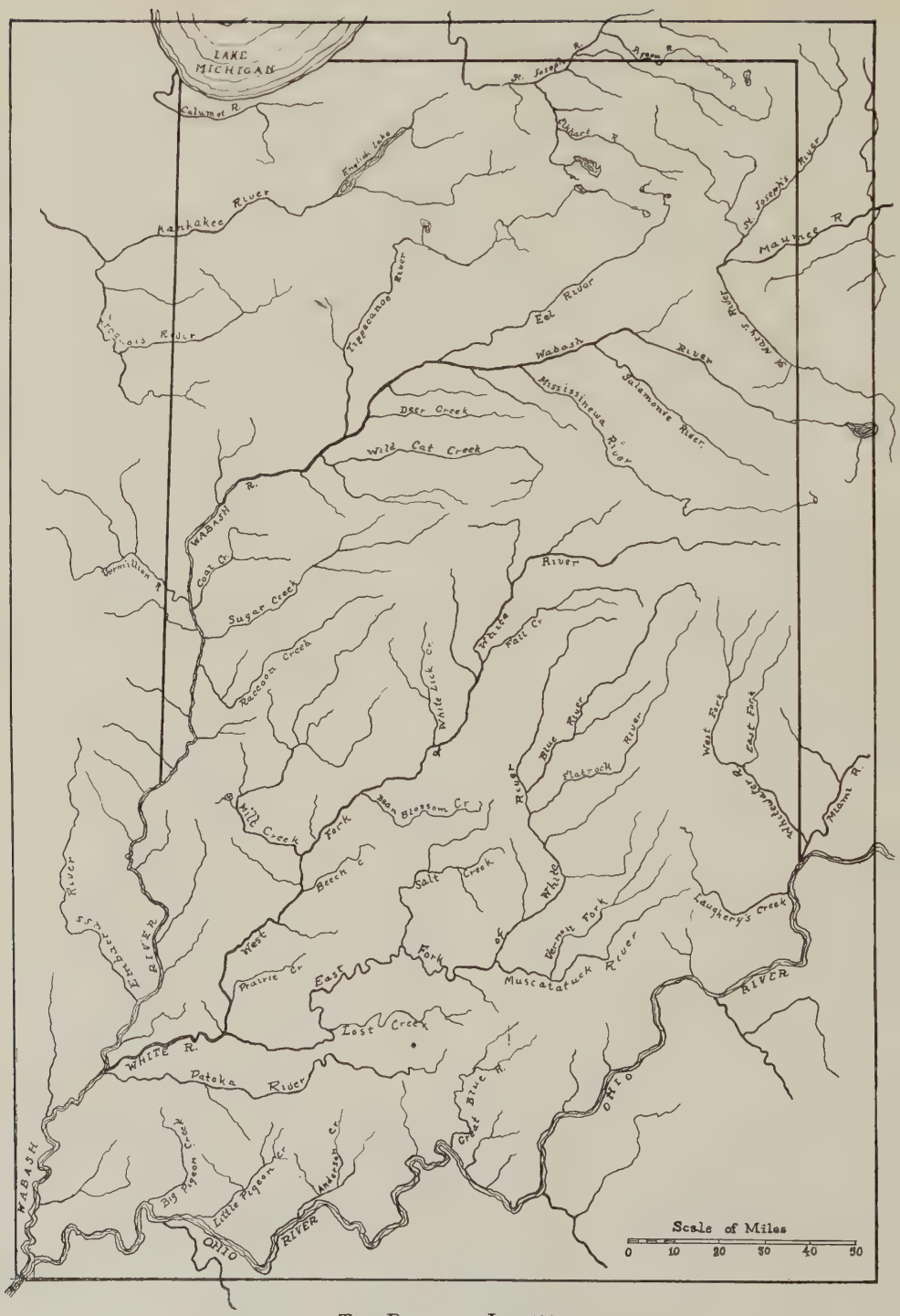
with the nettles. The soil, after a heavy rain, seemed to be afloat, and a deer, in its escape from the hunter, left so conspicuous a trail that he could be as readily followed as in the snow. Where the spicewood did not grow too thickly male fern formed a solid mass three feet in depth, covering logs and pitfalls so completely that the unwary walker often found himself thrown on his head beyond the obstruction. The dry lands along the creeks and rivers were first brought into cultivation. The highest lands were often table-lands and the wettest. One-half of Johnson county was of this character. Here, long sloughs extended over the country for miles, choked with brush and logs, and often without any outlet, and seemed to be, as no doubt they were, sections of extinct rivers, many of them half a mile in width; and, in the rainy season, except for fallen logs, might have been navigated for long distances. In passing over these wet lands in the rainy season but little dry land would appear, except an occasional dry spot like an islet, with its crest lowly bowed as if in dread of submergence. If any attempt was made to cultivate these wet lands, by deadening the timber, and also by opening the drains, nothing was produced. The crop was drowned by the percolation and infiltration (seeping) of water from the adjoining wet lands. It was, therefore, indispensably necessary that large bodies should be brought into cultivation at once. And so it was that for miles in extent the lands were deadened and exposed to the action of the sun. The ground thus became drier and caused contraction on the roots of shrubbery, which had grown in a loose, wet soil, by which the whole died together. A man traveling through the woods on horseback could be heard a half-mile away crashing the brush and mowing a road for himself and horse. When the trees and shrubbery died the whole ground was soon covered with fallen trees and brush. The wild weeds and grass now took possession of the ground and covered it also. During a dry time two or three men might, by merely sowing the deadening over with fire, burn up the whole superincumbent covering over eight or ten acres in a single day. The sloughs, which abounded, and which, except for obstructions by fallen timber, might

have been navigated by small crafts for miles, were thus soon opened, and the drainage further assisted by tiling, till the whole country, in an incredibly short time, was brought into cultivation.

5. Surface and Rivers

(From *A New Guide to Emigrants to the West*, by J. M. Peck [1836], pp. 225-227.)

The counties bordering on the Ohio river are hilly—sometimes abrupt, precipitous, stony, occasionally degenerating into knobs and ravines. Commencing at the mouth of White river, on the Wabash, and following up that stream on its east fork, and thence along the Muscatatuck, through Jennings and Ripley counties to Lawrenceville [Lawrenceburg], and you leave the rough and hilly portion of Indiana to the right. Much of the country we have denominated hilly is rich, fertile land, even to the summits of the hills. On all the streams are strips of rich alluvion of exhaustless fertility. The interior, on the two White rivers and tributaries, is moderately undulating, tolerably rich soil, and much of it heavily timbered with oaks of various species, poplar, beech, sugar tree, walnuts, hickory, elm, and other varieties common to the West. There is much level table-land between the streams. Along the Wabash, below Terre Haute, is an undulating surface, diversified with forest and prairie, with a soil of middling quality, interspersed with some very rich tracts. Along the Wabash and its tributaries above Terre Haute the land in general is first rate—a large proportion is forest, interspersed with beautiful prairies. The timber consists of oaks of various species, poplar, ash, walnut, cherry, elm, sugar tree, buckeye, hickory, some beech, sassafras, lime, honey-locust, with some cottonwood, sycamore, hackberry and mulberry on the bottom lands. The undergrowth is spice-bush, hazel, plum, crabapple, hawthorn and vines. Along the northern part of the State are extensive prairies and tracts of barrens, with groves of various kinds of timber and skirts of burr-oak. Towards Lake Michigan and along the Kankakee and St. Joseph rivers are lakes, swamps and marshes.



THE RIVERS OF INDIANA

(Taken from a map by PRESTON H. MILES in the *Report of the Commissioner of Fisheries and Game of Indiana* for 1911–12.)

The Ohio meanders along the southeastern and southern parts of the State for 350 miles in extent. The east and west forks of White river, and their tributaries, water the interior counties for one hundred miles in extent. They are both navigable streams for flatboats during the spring and autumn floods. The Wabash river has several heads, which interlock with the waters of the St. Joseph and St. Mary's, which form the Maumee of Lake Erie. It runs a southwestwardly course across the State to Warren county—thence southwardly to Vigo county, where it becomes the boundary between Indiana and Illinois, along which it meanders to the Ohio, which it enters twelve miles above Shawneetown. The St. Joseph of Lake Michigan makes a curve into Elkhart and St. Joseph counties, forming what is called the South Bend. The Kankakee, which is the longest branch of Illinois river, rises in Indiana, near the South Bend. Some of its head waters interlock with those of Tippecanoe, a prominent tributary of the Wabash.

6. The Miami Indians

(From *A History of Johnson County*, by D. D. Banta [1881], p. 16.)

The Indians, known to the pioneers of Johnson county, doubtless came from the White river towns, scattered along its banks from Port Royal Bluffs to Anderson. There were traces of Indian villages in northern Johnson county and southern Marion; but these towns, if they had ever existed, had been abandoned or possibly destroyed by General Scott or Wilkinson in 1791.

At the time of the discovery and exploration of the West, the Miami tribe of Indians occupied the whole of Indiana, the western part of Ohio, the southern part of Michigan, and the eastern part of Illinois. Unlike most other tribes, the Miamis had no traditions of former migrations, and are presumed therefore to have occupied this land for a time "whence the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." Little Turtle, a celebrated chief of the Miamis, confirmed this in a speech made to General Wayne at the treaty of Greenville, in 1795. "You have pointed out to us," said the unlettered orator, "the boundary line between the In-

dians and the United States; but I now take the liberty to inform you that the line cuts off from the Indians a large portion of country which has been enjoyed by my forefathers from time immemorial, without molestation or dispute. The prints of my ancestors' houses are everywhere to be seen in this portion. . . . It is well known by all my brothers present that my forefather kindled the first fire at Detroit; from there he extended his lines to the headwaters of the Scioto; thence to its mouth; thence down the Ohio to the Wabash, and thence to Chicago, on Lake Michigan."

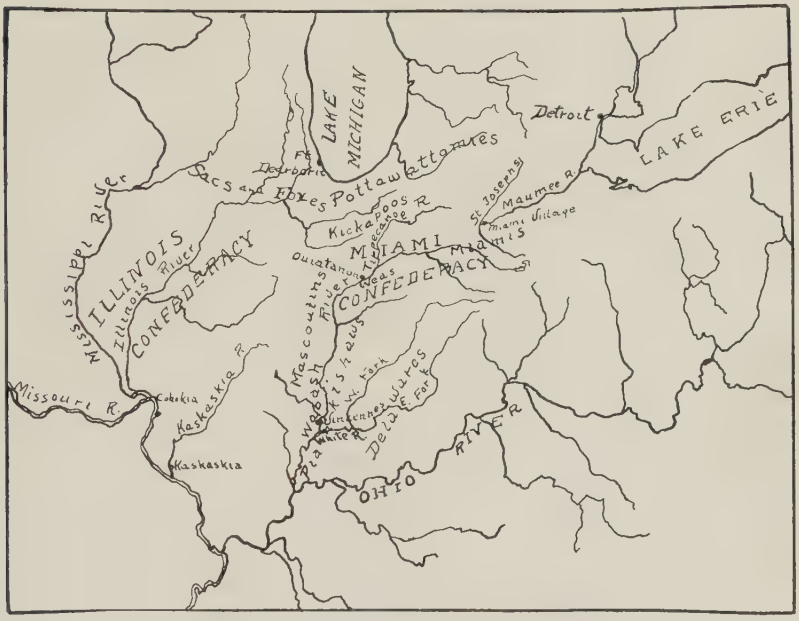
7. Distribution of the Miamis

(From the *History of Howard and Tipton Counties*, by JUDGE N. R. OVERMAN [1833], p. 16.)

This selection shows with some accuracy the location and numbers of the Miami tribes.

In 1765 the Miami confederacy was composed of the following branches: The Twightwees, situated at the head of the Miami river, with 250 warriors; and the Ouiatanons, in the vicinity of their village, Ouiatanon (pronounced Wē-ot'-e-non). The latter were situated on the north side of the Wea Plains, on the south bank of the Wabash, a short distance below the present city of Lafayette, and had 300 warriors. This village of Ouiatanon at one time had a population of 5,000 inhabitants, and was the metropolis of the Indians of the Wabash valley. The village was nearly four miles in length and a half mile in width. It was destroyed in the year 1791 by soldiers under the command of Gen. Charles Scott. The Piankishaws, on the Vermilion river, had 300 warriors. In the early Indian wars the Miamis were the enemies of the English and the friends of the French. Afterward, in the trouble between the King and the colonies, they were generally the allies of the English and the foes of the States. They looked upon the approach of the white man with the deepest distrust, fearing degradation, destruction, and ultimate extinction. They loved their native forests, worshipped freedom, and hated restraint. They feared the advance of invaders, and abhorred the

forms of civilization. It is said that the Miamis were early and earnestly impressed with a fearful foreboding of ultimate ruin, and therefore seized upon every opportunity to terrify, destroy, and drive back the invading enemy.



Distribution of Indian Tribes, 1765-1800

8. Natives of the Wabash Country

(From *Documents Relating to the Colonial History of New York*, IX, pp. 891-892; Writer Unknown, [1718].)

The Indians inhabiting the soil of Indiana belonged to the Algonquin family, and most of them to the Miami tribe. Their ancestral homes were at the present sites of Fort Wayne and Lafayette. The Delawares came in after the Revolution and established villages on White river. To the north, on the prairies west of Lafayette, were the Kickapoos, relatives of the Weas and Miamis. On the St. Joseph were the Pottawattomies, also related to the Miamis. Schoolcraft estimated the number of warriors in Indiana at the close of the Revolution as 8,000, or about 40,000 souls. They were savages.

The writer of the following selection had lately visited the tribes in Indiana.

The Miamis are sixty leagues from Lake Erie, and number 400, all well-formed men, and well-tattooed; the women are numerous. They are hard-working and raise a species of maize unlike that of our Indians at Detroit. It is white, of the same size as the other, the skin much finer and the meal much whiter. This nation is clad in deerskin; and when a married woman goes with another man, her husband cuts off her nose and does not see her any more. This is the only nation that has such a custom. They love plays and dances, wherefore they have more occupation. The women are well clothed, but the men use scarcely any covering and are tattooed all over the body. From this Miami village[1] there is a portage of three leagues to a little and very narrow stream that falls, after a course of twenty leagues, into the Ohio, or the Beautiful river, which discharges into the Ouabache[2] (Wabash), a fine river that falls into the Mississippi, forty leagues from Cascachias (Kaskaskia).

This River Ouabache is the one on which the Ouiatanons are settled. They consist of five villages, which are contiguous the one to the other. One is called Ouiatanon, the other Peanguichias (Pē-an-gwee′-chi-ŏs), and another Petitscotias (Pet-it-scō′-ti-ŏs), and the fourth Les Gros.[3] The name of the last I do not recollect, but they are Ouiatanons, having the same language as the Miamis, whose brothers they are, and properly all Miamis, having all the same customs and dress. The men are very numerous; fully a thousand or twelve hundred. They have a custom different from all the other nations, which is to keep their fort extremely clean, not allowing a blade of grass to remain in it. The whole of the fort is sanded like the Tuileries.[4]

Their village is situated on a high hill, and they have over two leagues of improvement where they raise their Indian corn, pumpkins and melons. From the summit of this elevation nothing is visible to the eye but prairies full of buffaloes. Their playing and dancing are incessant. All

[1] Kekionga, on the present site of Fort Wayne.
[2] The early explorers called the Ohio a tributary of the Wabash.
[3] The Weas, living where Lafayette now is.
[4] The royal palace in Paris.

these tribes use a vast quantity of vermilion.[5] The women wear clothing; the men very little. The River Ohio, or the Beautiful river, is the route which the Iroquois take. It would be of importance that they should not have much intercourse, as it is very dangerous. Attention has been called to this matter long since, but no notice has been taken of it.

9. Pottawattomie Story of How the Indian Race Began

(From *Indian Tribes of the United States*, by Henry R. Schoolcraft [1847], I, p. 320.)

The Pottawattomies lived in Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan. They belonged to a group called the Lake Indians whose mythology was held in common. This story belongs in the same class with those which Longfellow has woven into the poem Hiawatha. This tribe took a prominent part in the war of 1812, at the massacre of Fort Dearborn, the battle of Tippecanoe, and the attacks on Fort Wayne and Fort Harrison. This simple myth shows their childlike ideas of the beginning of things.

When Kĭtch-ē-mŏn′-ē-dō made the world he filled it with a class of beings who looked like men, but who were perverse, ungrateful, wicked dogs, and never raised their eyes from the ground to thank him for anything. Seeing this, the Great Spirit plunged them, with the world itself, into a great lake, and drowned them. He then withdrew it from the water, and made a single man, a very handsome young man, who, as he was lonesome, appeared sad. Kĭtch-ē-mŏn′-ē-dō took pity on him, and sent him a sister to cheer him in his loneliness.

After many years the young man had a dream which he told to his sister. Five young men, said he, will come to your lodge door this night to visit you. The Great Spirit forbids you to answer or even look up and smile at the first four; but when the fifth comes you may speak and laugh and show that you are pleased. She acted accordingly. The first of the five strangers that called was U-sä′-mä, or tobacco, and having been repulsed, he fell down and died; the second, Wä′-pŏ-ko, or pumpkin, shared the same fate;

[5] A brilliant red coloring-matter used by the Indians in painting their faces and bodies when on the warpath.

the third, Ĕsh-koss′-ı-mĭn, or melon, and the fourth, Kō′-Kēēs, or the bean, met the same fate. But when To′-mın, or Mŏn-tă′-mĭn, which is *maize*, presented himself, she opened the skin-tapestry door of her lodge, and laughed very heartily, and gave him a friendly reception. They were immediately married, and from this union the Indians sprung. Tomin forthwith buried the four unsuccessful suitors, and from their graves there grew tobacco, melons of all sorts, and beans; and in this manner the Great Spirit provided that the race which he had made should have something to offer him as a gift in their feasts and ceremonies, and also something to put into their *akeeks*, or kettles, along with their meat.

10. Shawnee Tradition of Indian Origins

(From *Indian Tribes of the United States*, by Henry R. Schoolcraft [1847], IV, p. 255.)

The Shawnees lived in Western Ohio and mingled with the Miamis and Delawares of Indiana. They had a tradition of having crossed a great sea and annually for many years offered sacrifices for their safe deliverance. The following story is characteristic of a class of stories of creation common to these western Indians.

It is many years ago since the numbers of the Shawnees were very great. They were, on an important occasion, encamped together on a prairie. At night one-half of them fell asleep; the others remained awake. Those who kept awake abandoned the sleepers before morning and betook themselves to the course where the sun rises. The others gradually pursued their route in the direction where the sun sets. This was the origin of the two nations, the first of which was called Shawnee, and the other Kickapoo.

Prior to this separation these nations were considered one, and were blessed with the bounties of heaven above any blessings which are now enjoyed by any description of mankind. And they ascribe their present depressed condition and the withdrawal of the favors of Providence to the anger of the Great Being at their separation.

Among the many tokens of divine favor which they formerly enjoyed was the art of walking on the surface of the

ocean, by which they crossed from the East to America without vessels; also the art of restoring life to the dead, by the use of medical arts continued for the space of six hours. Witchcraft and prophecy were, with them, at their highest state, and were practiced without feigning; and, in fine, such were the gifts of heaven to them that nothing fell short of their inconceivable power to perform. And after the Shawnees have wandered to the remotest west and returned eastward to the original place of separation, the world will have finished its career. It is believed by the Shawnees that the consummation of this prophecy is not far distant, because they have, in fulfillment of the prophecy, reached the extreme western point, and are now retrograding on their steps.

11. Indian Life and Customs: Training of Indian Youth

(From *Indian Speeches, and a Treatise on the Western Indians*, edited by Hiram W. Beckwith [1882], pp. 87-88.)

Both the male and the female children are nurtured in such a manner as is best calculated to endure the greatest hardships. They are compelled to bathe their bodies in cold water every day, and fast for a certain length of time. The length of time a child has to fast is regulated by its age. A child that is eight years old will fast half a day, and one that is twelve or sixteen will fast a day. The person who is fasting has his face blackened and is not permitted to wash it until the time of fasting is out. The face of the male is blackened all over; that of the female on the cheeks only. The male quits this practice at the age of eighteen; his education is then said to be complete, and he is old enough to be a man. His face is then blackened for the last time, and he is taken a mile or two from any house, where he has a small hut built for him out of bushes or weeds. After this, he is addressed by his father, or guardian, in the following words:

My son, it has pleased all the Great Spirits that live above the clouds, and all those that live on the earth, that you should live to see this day; they have all witnessed your conduct since I first blackened your face; they know

whether you have at all times adhered to the advice I have given you; I hope they will reward you accordingly. You must now remain here, until myself or some of your friends come to you.

The man then returns home, takes his gun and goes hunting, while his son is left five or six days, and sometimes eight days, without anything to eat or drink. When the father or guardian has procured enough meat for a feast, he invites some of his neighbors to come and help partake of what he has. They accompany him to where his son has been staying for several days; the boy is then taken home, where he is immersed in cold water, his head shaved all over except a small spot on the top; victuals are then given him, which have been prepared in a separate vessel for that purpose. After he is done eating, a looking-glass is given him, and a bag of vermilion or paint; he is then told by the company that he is a man. After this he is considered as such by the people of the village. They frequently go to war before being declared men in this manner, and they are respected according to their merit.

Immediately after a boy's face is blackened, which generally takes place at daybreak, he takes his bow and arrows and goes to the woods, from whence he does not return until the usual time of washing his face and eating comes on. I have accompanied boys for several years at different times, when their faces were blackened, and I never knew a single instance of their eating or drinking while in this situation, or without the knowledge of their parents.

12. Indian Life and Customs: On the Warpath

(Reference same as above, pp. 89-91.)

When a warrior wishes to go to war, he informs one or two of his most intimate friends of his intentions and asks them to join him. The war party is then formed by inviting as many men as they wish to compose it. Their intentions are kept secret from all the rest, as the person who is to command the party wishes such men only as will at all times obey his orders. After the party is complete

they leave the village secretly at night. When they encamp, the captain or commander places the oldest men in front of the camp, and the youngest in the rear; the former do all the hunting for the party and keep up a strict watch for the enemy; the latter do all the cooking, making the fires, mending the moccasins, etc. Each party has a small budget, which they call the war budget, which contains something belonging to each person in the party, and representing some wild animal, such as a snake's skin, a buffalo's tail, a wolf's head, a mink's skin, or the feathers of some extraordinary bird. This budget is considered sacred, and is always carried by some one chosen for that purpose. This person always marches in front and leads the party to the enemy. He is never passed on the march by any of the company while he has the budget on his back. When the party halts, the budget is laid on the ground in front of them, and no person is permitted to pass it without orders from the proper authority. No person is allowed to sit, or lay his pack on a log, neither is any one allowed to talk of women while they are going toward an enemy. When a four-legged animal is killed by the party, the heart is carefully preserved by a person appointed for that purpose. When they encamp, a fire is built alongside the war budget, and the heart is cut in small pieces and burned. The sticks or spits on which they roast their meat are split half down the middle, and the meat is placed in the split; the stick is sharpened at but one end, and is stuck in the ground. No person is allowed to step across the fire, nor to walk around it in any other way than that in which the sun traverses.

It will readily be imagined that the order observed among the Indians when going to war is nicely calculated to prevent accident or surprises, and to keep up good discipline. When the enemy is to be attacked, the war budget is opened, and each man takes out his skin, or corpenyomer, (as it is called) or war bag, and ties it on that part of his body which he is directed to do by his ancestors in such like cases.

When an Indian attacks his enemy, he is generally stripped naked (except what is called his breech-cloth and moccasins). His body is painted in different colors, though generally red. After the action is over, each person returns his war bag to the commander of the party, who takes the same skin or cloth that they were formerly wrapped in, and carefully wraps them up again, and gives the budget to the man who took the first prisoner or scalp, and who now leads the party home in triumph. This is considered a mark of his bravery in the nation, and consequently a great honor is attached to it. Should there be more than one of the enemy killed or taken prisoner, the person who gets the first scalp or takes the first prisoner is entitled to the first honor.

When the party returns home, the war budget is hung in front of the door of the person who carried it on the march against the enemy. It is suffered to remain there thirty or forty days, and some one of the party goes every night and sings and dances where it hangs; particularly those who have taken a prisoner or scalp.

When the person who commanded the party thinks proper, he assembles the party, and a feast is prepared by them for all the people of the village. They sing and dance all night. Those of the party who did the enemy most damage serve out the feast to the assembly. After this is over, the war budget is opened by the commander, and each person of the party takes out his corpenyomer, or war bag, and the party is dissolved.

13. Indian Ceremony of Adoption

(Reference same as above, pp. 92-93.)

When an Indian loses one of his relations, he believes that, if his place is not filled by adoption, more of his friends will die. If the deceased is a male, one of the most intimate male friends of the departed is chosen to fill the vacancy; if a female, one of her most intimate friends is chosen. If the deceased is a person of respectability, it frequently happens that two persons are chosen to fill the vacancy. After everything is in readiness, the person, or

persons, to be adopted are sent for, and the ceremony begins. If the deceased was a warrior, the adoption is performed by the warriors of the village, who assemble at the house of the deceased.

They commence by each dancing the war-dance and singing the war-song in rotation. The warriors go through all the different maneuvers that are customary when engaged with the enemy; after which, each one reports to the assembly the number of actions he has been in, and the number of scalps and prisoners he has taken.

While the warriors are dancing, they occasionally give the same yells and repeat the same words they did when they were in battle. All the while a constant yelling is kept up by the assembly. When a warrior has gone through such of his exploits as he thinks proper, he hands the war-club to some other warrior, and sits down. The other rises up and repeats as many of his war achievements as he thinks proper. In this way the dance is continued until each warrior of the village is called upon to relate his war exploits. Some are called on two or three times during the dance. The assembly is then dismissed by the speaker for the friend of the deceased, who tells them that the hearts of the relations of the dead are glad. The person or persons adopted sit among the relatives of the deceased during the dance. After the dance is over, they are invited by their new relations to a private place, where they receive everything that belonged to the deceased, also the articles that were given by neighbors by way of donation in adoption. They are then told that they are one of the family, and must consider themselves as such, and that they are entitled to the same authority and respect in the nation that the person whose place they fill had, when living.

When a common man or woman or child dies, the adoption is exhibited by a few persons of both sexes who play at some favorite game of the deceased; if a heroic man dies, they shoot at a mark, run a foot-race, or play some other game. If a woman, they play some game of which she was fondest.

14. The French in Indiana: Post Vincennes

(From Thwaites' *Early Western Travels*, I, pp. 137-143; account by Col. George Croghan [1765]. Copyright. By permission of the Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland.)

Pontiac's host in 1763 swept like a storm over the territory of Indiana. Not an Englishman was left in the whole region. The Treaty of Paris had been signed February 10, 1763, and it placed upon England the government of the territory. The French still held command at Fort de Chartres (Kaskaskia) until October 9, 1765, when St. Ange, the French commandant, gave way to Captain Sterling and the Forty-second Highlanders.

It was in an earlier attempt, made in the year 1765, to take possession of the French posts that Colonel Croghan was captured and taken to Vincennes, Ouiatanon, and Post Miami. Under orders from General Gage, then commanding in America, he had set out from Fort Pitt, May 15, 1765.

He passed down the Ohio without incident, writing descriptions of the land on the way, for he was also an agent for a prospective land company. Near the mouth of the Wabash, on June 8, he was fired on by a skulking war party of Musquattimes and Kickapoos. After plundering his goods they carried Croghan a prisoner to Vincennes where he was released, though they compelled him to go, half-captive, to Ouiatanon. From there he proceeded on to Post Miami, Detroit, and back to Fort Pitt.

Col. George Croghan, the author of this selection, spent his life in the Indian country and was said by Sir William Johnson to be the best man in America to deal with the Western Indians.

July 6, 1765.—We arrived at the mouth of the Ouabache, where we found a breast-work erected, supposed to be done by the Indians. The mouth of this river is about two hundred yards wide, and in its course runs through one of the finest countries in the world, the lands being exceedingly rich, and well watered; here hemp might be raised in immense quantities. All the bottoms, and almost the whole country abound with great plenty of the white and red mulberry tree. These trees are to be found in great plenty, in all places between the mouth of the Scioto and the Ouabache: the soil of the latter affords this tree in plenty as far as the Ouiatanon, and some few on the Miami River. Several large fine islands lie in the Ohio, opposite the mouth of the

Ouabache, the banks of which are high, and consequently free from inundations; hence we proceeded down the river about six miles to encamp, as I judged some Indians were sent to waylay us, and came to a place called the Old Shawnee Village, some of that nation having formerly lived there. In this day's proceedings we came about seventy-six miles.

8th.—At day-break we were attacked by a party of Indians, consisting of eighty warriors of the Kickapoos and Musquattimes, who killed two of my men and three Indians, wounded myself and all the rest of my party, except two white men and one Indian; then made myself and all the white men prisoners, plundering us of everything we had. A deputy of the Shawnees who was shot through the thigh, having concealed himself in the woods for a few minutes after he was wounded—not knowing but they were southern Indians, who are always at war with the northward Indians—after discovering what nation they were, came up to them and made a very bold speech, telling them that the whole northward Indians would join in taking revenge for the insult and murder of their people; this alarmed those savages very much, who began excusing themselves, saying their fathers, the French, had spirited them up, telling them that the Indians were coming with a body of southern Indians to take their country from them, and enslave them; that it was this that induced them to commit this outrage. After dividing the plunder, (they left great part of the heaviest effects behind, not being able to carry them,) they set off with us to their village at Ouiatanon, in a great hurry, being in dread of pursuit from a large party of Indians they suspected were coming after me. Our course was through a thick woody country, crossing a great many swamps, morasses, and beaver ponds. We traveled this day about forty-two miles.

15th.—We set out very early, and about one o'clock came to the Ouabache, within six or seven miles of Post Vincent.[6] On my arrival there, I found a village of about eighty or ninety French families settled on the east side of this river, being one of the finest situations that can be

[6] Post Vincennes, also sometimes Au Post, Post Saint Vincent.

found. The country is level and clear, and the soil very rich, producing wheat and tobacco. I think the latter preferable to that of Virginia or Maryland. The French inhabitants hereabouts, are an idle, lazy people, a parcel of renegadoes from Canada, and are much worse than the Indians. They took a secret pleasure at our misfortunes, and the moment we arrived they came to the Indians, exchanging trifles for their valuable plunder. As the savages took from me a considerable quantity of gold and silver in specie, the French traders extorted ten half johannes[7] from them for one pound of vermilion. Here is likewise an Indian village of the Piankishaws,[8] who were much displeased with the party that took me, telling them that "our and your chiefs are gone to make peace, and you have begun a war, for which our women and children will have reason to cry."

Post Vincent is a place of great consequence for trade, being a fine hunting country all along the Ouabache, and too far for the Indians, which reside hereabouts, to go either to the Illinois, or elsewhere, to fetch their necessaries.

16th.—We were obliged to stay here to get some little apparel made up for us, and to buy some horses for our journey to Ouiatanon, promising payment at Detroit, for we could not procure horses from the French for hire; though we were greatly fatigued, and our spirits much exhausted in our late march, they would lend us no assistance.

15. The French in Indiana: Ouiatanon

(Reference same as above.)

July 23, 1765.—Early in the morning we set out through a fine meadow, then some clear woods; in the afternoon came into a very large bottom on the Ouabache, within six miles of Ouiatanon; here I met several chiefs of the Kickapoos and Musquattimes,[9] who spoke to their young men who had taken us, and reprimanded them severely for what they had

[7] Johannes, a Portuguese coin current in the country about this time, of the value of about nine dollars.

[8] Piankishaws were a tribe settled near Vincennes.

[9] Also called Mascoutins; a wandering tribe whose home was in Southern Wisconsin. They were related to the Kickapoos.

done to me, after which they returned with us to their village, and delivered us all to their chiefs.

The distance from Post Vincent to Ouiatanon is two hundred and ten miles. This place is situated on the Ouabache. About fourteen French families are living in the fort, which stands on the north side of the river. The Kickapoos and the Musquattimes, whose warriors had taken us, live near the fort, on the same side of the river, where they have two villages; and the Ouiatanons have a village on the south side of the river. On our arrival at this post, several of the Ouiatanons with whom I had been formerly acquainted, came to visit me, and seemed greatly concerned at what had happened. They went immediately to the Kickapoos and Musquattimes, and charged them to take the greatest care of us until their chiefs should arrive from the Illinois, where they had gone to meet me some time ago, and who were entirely ignorant of this affair, and said the French had spirited up this party to go and strike us.

The French have great influence over these Indians, and never fail in telling them many lies to the prejudice of his majesty's [King of England] interest, by making the English nation odious and hateful to them. I had the greatest difficulty in removing these prejudices. As these Indians are a weak, foolish, and credulous people, they are easily imposed upon by a designing people, who have led them hitherto as they pleased. The French tell them that as the southern Indians had for two years past made war upon them, it must have been at the instigation of the English, who are a bad people. However, I have been fortunate enough to remove their prejudice, and, in a great measure, their suspicions against the English. The country hereabouts is exceedingly pleasant, being open and clear for many miles; the soil very rich and well watered; all plants have a quick vegetation, and the climate is very temperate through the winter. This post has always been a very considerable trading place. The great plenty of furs taken in this country, induced the French to establish this post, which was the first on the Ouabache, and by

a very advantageous trade they have been richly recompensed for their labor.

On the south side of the Ouabache runs a big bank, in which are several fine coal mines, and behind this bank, is a very large meadow, clear for several miles. It is surprising what false information we have had respecting this country; some mention these spacious and beautiful meadows as large and barren savannahs. I apprehend it has been the artifice of the French to keep us ignorant of the country. These meadows bear fine wild grass, and wild hemp ten or twelve feet high, which, if properly manufactured, would prove as good, and answer all the purposes of the hemp we cultivate.

16. The French in Indiana: At the Miami Village [10]

(Reference same as above.)

August 1, 1765.—We arrived at the carrying place between the rivers Miamis and the Ouabache, which is about nine miles long in dry seasons, but not above half that length in freshets. The head of the Ouabache is about forty miles from this place, and after a course of about seven hundred and sixty miles from the head spring, through one of the finest countries in the world, it empties itself into the Ohio. The navigation from hence to Ouiatanon, is very difficult in low water, on account of many rapids and rifts; but in freshets, which generally happen in spring and fall, batteaux or canoes, will pass, without difficulty, from here to Ouiatanon in three days, which is about two hundred and forty miles, and by land about two hundred and ten miles. From Ouiatanon to Post Vincent, and thence to the Ohio, batteaux and canoes may go at any season of the year. Throughout the whole course of the Ouabache the banks are pretty high, and in the river are a great many islands. Many shrubs and trees are found here unknown to us.

Within a mile of the Twightwee village, I was met by the chiefs of that nation, who received us very kindly. The most part of these Indians knew me, and conducted me to

[10] On the site of what is now Fort Wayne.

their village, where they immediately hoisted an English flag that I had formerly given them at Fort Pitt. The next day they held a council, after which they gave me up all the English prisoners they had; then they made several speeches, in all of which they expressed the great pleasure it gave them, to see the unhappy differences which embroiled the several nations in a war[11] with their brethren, the English, were now so near a happy conclusion, and that peace was established in their country.

The Twightwee village is situated on both sides of a river called the St. Joseph. This river, where it falls into the Miami river, about a quarter of a mile from this place, is one hundred yards wide, on the east side of which stands a stockade fort, somewhat ruinous.

The Indian village consists of about forty or fifty cabins, besides nine or ten French houses, a runaway colony from Detroit, during the late Indian war; they were concerned in this war, and being afraid of punishment, came to this post, where, ever since, they have spirited up the Indians against the English. All the French residing here are a lazy indolent people, fond of breeding mischief, and spiriting up the Indians against the English, and should by no means be suffered to remain here. The country is pleasant, the soil rich and well-watered. After several conferences with these Indians, and their delivering me up all the English prisoners they had, [I started for Detroit.]

17. French Life on the Wabash

(From *Indiana, A Redemption from Slavery*, by Jacob Piatt Dunn, Jr., pp. 102-108. By permission of Houghton-Mifflin Company.

Within this little State of twenty-four leagues square our French colonists of Vincennes held their residences, and passed the greater part of their contented, careless lives. Their agriculture was of a very primitive style. Fertilization was never thought of. In winter they ordinarily carted the accumulations of manure out on the ice of the streams, on which their settlements were invariably

[11] The French and Indian War (1754-1763) had recently ended, and the war with Pontiac (1763-1765) was on the point of closing.

made, to be washed away in the spring; and it was asserted by their early American neighbors that in some cases, barns were removed when the piles of manure had been allowed to accumulate until it had become more difficult to remove them than to move the building. The plow was of wood, except the share. Its long beam and handles extended ten or twelve feet, and it had a wooden mould-board. In front were two wheels, also of wood, of different sizes; a small one to run on the unplowed side, and a larger one in the furrow. There were neither chains nor whiffletree; oxen were fastened by a pole which had a hinged attachment to the beam; and very good though shallow plowing was performed by this rude but ingenious implement. Both oxen and horses were used in the various operations. The harness was very simple, and constructed of withes or twisted raw-hide. No yoke was used, but a rope of the kind mentioned was passed around the oxen's horns and they pushed with their heads. Other descriptions of the plow and the plowing varied slightly from this. Governor Reynolds says: "They had no coulter and had a large wooden mould-board. The handles were short and almost perpendicular; the beam was nearly straight, and rested on an axle supported by two small wheels; the wheels were low, and the beam was so fixed on the axle, with a chain or rope of raw-hide, that the plow could be placed deep or shallow in the ground. The wheels made the plow unsteady. The French settlers seldom plowed with horses, but used oxen. It is the custom of the French everywhere to yoke oxen by the horns, and not by the neck. Oxen can draw as much by the horns as by the neck; but it looks more savage. The ox-yoke was almost a straight stick of wood, cut at the ends to fit the horns of the ox, and was tied to the horns with a strap of raw-hide." When horses were used they were driven tandem. The only agricultural instrument besides the plow was a heavy iron hoe with a long shank, such as was in use among the Indians long after the French had adopted lighter tools of American make.

The cultivation was rude, but the rich soil, then in its virgin strength, produced crops that supplied all the needs

of the settlers, and left abundance for export when prices justified exportation. Nearly every year barges loaded with flour, pork, tallow, hides and leather, passed down the Mississippi to New Orleans, from which point the cargoes were reshipped to France and the West Indies; in return came sugar, metal-goods, and European fabrics. "About the year 1746 there was a great scarcity of provisions at New Orleans, and the French settlements at the Illinois, small as they then were, sent thither, in one winter, upwards of eight hundred thousand weight of flour." It is recorded that one farmer in the Illinois furnished the king's magazine eighty-six thousand pounds of flour, and this was but part of the crop. Indian corn was not so much cultivated as the wheat, and what was raised was used for feeding cattle and hogs. Some was consumed in the shape of hominy, but corn-bread was an unknown article of diet. Mills of various kinds were in use among the French settlers from the earliest times, as also among the Indians who adopted agriculture.

The one vehicle of the French settlements was the *calèche* or cart, a light, two-wheeled affair without tires or iron-work of any kind.[12] The same is in use in Normandy and the French provinces now; and it is still used, in the wilder parts of Canada and the Northwest, by the fur-traders and the Indians. In some of them the bed resembled a dry-goods box; in others it was a platform surrounded by a low railing; in others the railing was along the sides only. It was used for all kinds of farm work, hauling, and transportation. It had no seat. When used as a carriage, a buffalo robe, spread on the floor, served as a cushion; or, if the owner made pretensions to aristocracy, chairs were placed in it. For traveling through the wilderness, it was, and is, superior to a four-wheeled vehicle, but for farm use it could not compete with the wagon; and so it disappeared, with many other things once common to the Mississippi valley, so long ago that scarcely the memory of it remains where it once creaked and groaned over the rough trails.

[12] The Americans sometimes called them "barefooted wagons."

The houses varied in construction with the age of the settlements. In 1727, the missionary, Du Poisson, wrote: "A man with his wife, or his associate, clears a small section, builds him a house with four forked sticks, which he covers with bark, plants some corn and rice for his food; another year he raises more provisions, and begins a plantation of tobacco; and if the family attains to the possession of three or four negroes, behold the extent to which he can reach. This is what they call a plantation and a planter." The next advance in architecture, which was as far as the poorer class ever went, was the construction of log-houses in the mode called *poteaux au terre*.[13] In some of these the posts which formed the walls were set on end in trenches, close one to another, and the interstices chinked with a mud mortar mixed with sticks, straw, or moss. In others the posts were grooved on the sides and set three of four feet apart, the intervening space being filled with puncheons,[14] laid cross-wise, and fitting in the grooves. The mud was then applied and the surface was whitewashed inside and out. The roofs were sometimes thatched, sometimes covered with strips of bark, or, at a more recent day, covered with oak clapboards fastened by wooden pegs. The best class of houses, which began to appear in the latter days of the French regime, were also built in this manner, or occasionally of stone. These were generally one story in height, with a loft above, lighted by dormer-windows,[15] though occasionally they boasted two full stories. Ladders were always placed on the roofs for use in case of fires. The piazzas extended around the building. In this class of residences the doors were usually in the center of the sides, opening into a hall which crossed from front to rear. On each side of the hall were two rooms; on one side the *grande chambre* or parlor, and the *salle à manger* or dining-room; on the other the cabinet or bed-room, and the *cuisine* or kitchen. No fire was used in the sleeping apartment. The other rooms were usually heated by open fire-

[13] Post in the ground.

[14] Puncheon, a broad, thick board, rived from a log and smoothed with an ax.

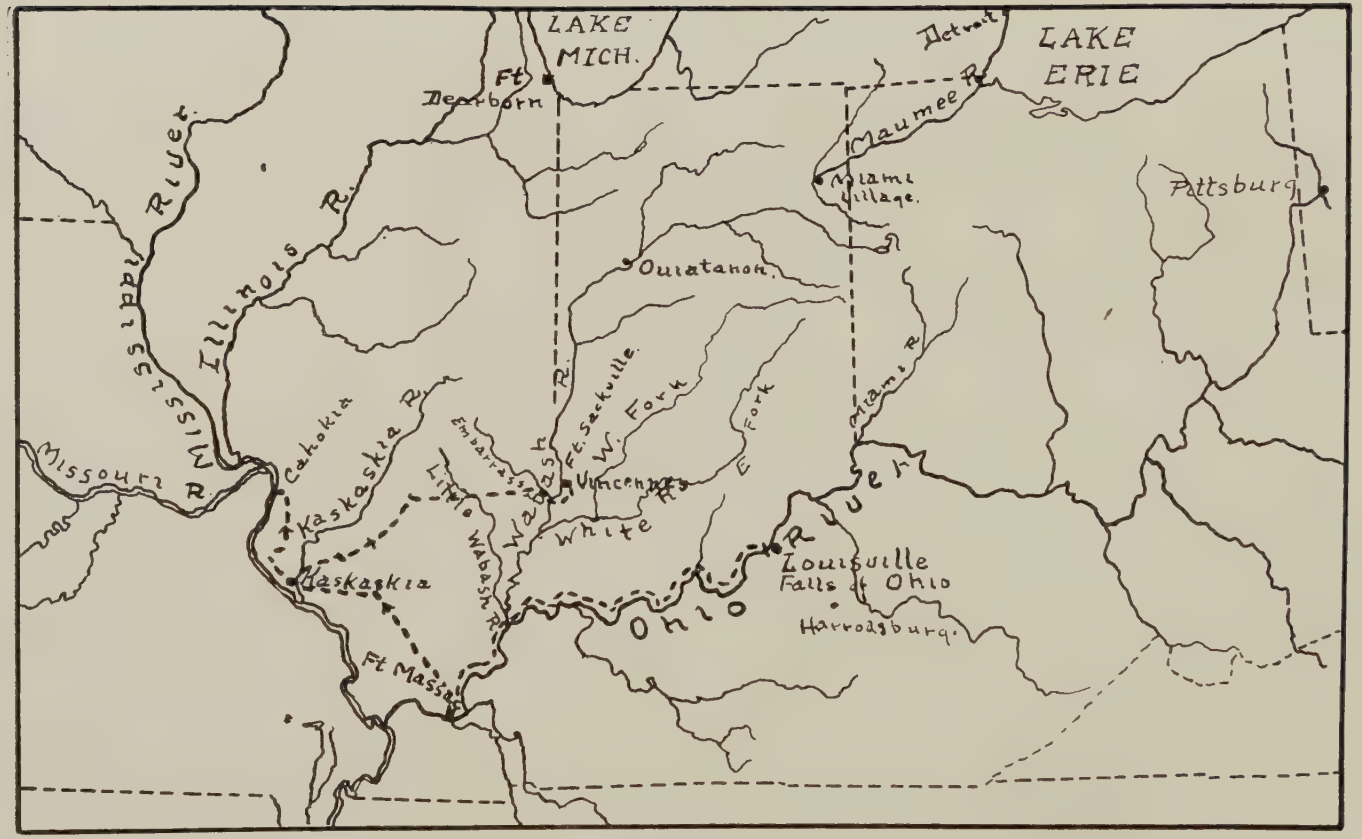
[15] Dormer-window, a window standing vertically in a projection, built out to receive it, from a sloping roof.

places, though sometimes luxury reached the height of a stove set in the wall between the parlor and dining-room, with the doors opening into the latter.

Adjoining the kitchen was the *boulangerie,* or bake-house, furnished with a brick oven and a trough for kneading bread. Butter was very seldom seen in one of the old French houses, probably on account of the difficulty of making it; they had no churns, and the little butter they used was made by shaking the cream in a bottle, or placing it in a bowl and beating it with a spoon. The washing was done at the nearest stream, whither the clothing was conveyed, and there cleansed by beating it with a mallet, as in parts of France at present. The furniture of the house was ordinarily rude, though in some houses might be seen wardrobes, dressing tables, and rush-bottomed chairs. Sometimes an odd bit of silverware, an heir-loom in the family, was conspicuously displayed; and not infrequently, a Madonna[16] or a print of the Passion[17] appeared on the walls. The bed was the object of more attention than anything else in the line of furniture, for our French settlers loved comfort. Feather pillows were universal, and all who could possibly afford them had great feather beds spread on the rope network of their stilted bedsteads, and covered with quilts of bright patchwork. Carpets were unknown, but parlor floors were often covered with mats of Indian workmanship. About the house was always a garden, in which was to be seen a profusion of both vegetables and flowers. This was enclosed by a fence of sharpened pickets, set close together in the ground.

[16] Madonna, a painting of the Virgin Mary and the infant Jesus.

[17] Passion, a painting showing the sufferings of Christ on the Cross or in the Garden of Gethsemane.



THE NORTHWEST IN 1778

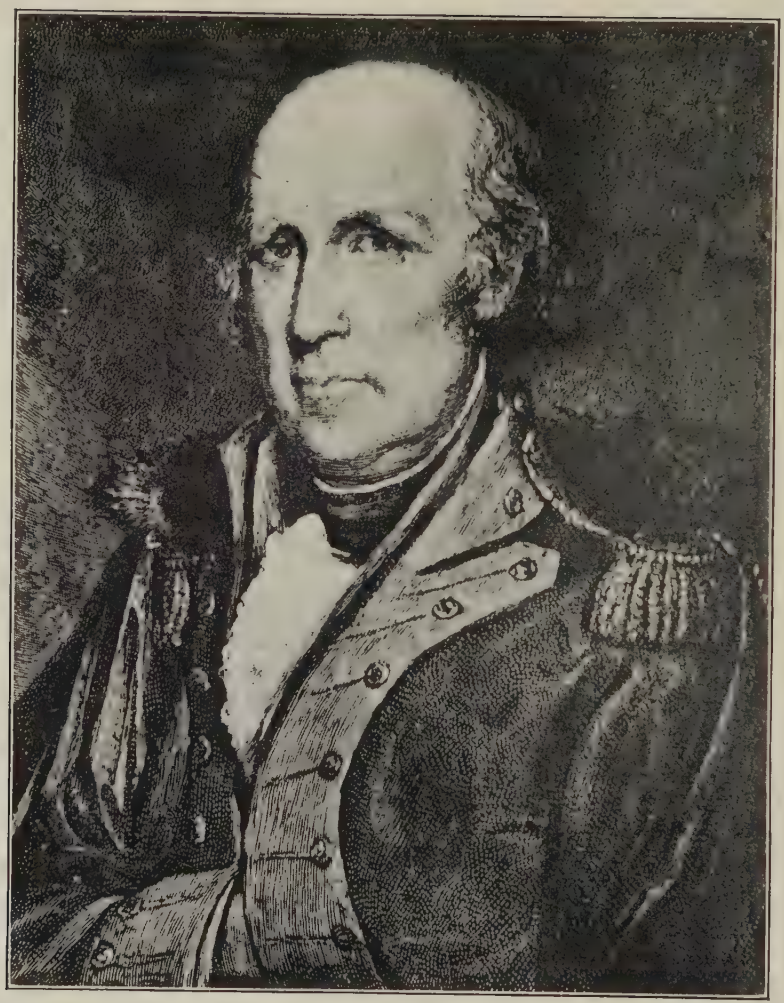
The heavy dotted line shows the route of George Rogers Clark from the Falls of the Ohio to the Illinois country and Post Vincennes.

CHAPTER III

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK CONQUERS THE NORTHWEST

The heroic age of Indiana history is the period from 1777 to 1815. During this period there was continuous war. Indiana was in the center of the battle-ground. It lay midway between Fort Pitt and Fort de Chartres at Old Kaskaskia, and likewise midway between Detroit and Kentucky. In its borders lived the strongest tribe of savages in the West; and two of the greatest Indian warriors of American history, Little Turtle and Tecumseh, made their homes in Indiana. The French, Spanish, and English offered little resistance to the pioneers who came to make their homes in the Ohio valley. But the Miami confederacy, made up of a score of related tribes, made an enemy worthy of the Americans. The Miamis met the regular army four times and defeated it twice. The most crushing defeat the regular army had received up to that time was delivered by Little Turtle to St. Clair's army in 1791.

Colonel Clark in 1777 recognized that the British at Kaskaskia, Vincennes, and Detroit were causing the Indian raids on the Kentucky frontier. They organized and armed the Indian war parties and usually British officers in scarlet uniforms accompanied each expedition. Moreover, the British agents often paid these marauding Indians for white prisoners and scalps. Colonel Clark thought that by the capture of these posts he could stop this border war. Later results showed that he was right. An extensive literature has grown up around the exploits of Colonel Clark. The best of these books is that written by William H. English, entitled the *Conquest of the Northwest*. The selections given below are from the "Memoir" of Colonel Clark and his letter to Governor George Mason of Virginia. They are taken from the *George Rogers Clark Papers* as edited by Professor James A. James, of Northwestern University.



GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

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18. Clark Prepares for the Expedition (1777)

(From the *George Rogers Clark Papers*, by GEORGE ROGERS CLARK [about 1791], pp. 218-220.)

On my arrival in Williamsburgh, I remained a considerable time settling the acts of the Kentucky militia and making observations of everything I saw or heard that would lead me to the knowledge of the disposition of those in power. Burgoyne's army having been captured and things seeming to wear a pleasing aspect, on the 10th of December I communicated my views to Governor Patrick Henry. At first view he appeared to be fond of it but to detach a party off at so great a distance (although the services performed might be of great utility) appeared daring and hazardous as nothing but secrecy would probably give success to the enterprise. To lay the matter before the assembly, then sitting, would be dangerous, as it would soon be known throughout the frontier and probably the first prisoner taken by the Indians would give the alarm which would end in the certain destruction of the party. He had several private councils composed of select gentlemen, and, after making every inquiry into my proposed plan of operation (and particularly that of a retreat in case of misfortune, which I intended, across the Mississippi into Spanish territory), the expedition was resolved on. As an encouragement to those who would engage in service, an instrument of writing was signed wherein those gentlemen promised to use their influence to procure from the assembly three hundred acres of land each in case of success. Governor and council so warmly engaged in the success of the enterprise that I had very little trouble in getting matters adjusted, and on the second day of January, 1778, I received my instructions and received 1,200 £ for use of the expedition and an order on Pittsburg for boats, ammunition, etc. Finding from the governor's conversation to me in general upon the subject that he did not wish an implicit attention to his instructions should prevent my executing anything that would manifestly tend to the good of the public, on the fourth, I set forward clothed with all the authority I wished for. I advanced to Major William B. Smith 150 £ to re-

cruit men on the Holston and to meet me in Kentucky. Captain Leonard Helm, of Fauquire county, and Captain Joseph Bowman, of Frederick county, were to raise each a company and on the 1st of February arrive at Redstone Old Fort. Being now in the country where all my arrangements were to be made I appointed Captain William Harrod and many other officers of the recruiting service and contracted for flour and other stores that I wanted. General Hand, then commander at Pittsburg, promised a supply of articles I had orders for.

19. Desertion at the Ohio Falls

(From the *George Rogers Clark Papers*, pp. 221-223.)

I moved on to the Falls and viewed the situation but reflecting that my secret instructions were yet (unknown) even to the party with me, and not knowing what would be the consequence when they were divulged, I wished to keep everything as much as possible until we were joined by the whole. I observed the little island of about seven acres opposite to where the town of Louisville now stands seldom or never was entirely covered with water. I resolved to take possession and fortify it which I did on (*blank in MS*) of June, dividing the island among the families for gardens. These families that followed me I now found to be of real service, as they were of little expense, and, with the invalids, would keep possession of this little post until we should be able to occupy the main shore, which happened in the fall. On the arrival of Colonel Bowman, part of the militia, and several of the gentlemen of the country, we found on examination that we were much weaker than [we] expected. The Indian raids continued without intermission and became more numerous the longer they continued, as the British continued to add to their strength by exciting others to join them. Under those circumstances we could not think of leaving the posts of Kentucky defenseless believing that it was better to run a great risk with one party than to divide our forces in such a manner as to hazard the loss of both. Of course we agreed to take but one complete company and part of another from Kentucky,

expecting that they would be replaced by troops we yet expected from Major Smith. Those were our deliberations. After my making known my instructions almost every gentleman warmly espoused the enterprise and plainly saw the utility of it, and supposed they saw the salvation of Kentucky almost in their reach but surely repined that we were not strong enough to put it beyond all doubt. The soldiery in general debated on the subject but determined to follow their officers. Some were alarmed at the thought of being taken at so great a distance into the enemy's country. Some dissatisfaction was discovered in Captain Dillard's company, consequently the boats were all secured and sentinels placed where it was thought there was a possibility of their wading from the island. My design was to take from the island down the (river) on our way those who would attempt to desert, but I was outgeneraled by (*blank in MS*), their lieutenant, whom I had previously conceived a very tolerable opinion of. They had, by swimming in the day, discovered that the channel opposite their camp might be waded and a little before day himself and the greater part of the company slipt down the bank and got to the opposite shore before they were discovered by the sentinels. Vexed at the idea of their escape in the manner they did, as one of my principal motives for having taken post on the island was to prevent desertion, and intending to set out the next day, I was undetermined for a few minutes what to do, as it might take a party several days to overtake [them]. Having no distrust of those that remained, the example was (not) immediately dangerous but might prove so hereafter, and recollecting that there was a number of horses belonging to gentlemen from Harrodsburg, I ordered a strong party to pursue them and the foot and horse to relieve each other regularly and to put to death every man in their power who would not surrender. They overhauled them (the deserters) in about 20 miles. The deserters, discovering them at a distance, scattered in the woods. Only 7 or 8 were taken; the rest made their way to the different posts; many not woodsmen almost perished. The poor lieutenant and the few that remained with him, after suffering

almost all that could be felt from hunger and fatigue, arrived at Harrodstown. [The people there] having heard of his conduct would not for some time suffer him to come into their houses nor give him anything to eat.

20. Capture of Kaskaskia

(From the *George Rogers Clark Papers*, pp. 119-122.)

On the evening of the 4th of July we got within three miles of the town, Kaskaskia. Having a river of the same name to cross to the town, after making ourselves ready for anything that might happen, we marched after night to a farm that was on the same side of the river about a mile above the town, took the family prisoners, and found plenty of boats to cross in; and in two hours transported ourselves to the other shore with the greatest silence.

I learned that they had some suspicion of being attacked and had made some preparation, keeping out spies, but making no discoveries they had got off their guard. I immediately divided my little army into two divisions, ordered one to surround the town, and with the other I broke into the fort, and secured the governor, Mr. Rocheblave. In fifteen minutes I had every street secured, sending runners through the town, ordering the people on pain of death to keep close to their houses. This they observed and before daylight I had the whole town disarmed. Nothing could excel the confusion these people seemed to be in, they having been taught to expect nothing but savage treatment from the Americans; and giving up all for lost, their lives were all they could dare beg for, which they did with the greatest fervency. They were willing to be slaves to save their families. I told them that it did not suit me to give an answer at that time. They repaired to their houses trembling as if they were led to execution. My principles would not let me distress such a number of people, unless through policy it was necessary. A little reflection convinced me that it was my interest to attach them to me, according to my first plan; for the town of Cohoes and St. Vincent and the numerous tribes of Indians attached to the French were yet to be influenced, for I was too weak to treat them in

any other way. I sent for all the principal men of the town, who came in as if to a tribunal that was to determine their fate forever, cursing their fortune that they were not apprised of us in time to have defended themselves. I told them that I was sorry to find that they had been taught to harbor so base an opinion of the Americans and their cause, and explained the nature of the dispute to them in as clear a light as I was capable of. I told them it was certain that they were a conquered people and by the fate of war they were at my mercy and that our plan was to make those we reduced free instead of enslaving them as they imagined; that if I could have surety of their zeal and attachment to the American cause, they should immediately secure all the privileges of our government and have their property secured to them; that it was only to stop further effusion of innocent blood by the savages under the influence of their governor, that made them an object of our attention. No sooner had they heard this than joy sparkled in their eyes, and (they) fell into transports of joy that really surprised me. As soon as they were a little moderated, they told me that they had always been kept in the dark as to the dispute between England and America; that they had never heard anything before but what was prejudicial and intended to incense them against the Americans; that they were now convinced that it was the cause they ought to espouse; that they should be happy of an opportunity to convince me of their zeal, and think themselves the happiest people in the world if they were united with the Americans; and begged that I would believe what they said their real sentiments. In order to be more certain of their sincerity, I told them that an oath of fidelity was required from the citizens, and, to give them time to reflect on it, I should not administer it for a few days. In the meantime any of them that chose, except two or three particular persons, were at liberty to leave the country with their families. They might repair to their families and conduct themselves as usual without any dread. The priest that had lately come from Canada had made himself a little acquainted with our dispute (the American Revolution),

contrary to the principle of his brother in Canada, and was rather prejudiced in favor of us. He asked if I would give him liberty to perform his duty in his church. I told him that I had nothing to do with churches more than to defend them from insult; that by the laws of the state his religion had as great privileges as any other. This seemed to complete their happiness. They returned to their families, and in a few minutes the scene of mourning and distress was turned to an excess of joy, nothing else being seen nor heard.

21. Father Gibault's Mission to Vincennes

(From the *George Rogers Clark Papers*, pp. 237-238.)

Father Pierre Gibault was the pastor of the Catholic churches at Kaskaskia, Cahokia, and Vincennes. He was one of those rare beings whom education and experience with the world have raised above selfishness and partisanship. History has few more beautiful characters than this early priest on the Wabash.

Everything in this quarter having a promising appearance, Post Vincennes never being out of my mind, and from some things that I had learnt having some reason to suspect that Mr. Jebault (Gibault) the priest was inclined to the American interest previous to our arrival in the country and now the great respect showed him having great influence over the people at this period, St. Vincent also being under his jurisdiction, I made no doubt of his integrity to us. I sent for him and had a long conference with him on the subject of St. Vincennes. In answer to all my queries he informed me that he did not think it worth while to cause any military preparation to be made at the falls for the attack on St. Vincennes, although the place was strong and a great number of Indians in its neighborhood; that to his knowledge Governor Abbot had a few weeks before left the place on some business to De Troit; that he expected that when the inhabitants were fully acquainted with what had past at the Illinois and the present happiness of their friends, and made fully acquainted with the nature of the war, that their sentiments would greatly change; that he knew that his appearance there would have

great weight even among the savages; that if it was agreeable with me he would take this business upon himself and had no doubt of his being able to bring that place over to the American interest without my being at the trouble of marching troops against it; that his business being altogether spiritual he wished that another person might be charged with the temporal part of the embassy, but that he would privately direct the whole. He named Doctor Lafont as his associate. This was perfectly agreeable to what I had been secretly aiming at for some days. The plan was immediately settled and the two doctors with their intended retinue, among whom I had a spy, set about preparing for their journey and set out on the 14th of July. Mr. Gibault and party arrived safely and after their spending a day or two in explaining matters to the people, they universally acceded to the proposal (except a few Europeans that were left by Mr. Abbot, who immediately left the country) and went in a body to the church where the oath of allegiance was administered to them in the most solemn manner. An officer was elected and the fort immediately taken possession of and the American flag displayed to the astonishment of the Indians and everything settled far beyond our most sanguine hopes.

22. Capture of Ouiatanon

(From the *George Rogers Clark Papers*, p. 130.)

As soon as Colonel Hamilton at Detroit learned of the capture of Kaskaskia and Vincennes he sent agents in all directions to gather in his Indian allies for an attack on Clark. One of these, named Celoron, a French fur trader, was stationed at Ouiatanon. He was causing much annoyance to Captain Helm at Vincennes. The following selection from Clark's letter to George Mason describes the attempt made to capture Celoron.

One of the British agents residing at Oueaugh, (Ouiatanon,) about eighty leagues above St. Vincent, hurt our growing interest much, the Indians in that quarter being inclined to desert the British interest, but in some measure being kept from their good intentions by that person. I resolved if possible to take him off, and sent a detachment

of men from Kaskaskia under command of Lieutenant Bailey to join Captain Helm at St. Vincent and if possible surprise him. The captain with about one hundred men in number, part French militia and Indians, set out by water. The agent hearing of it collected a few savages from the neighborhood whom he could trust in order to give battle (the Indians in general being neutral). But a few days before the captain arrived, Mr. Celoron thought proper to make his escape, leaving his friendly Indians in the fort. Being assembled in a grand council to determine what was best to be done, neglecting to shut the gate or keep sentinels (not supposing the enemies to be so near) in the height of their deliberations Captains Helm and Bailey (and) his small party entered the fort and ordered them to surrender before they were apprised [warned], about forty in number being made prisoners. The captains made a valuable treaty and gave them their liberty. This stroke completed our interest on the Wabash.

23. Vincennes Retaken by the British

(From the *George Rogers Clark Papers*, pp. 176-180; account by Henry Hamilton [1781].)

The reputation of the British was well-nigh ruined among the Indians by the exploit of Colonel Clark. As soon as Colonel Hamilton learned of Clark's success he began to gather his red warriors to drive Clark out. The following account was written by Hamilton, and is a part of his official report to the government at London. The report was delayed because he was kept about two years in jail at Williamsburg, Virginia.

On the 6th of August, 1778, intelligence was brought me by Mr. Francis Maisonville of the attack on the Illinois [posts] by Colonel Clark, the shameful treatment of Monsieur de Rocheblave, who was laid in irons and put in a place where hogs had been kept, ankle deep in filth, the indignities offered Madame de Rocheblave, the destruction of his property, and so on.

On the 7th of October, the various necessaries for a winter movement of 600 miles being provided, by the activity and good-will of Captains Lernoult and Grant, the latter

of whom attended to everything afloat, and by the assistance of Major Hay and Mr. Fleming the commissary, we struck our tents and embarked with one field piece [small cannon] which was all could be spared from the garrison.

On the 24th we arrived at the Miamis' town after the usual fatigues attending such a navigation, the water being remarkably low. Here we met several tribes of the Indians previously summoned to meet here, and held several conferences, made them presents, and dispatched messengers to the Shawnees, as well as the nations on our route, inviting them to join us, or at least watch the motions of the rebels upon the frontiers; for which purpose I sent them ammunition.

In our progress down the Ouabache difficulties increased; the setting in of the frost lowered the river; the floating ice cut the men as they worked in the water to haul the boats over rocks and shoals; our batteaux [boats] were damaged, and had to be repeatedly unloaded, calked and payed; 97,000 lbs. of provisions and stores had to be carried by the men, in which the Indians assisted cheerfully, when the boats were to be lightened. It was sometimes a day's work to get the distance of half a league. It was necessary to stop frequently at the Indian villages, to have conference with them, furnish them with necessaries, and engage a few to accompany us. At length we got into a good depth of water, a fall of rain having raised the river. This advantage was succeeded by fresh difficulties, the frost becoming so intense as to freeze the river quite across. However, by hard labor we made our way. Now approaching within a few days' journey of St. Vincennes, our reconnoitering party brought in a lieutenant and three men, sent from Fort Sackville to gain intelligence. The officer had in his pocket two commissions, one from Lieutenant Governor Abbot, the other from Colonel Clark, and was in the pay of Congress. I gave their arms to the Indians, but would not proceed rigorously with them, wishing to gain these people by lenity, and apprehensive that an instance of severity might arouse the ferocity of the Indians, which I wished of all things to avoid. Major Hay was detached

with orders to fall down the river, and send [word] to the principal inhabitants of St. Vincennes acquainting them that unless they quitted the rebels and laid down their arms, there was no mercy for them. Some chiefs accompanied him to conciliate the Piankishaw Indians residing at Vincennes, and to show the French what they might expect if they pretended to resist.

Major Hay secured the arms, ammunition, and spirituous liquors, as soon as the inhabitants laid down their arms. The officer who commanded the fort (Captain Helm) being deserted by the officers and men, who to the number of seventy had formed his garrison, and were in the pay of Congress, surrendered his wretched fort on the very day of our arrival, being the 17th of December, 1778.

Thus we employed over 71 days in coming over 600 miles, which is to be attributed to the extraordinary difficulties of the way owing to an uncommon drought, and the severity of the season. At Ouiatanon the chiefs who had received the rebel colors came in to us from their hunting, acknowledged their error, and gave up the flags and accused Monsieur de Celoron of having deserted them. Besides that he never distributed to them the goods entrusted to him for the Indians.

In the fort we found two iron three-pounders, mounted on truck carriages, two swivels not mounted, a very small quantity of ammunition, and thirty-two stout horses which had been purchased for Congress, and which I gave to the Indians.

As to the state of the fort we found it a miserable stockade, without a well, barrack, platform for small arms, or even a lock to the gate. Such was the moderation and good order observed by the Indians, that not a single person had the slenderest cause for complaint, not a shot was fired nor any inhabitant injured in person or property. It is remarkable that though on our arrival at this place our number was increased to 500 men, there was not one sick, nor had there been a single instance of drunkenness among the Indians or soldiery from the day we left Detroit, though

rum was delivered out on every occasion when the fatigue or bad weather made it necessary.

24. Clark Moves on Vincennes

(From the *George Rogers Clark Papers*, pp. 100, 139-141.)

Upon the capture of Vincennes by Hamilton it became necessary for Clark to get active. By Hamilton's advance he was cut off from friends and supplies. He could either abandon his conquests and sneak home through the forests, or remain at Kaskaskia and perhaps be captured by Hamilton in the spring, or he could undertake a winter campaign against Vincennes and leave the result to the fortunes of war. He chose the warrior's part, as the following selections from his letters to John Rogers and George Mason show.

Kaskaskia, Feby. 3d, 1779.

Sir,

You are to take charge of the row-galley called the Willing now lying in the Kaskaskias [river], with all her furniture and crew, and immediately drop down into the Ohio river, and make what way you possibly can up said river and Wabash, and take your station ten leagues below the post St. Vincent and wait further orders from me or some of your superior officers. I would request it of you to be continually on your guard. Much depends on your safety. Suffer no vessel to pass you except friends. I would recommend to you to keep spies on the banks of the rivers as you go up them, for fear of surprise. It is conjectured by many that Lieut. Governor Hamilton will attempt to make his escape down the Mississippi. If you should meet him, never quit him as long as you have the least chance to take him. You must be sensible of the importance of the charge you have. Act prudently and with spirit. Run no risks in going up in order to speak to parties of Indians that you may see on the Ohio. If I should have success in the premeditated attack on St. Vincent you may expect a reënforcement immediately.

I heartily wish you (MS. torn)

G. R. Clark.

To Lieut. John Rogers, Esq.

(Clark's Narrative)

I had a large boat prepared and rigged mounting two four-pounders, six (illegible) large swivels manned with a fine company commanded by Lieutenant Rogers. She set out in the evening of the 4th of January with orders to force her way if possible within ten leagues of St. Vincent and lay until further orders. This vessel when complete was much admired by the inhabitants as no such thing had been seen in the country before. I had great expectations from her. . . .

We were conducted out of town by the inhabitants, and Mr. Jeboth (Gibault) the priest, who after a very suitable discourse to the purpose, gave us all absolution and we set out on a forlorn hope indeed; for our whole party with the boat crews consisted of only a little upwards of two hundred. I can not account for it but I still had inward assurance of success; and never could when weighing every circumstance doubt it, [unless] I had some secret check. We had now a route before us of two hundred and forty miles in length, through, I suppose, one of the most beautiful countries in the world; but at this time in many parts flowing with water and (making) exceedingly bad marching. My greatest care was to divert the men as much as possible in order to keep up their spirits. The first obstruction of any consequence that I met with was on the 13th. Arriving at the two little Wabashes, although three miles asunder they now made but one, the flowing water between them being at least three feet deep, and in many places four. Being near five miles to the opposite hills, the shallowest place, except about one hundred yards, was three feet. This would have been enough to have stopped any set of men that were not in the same temper that we were. But in three days we contrived to cross, by building a large canoe, ferried across the two channels, the rest of the way we waded, building scaffolds at each stop to lodge our baggage on until the horses crossed to take them. It rained nearly a third of our march, but we never halted for it. In the evening of the 17th we got to the lowlands of the River Umbara [Embarrass] which we found deep in

water, it being nine miles to St. Vincent which stood on the east side of the Wabash and every foot of the way covered with deep water. We marched down the little river in order to gain the banks of the main stream, which we did in about three leagues, made a small canoe and sent an express to meet the boat and hurry it up. From the spot we now lay on it was about ten miles to town, and every foot of the way put together that was not three feet and upwards under water would not have made the length of two miles and a half and we had not a mouthful of provisions.

To have waited for our boat, if possible to avoid it, would have been impolitic. If I was sensible that you would let no person see this relation I would give you a detail of our suffering for four days in crossing those waters, and the manner it was done; as I am sure that you would credit it. But it is too incredible for any person to believe except those that are well acquainted with me as you are or have experienced something similar to it. I hope you will excuse me until I have the pleasure of seeing you personally. But to our inexpressible joy in the evening of the 23d we got safe on terra firma within half a league of the fort, covered by a small grove of trees and had a full view of the wished for spot.

24a. Clark Retakes Fort Vincennes

(From the *George Rogers Clark Papers*, pp. 141-145.)

I detached Lieutenant Bailey and party to attack the fort at a certain signal, and took possession of the strongest posts of the town with the main body. The garrison had so little suspicion of what was happening that they did not believe the firing was from an enemy, until a man was wounded through the ports (which happened the third or fourth shot), thinking it to be some drunken Indians. The firing commenced on both sides very warm; a second division joined the first. A considerable number of British Indians made their escape out of town. The Kickapoos and Piankishaws to the number of about one hundred, who were in town, immediately armed themselves in our favor and marched to attack the fort. I thanked the chief for his

intended service, and told him the ill consequence of our people being mingled in the dark; that they might lay in the quarters until light. He approved of it and sent off his troops. He appeared to be much elevated himself and staid with me giving all the information he could. (I knew him to be a friend.) The artillery from the fort played briskly but did no execution. The garrison was entirely surrounded within eighty and a hundred yards behind houses, palings, and ditches, etc., etc. Never was a heavier firing kept up on both sides for eighteen hours with so little damage done. In a few hours I found my prize sure, certain of taking every man that I could have wished for, being the whole of those that incited the Indians to war; all my past sufferings vanished; never was a man more happy.

A flag [of truce] appeared from the fort with a proposition from Mr. Hamilton for three days' cessation. He desired a conference with me immediately, saying that if I should make any difficulty of coming into the fort, he would meet me at the gate. I at first had no notion of listening to anything he had to say as I could only consider himself and officers as murderers, and intended to treat them as such. But after some deliberation I sent Mr. Hamilton my compliments and begged leave to inform him that I should agree to no other terms than his surrendering himself and garrison as prisoners at discretion, but if he was desirous of a conference with me I would meet him at the church. We accordingly met; he offered to surrender; but we could not agree upon terms.

He received such treatment on this conference as a man of his known barbarity deserved. I would not come upon terms with him, recommended to him to defend himself with spirit and bravery, that it was the only thing that would induce me to treat him and his garrison with lenity in case I stormed it, and that this he might expect. He asked me what more I could require than the offers he had already made. I told him (which was really the truth) that I wanted a sufficient excuse to put all the Indians and par-

tisans to death, as the greater part of those villains was then with him. All his propositions were then refused; he asked me if nothing would do but fighting. I knew of nothing else; he then begged me to stay until he should return to the garrison and consult his officers. Being indifferent about him and wanting a few moments for my troops to refresh themselves, I told him that the firing should not commence until such an hour, that during that time he was at liberty to pass with safety.

Mr. Hamilton and myself again met; he produced certain articles which were refused; but toward the close of the evening I sent him the following articles:

1st. Lieutenant Governor Hamilton engages to deliver up to Colonel Clark Fort Sackville as it is at present with all stores.

2d. The garrison are to deliver themselves up prisoners of war and march out with their arms and accoutre ments.

3d. The garrison to be delivered up tomorrow at ten o'clock.

4th. Three days' time to be allowed the garrison to settle their accounts with the traders and inhabitants of this place.

5th. The officers of the garrison to be allowed their necessary baggage.

CHAPTER IV

INDIAN BORDER WARS

From 1783 to 1790 there was a lull in the Indian wars. With the Treaty of Paris in 1783 the British withdrew their soldiers from among the Indians in the Northwest country. They did not, however, stop meddling with Indian affairs. They refused to give up Forts Sandusky, Detroit, and Dearborn. From these posts and from Malden, in Ontario, Canada, British fur traders went among the Indians. It was to their interest to keep up the hatred of the Indians for the Americans so that the Indians would bring their furs to the British traders. It was also to the interest of the British to keep American settlers out of the Northwest so that the whole territory would remain a field for their fur trade. They persuaded the Indians to demand the Ohio river as a permanent Indian boundary. When the Americans tried to get the Indians to meet in council the British kept the Indians away.

When Arthur St. Clair came to Marietta, the capital of the Northwest territory, in 1788, as governor, he was unable to get the Indians to meet him in council. They did very little trading with the Americans, carrying practically all their furs to the British at Detroit. Marauding parties waylaid immigrants coming down the Ohio and killed or robbed scores of them. The following selections picture the conditions on the frontier about 1790.

25. Major Hamtramck at Vincennes

(From the *St. Clair Papers*, II, pp. 26-28, 33-34.)

General Harmar was in command of the regular army in the West. Major John M. Hamtramck was stationed at Vincennes with a small force. In 1788 he built Fort Knox three miles above the village. This remained a station of the regular army till after the War of 1812. The following selection consists of portions of two letters from General Harmar to Henry Knox, Secretary of War.

Post Vincennes, August 7th, 1787.

Sir:—I had the honor of addressing you last on the 7th ult. from camp on the Kentucky shore, just below the rapids of the Ohio.

On the 6th ultimo Captain Zeigler, with a party and an adequate number of boats, was detached from thence with

the provisions. On the 8th we embarked with the remainder of the fleet and arrived on the morning of the 10th at the rocks, or the landing and crossing place, called also the Delaware Old Town,[18] about eight miles above Green River, and one hundred and eighty miles below the rapids. In the afternoon of the same day I detached Major Hamtramck with a party of one hundred men to conduct the whole fleet from the landing to the mouth of the Wabash, and then to ascend the river for Post Vincennes. On the morning of the 11th, with the residue of the troops, I took up the enclosed order of march, with our cattle in the center, in very warm weather. The men being obliged to carry fifteen days' flour upon their backs, rendered it very fatiguing. A due north course from the landing and carrying place would have struck the post in fifty miles distance from the Ohio, but we were obliged to oblique for the sake of water. On the 16th we forded the White river (a considerable stream) about fifteen miles below the forks, and arrived at Post Vincennes on the 17th at noon, the whole march computed to be about seventy miles. From the Ohio, where we set out for the White river, we had a very difficult march, the country being full of thickets and scarce of water, but afterwards we marched through fine open woods and large prairies, or natural meadows, and encamped on the banks of the Wabash.

On the 18th we were visited by Colonel Le Gras, the magistrates and the principal French inhabitants welcoming us upon our arrival. Their behavior was most respectfully submissive. In the afternoon of the same day, finding the Wabash River so low and difficult to ascend, I detached a sergeant and twenty men, in three barges and five pettiaugers,[19] to meet Major Hamtramck and lighten the fleet. Post Vincennes is a very considerable village, situated upon the Wabash, about one hundred and twenty miles from the mouth. It contains nearly four hundred houses—log and bark—outhouses, barns, etc.; the number of inhabitants, about nine hundred souls French, and about four hundred

[18] Delaware Old Town, an Indian town some 15 miles above where Evansville now stands. The "rapids" are the Falls of the Ohio at Louisville.

[19] Pettiauger, a canoe made from a log hollowed out; also called pirogue.

souls Americans. Monsieur Vincennes, the French officer from whom it derives its name, I am informed, was here and commenced the settlement sixty years ago.

Major Hamtramck did not arrive with the boats until the 25th, having been eleven days on very severe, fatiguing duty, ascending the Wabash. He was obliged to leave Ensign Ryker Suydam, with a party, with the clothing, all the whiskey and the chief part of the flour, at the mouth of the Wabash, the water being so shoal that the boats could not ascend the river. On the 26th, I detached Lieutenant Armstrong, with a party of forty-five fresh men, in several pettiaugers, to join Ensign Suydam and assist in bringing up the provisions and our new clothing, which was left behind at the mouth of the river.

On the 28th, eight Piankishaw Indians arrived from Terre Haute, up the Wabash, in consequence of Colonel Le Gras's information to them of the troops coming to the post. On the 29th I had a conference with them, and presented them with thirteen strings of wampum, and assured them of the friendly disposition of the United States, and advised them not to listen to what any bad people might say to the contrary. I sent a message by these Indians to all the chiefs of the different tribes on the Wabash, inviting them to assemble here and hear what I had to say to them. These Indians were well pleased; they presented me with a calumet.[20] I gave them some small presents and they set off on the 31st to deliver my message to the different chiefs. The French inhabitants, at the same time, sent a speech to them, a copy of which I have the honor to enclose.

On the 15th inst., Lieutenant Armstrong and Ensign Suydam arrived with the stores, clothing, etc., from the banks of the Wabash, after a very fatiguing and dangerous passage. Several parties of Indians were hovering about the Wabash; they waylaid a canoe on the 25th ultimo, which had fallen in the rear, at what is called the Long Rapid, on board of which were some flour and whisky, private property, belonging to our guide; they killed one of Captain Zeigler's company and a Frenchman, and took prisoner one of the

[20] Calumet, an Indian peace-pipe.

men whom I had enlisted for one year. I informed the Indians of this circumstance, and told their chiefs that if they did not desist they would certainly draw down upon them the vengeance of the United States. They disavowed in strong terms any knowledge of this murder.

On the 5th (of September) the Piankishaw and Wea Indians arrived at the post from above on the Wabash to the number of about one hundred and twenty. Every precaution was taken. We had a fortified camp, two redoubts were thrown up on our right and left, and the guard in front intrenched. The troops were all new clothed and made a truly military appearance. The Indians saluted us by firing several volleys on the Wabash, opposite our camp. Their salute was returned by a party of our men firing several platoons.[21] I was determined to impress upon them as much as possible the majesty of the United States, and at the same time that it was the wish of Congress to live in peace and friendship with them; likewise to let them know that if they persisted in being hostile a body of troops would march to their towns and sweep them off the face of the earth.

On the 7th I invited them to camp, and made the enclosed speech to them. The Indians admired the troops. I believe they had never seen such a sight before. On the 8th they answered my speech, and, in strong figurative language, expressed their determination to preserve perfect peace and friendship with the United States as long as the waters flowed. They utterly disavowed any knowledge of the murder that had been committed, and assured me that inquiry should be made for the prisoner. They presented me with a number of calumets and wampum,[22] which I now have the honor of transmitting, enclosed in a rich otter skin.

On the 9th the young warriors were drinking whisky and dancing before our tents all the morning to demonstrate their joy. On the 10th I made them several presents from the commissioner's goods, to no great amount. On the 12th the chief part of them left the post for their different

[21] Firing a platoon, i. e., half a company firing simultaneously.

[22] Wampum, a belt made of strings of beads, used by the Indians as money.

villages up the Wabash. They returned highly satisfied with the treatment they had received. Indeed, it was a proper tour of fatigue for me. I found it politic to pay the greatest attention to them. They are amazingly fond of whiskey, and destroyed[23] a considerable quantity of it. I trust that you may find this conference with the Indians attended with very little expense; I question whether the whole, whisky, provisions, and presents, will cost the public more than one hundred and fifty dollars. Their interpreter is a half-Frenchman, and married to a Wea squaw. He has very great influence among them. I judged it necessary to pay extraordinary attention to him.

After finishing the conference with the Indians, and obtaining the enclosed petitions of the inhabitants of Post Vincennes to Congress, relinquishing their charter, and trusting the generosity of that honorable body, I judged it expedient to leave a garrison at the post, as it would have been impolitic, after the parade we had made, to entirely abandon the country. Accordingly, Major Hamtramck commands there. His command consists of Captain Smith's company, fifty-five, and part of Ferguson's company, forty; total, ninety-five. I have ordered him to fortify himself, and to regulate the militia, who are to join him in case of hostilities.

26. Gamelin's Mission to the Miamis

(From the *St. Clair Papers*, II, pp. 135, 155-159; accounts by Major Hamtramck and Antoine Gamelin [1790].)

The Indians became more hostile during the years 1788 and 1789. Early in 1790 Governor St. Clair left Ohio on his way to Kaskaskia and Vincennes. At Fort Steuben (Jeffersonville), January 23, 1790, he wrote a message for Colonel Hamtramck at Fort Knox (Vincennes), asking him to "send a flag" (agent under a flag of truce) among the Wabash Indians to try to learn the cause of their discontent. The first messenger sent by Hamtramck got as far as the Vermilion towns. The threatening appearance of the warriors made him fearful for his life and he returned. Antoine Gamelin, a French trader of Vincennes who was personally acquainted with nearly all the Wabash Indians, then took the Govern-

[23] "Destroyed," i. e., drank, consumed.

or's message, and, on April 5, set out for the Indian towns. The first selection following is taken from a letter of Major Hamtramck to Governor St. Clair. The second is a portion of Gamelin's Journal.

(Major Hamtramck to Governor St. Clair)

This day a boat arrived from the Falls, which brings an account of Major Doughty's being defeated, and himself killed, on the Cherokee River. The Indians of the Miami continue their depredations on the Ohio. About four weeks ago they took two boats near the mouth of the Scioto, and, shortly after, they perceived three others coming down together, and, after a chase of fifteen miles in one of the boats they had taken before, they obliged the people to abandon two of the three boats to save their lives. In one of them were twenty-six horses and merchandise supposed to be worth twelve or fifteen hundred pounds—the property of Hart & Rochester, of Hagerstown[24]—besides several pair of saddle-bags, some of which contained cash and various articles not easily ascertained. The 12th of last month, about fifteen miles below the rapids, they took another boat loaded with salt, coming up from Bullett's Lick, and killed the people. On the 13th they killed a man at Mr. Lanacaghe's (Lăn′-a-căg) Station, which is about two and one-half miles above the garrison, at the Falls. All of these affairs, I am afraid, obstruct the pacific desires of the United States toward the Indians.

(Gamelin's Journal)

I, Antoine Gamelin, by order of Major Hamtramck, set off from Fort Knox on the 5th of April to proceed to Miamitown[25] with the speeches of his excellency, Arthur St. Clair, and to receive the answer of the Wabash and Miami nations. . . .

The 11th of April I reached a tribe of Kickapoos; the head chief and all the warriors being assembled, I gave them two branches of white wampum, with the speeches of his excellency, Arthur St. Clair, and those of Major Ham-

[24] Hagerstown, in Maryland.

[25] Miamitown, near what is now Fort Wayne. See selection 12.

tramck (it must be observed that the speeches have been in another hand before me). The mẹssenger could not proceed further than the Vermilion on account of some private wrangling between the interpreter and some chief men of the tribe. Moreover, something in the speech displeased them very much, especially that portion which is included in the third article, which says: "I do now make you the offer of peace; accept it or reject it as you please." These words appeared to displease all the tribes to whom the first messenger was sent. They told me the words were menacing, and finding that they might have a bad effect, I took it upon myself to exclude them.

After making some apology, they answered that they and their tribe were pleased with my speech, and that I could go on without danger; but that they could not presently give me an answer, having some warriors absent; and without consulting the Ouiatanons, they being the owners of their lands. They desired me to stop at Quitepiconnae[29] (Quĭ′-tē-pē-cōn′-nĕ), that they would have the chiefs and warriors of Ouiatanon, and those of their nation, assembled there, and would receive a proper answer. They said that they expected by me a draught of milk from the great chief and the commanding officer of the post, to put the old people in good humor; also, some powder and balls for the young men for hunting, and to get some good broth for their women and children; that I should know a bearer of speeches should never be with empty hands. They promised me to keep their young men from stealing, and to send speeches to their nations in the prairies to do the same.

The 14th of April the Ouiatanons and the Kickapoos were assembled. After my speech one of the head chiefs got up and told me:

"You, Gamelin, my friend, and son-in-law, we are pleased to see you in our village, and to hear by your mouth the good words of the great chief. We thought to receive a few words from the French people, but I see the contrary; none but the Big-knife is sending speeches to us. You know

[29] Quitepiconnae, a Kickapoo town on the prairie ten or twelve miles northwest of Ouiatanon.

that we can terminate nothing without the consent of our elder brethren, the Miamis. I invite you to proceed to their village, and to speak to them. There is one thing in your speech I do not like. I will not tell of it. Even were I drunk, I would perceive it. But our elder brethren will certainly take notice of it in your speech. You invite us to stop our young men. It is impossible to do it, they being constantly encouraged by the British."

Another chief got up and said: "The Americans are very flattering in their speeches. Many times our nation went to their rendezvous. I was once there myself. Some of our chiefs died on the route, and we always came back naked, and you, Gamelin, you came with a speech, with empty hands."

Another chief got up and said to his young men: "If we are so poor, and dressed in deer skins, it is our own fault; our French traders are leaving us and our villages because you plunder them every day, and it is time for us to have another conduct."[27]

Another chief got up and said: "Know ye that the village of Ouiatanon is the sepulcher of all our ancestors. The chief of America[28] invites us to go to him, if we are for peace. He has not his leg broke,[29] having been able to go as far as the Illinois. He might come here himself, and we should be glad to see him at our village. We confess that we accepted the axe, but it is by the reproach we continually receive from the English and other nations, which received the axe first, calling us women. At the present time they invite our young men to war. As to the old people, they are wishing for peace."

They could not give me an answer before they received advice from Miamis, their elder brethren.

The 23d of April I arrived at the Miamitown. The next day I got the Miami nation, the Chaouanons,[30] and the Delawares, all assembled. I gave to each nation two branches of wampum, and began the speeches, the French and Eng-

[27] Time to have another conduct, i. e., time to have a change.

[28] i. e., Governor St. Clair.

[29] i. e., he is able to walk.

[30] Chaouanons, the Shawnees.

lish traders being present, they having been invited by the chiefs, and I having told them myself I would be glad to have them present, having nothing to say against anybody. After the speech I showed them the treaty concluded at Muskingum between his excellency, Governor St. Clair, and sundry nations.[31] This displeased them. I told them that the purpose of this present time was not to submit to them any condition, but to offer them the peace, which made their displeasure disappear. The great chief told me that he was pleased with the speech; that he would soon give me an answer.

In a private discourse with the great chief he told me not to mind what the Chaouanons would tell me, since they had a bad heart, and were the perturbators [disturbers] of all the nations. He said the Miamis had a bad name on account of mischief done on the River Ohio, but he told me it was not occasioned by his young men, but by the Chaouanons, his young men going out only for the hunt.

The 25th of April Blue Jacket, chief warrior of the Chaouanons, invited me to go to his home, and told me:

"My friend, by the name and consent of the Chaouanons and Delawares, I will speak to you. We are all sensible of your speech, and pleased with it, but, after consultation, we can not give an answer without hearing from our father,[32] at Detroit, and we are determined to give you back the two branches of wampum, and to send you to Detroit to see and hear the chief, or to stay here twenty nights to receive his answer. From all quarters, we receive speeches from the Americans, and not one is alike. We suppose that they intend to deceive us—therefore take back your branches of wampum."

The 29th of April I got them all assembled. I told them that I was not to go to Detroit; that the speeches were directed to the nations of the River Wabash and the Miami, and that, to prove the sincerity of the speech and the heart of Governor St. Clair, I had willingly given a copy of the speeches to be shown to the commandant at Detroit, and, ac-

[31] A so-called treaty, which failed because the Indians, excepting a few timid tribes, had remained away.

[32] i. e., the British Commander at Detroit.

cording to a letter written by the commandant at Detroit to the Miamis, Chaouanons, and Delawares, mentioning to you to be peaceable with the Americans. I would go to him very willingly, if it was my directions, being sensible of his sentiments. I told them I had nothing to say to the commandant, neither him to me. "You must immediately resolve, if you intend to take me to Detroit, or else I am to go back as soon as possible."

Blue Jacket got up and said to me: "My friend, we are well pleased with what you say; our intention is not to force you to Detroit; it is only a proposal, thinking it for the best. Our answer is the same as the Miamis. We will send, in thirty nights, a full and positive answer by a young man of each nation, by writing, to Post Vincennes."

In the evening Blue Jacket, chief of the Chaouanons, having taken me to supper with him, told me, in a private manner, that the nation of Chaouanons was in doubt of the sincerity of the Big-knives, so called, having been already deceived by them. That the Big-knives[33] had first destroyed their lands, put out their fires, and sent away their young men without a mouthful of meat; also, they had taken away their women; wherefore, many of them would, with a great deal of pain, forget these affronts. Moreover, that some other nations were apprehending that offers of peace would perhaps tend, by degrees, to take away their lands, and would serve them as they did before. A certain proof that they intend to encroach on our lands is their new settlement on the Ohio. If they don't keep this side clear, it will never be a proper reconcilement with the nations of Chaouanons, Iroquois, Wyandots, and perhaps many others.

Le Gris, chief of the Miamis, asked me, in a private discourse, what chiefs had made a treaty with the Americans at Muskingum. I answered him that their names were mentioned in the treaty. He told me that he had heard of it some time ago, but they are not chiefs, neither delegates, who made that treaty. They are only young men, who, without authority and instruction from their chiefs, have

[33] Big-Knives, the term given by the Indians originally to the Kentucky settlers, later applied to those who crossed the Ohio River and settled in Indiana.

concluded that treaty, which will not be approved. They went to that treaty clandestinely, and they intend to make mention of it in the next council to be held.

27. General Scott Destroys Ouiatanon

(From *American State Papers, Indian Affairs*, I, pp. 131-132; account by Brig.-Gen. Charles Scott [1791].)

As soon as Antoine Gamelin returned from his mission to the Wabash tribes Colonel Hamtramck advised Governor St. Clair to prepare for war. General Josiah Harmar led his troop against the Miami towns on the Maumee but was defeated where Fort Wayne now stands, in November, 1790. The next spring murders and massacres on the border became still more common. The regular army was not in condition for an attack at once. It was therefore decided to send a flying squadron against the upper Wabash towns in order to conceal the preparation of the regulars and at the same time keep the warriors away from the settlements. For this purpose General Charles Scott was ordered to call out the Kentucky militia. The official report of this expedition as written by General Scott to the Secretary of War follows.

I have the honor to inform you that the detachment of mounted volunteers under my command, authorized to be raised by your letter of the 29th of March last, arrived at the mouth of the Kentucky (river) on the morning of the 19th of May, from which time to the 23d I was employed in transporting the troops across the Ohio River, in having them mustered, and in issuing to them provisions and ammunition. The delay at the Ohio was greater than I wished, yet, I trust, justifiable, as it was, in part, occasioned by the request of General St. Clair.

In prosecution of the enterprise I marched four miles from the banks of the Ohio on the 23d; and on the 24th I resumed my march, and pushed forward with the utmost industry, directing my route to Ouiatanon (now Lafayette) in the best manner my guides and information enabled me, though I found myself greatly deficient in both.

By the 31st I had marched one hundred and thirty-five miles, over a country cut by four large branches of White River, and many smaller streams, with steep muddy banks. During this march I traversed a country alternately inter-

spersed with the most luxuriant soil and deep clayey bogs, from one to five miles in width, rendered almost impervious by brush and briers.

Rain fell in torrents every day, with frequent blasts of wind, and thunder storms. These obstacles impeded my progress, wore down my horses and destroyed my provisions.

"I perceived an Indian on horseback a few miles to the right."
Taken by special permission from Moores' *The Northwest Under Three Flags.*

On the morning of the 1st (June) instant, as the army entered an extensive prairie, I perceived an Indian on horseback a few miles to the right; I immediately made a detachment to intercept him, but he escaped; finding myself discovered, I determined to advance with all the rapidity my circumstances would permit, rather with the hope than the expectation of reaching the object that day; for my guides were strangers to the country which I occupied. At one o'clock, having marched, by computation, one hundred and fifty-five miles from the Ohio, as I penetrated a grove which bordered on an extensive prairie, I discovered two small villages to my left, at two and four miles distance.

My guides now recognized the ground and informed me that the main town was four or five miles in my front, behind a point of woods, which jutted into the prairie. I immediately detached Col. John Hardin, with sixty mounted infantry, and a troop of light horse under Captain McCoy, to attack the villages to the left, and moved on briskly with my main body in order of battle towards the town, the smoke from which was discernible. My guides were deceived with respect to the situation of the town; for, instead of standing at the edge of the plain, through which I marched, I found it in the low ground, bordering on the Wabash. On turning the point of woods one house presented (itself) in my front. Captain Price was ordered to assault that with 40 men. He executed the command with great gallantry and killed two warriors.

When I gained the summit of the eminence which overlooks the village on the banks of the Wabash, I discovered the enemy in great confusion, endeavoring to make their escape over the river in canoes. I instantly ordered Colonel Wilkinson to rush forward with the first battalion. The order was executed with promptitude, and this detachment gained the bank of the river just as the rear of the enemy had embarked, and, regardless of a brisk fire kept up from a Kickapoo town on the opposite bank, in a few minutes, by a well-directed fire from their rifles, they destroyed all the savages with which five canoes were crowded.

To my great mortification, the Wabash was many feet beyond fording at this place. I therefore detached Colonel Wilkinson to a ford two miles above, which my guides informed me was more practicable; but he was unable to cross.

The enemy still kept possession of the Kickapoo town. I determined to dislodge them, and for that purpose ordered Captains King's and Logsdon's companies to march down the river below the town and cross, under the conduct of Major Barbee. Several of the men swam the river, and others crossed in a small canoe. This movement was unobserved, and my men had taken post on the bank before they were discovered by the enemy, who immediately abandoned

the village. About this time word was brought me that Colonel Hardin was incumbered with prisoners, and had discovered a stronger village further to the left than those I had observed, which he was proceeding to attack. I immediately detached Captain Brown with his company to support the Colonel; but the distance being six miles, before the Captain arrived the business was done, and Colonel Hardin joined me a little before sunset, having killed six warriors and taken fifty-two prisoners. Captain Bull, the warrior who discovered me in the morning, had gained the main town and gave the alarm a short time before me. But the villages to the left were uninformed as to my approach, and had no retreat.

The next morning I determined to detach Colonel Wilkinson with five hundred men to destroy the important town of Kĕth'tipĕcanŭnk, at the mouth of Eel River, eighteen miles from my camp, and on the west side of the Wabash. But on examination I discovered my men and horses to be crippled and worn down by a long, laborious march and the active exertions of the preceding day; that only three hundred and sixty men could be found in capacity to undertake the enterprise, and they prepared to march on foot.

Colonel Wilkinson marched with this detachment at half after five in the evening, and returned to my camp the next day at one o'clock, having marched thirty-six miles in twelve hours, and destroyed the most important settlement of the enemy in that quarter of the federal territory.

Many of the inhabitants of this village (Ouiatanon) were French, and lived in a state of civilization. By the books, letters, and other documents found there it is evident that this place was in close connection with and dependent on Detroit. A large quantity of corn, a variety of household goods, peltry, and other articles were burned with this village, which consisted of about seventy houses, many of them well finished.

Misunderstanding the object of a white flag, which appeared on an eminence opposite to me, in the afternoon of the first, I liberated an aged squaw and sent with her a mes-

sage to the savages that if they would come in and surrender, their towns should be spared, and they should receive good treatment. It was afterward found that this white flag was not intended as a signal of parley, but was placed there to mark the spot where a person of distinction among the Indians, who had died some time before, was buried.

On the 4th I determined to discharge sixteen of the weakest and most infirm of my prisoners with a talk to the Wabash tribes. My motives in this measure were, to rid the army of a heavy incumbrance, to gratify the impulsions of humanity, to increase the panic my operations had produced, and, by distracting the councils of the enemy, to favor the views of government; and I flatter myself these objects will justify my conduct and secure the approbation of my country.

On the same day, after having burned the towns and adjacent villages, and destroyed the growing corn and pulse, I began my march for the Rapids of the Ohio. I arrived on the 14th inst. without the loss of a single man by the enemy, and only five wounded, having killed thirty-two, chiefly warriors of size and figure, and taken fifty-eight prisoners.

It is with much pride and pleasure I mention that no act of inhumanity has marked the conduct of the volunteers of Kentucky on this occasion. Even the inveterate habit of scalping the dead ceased to influence.

I have delivered forty-one prisoners to Captain Asheton, of the 1st United States Regiment, at Fort Steuben (Jeffersonville), for whom I have his receipt.

I sincerely lament that the weather and the consequences it produced rendered it impossible for me to carry terror and desolation to the head of the Wabash. The corps I had the honor to command was equal to the object, but the condition of my horses and state of my provisions were insuperable obstacles to my own intentions and the wishes of all.

I have the honor to be, with great respect, your most obedient servant, Charles Scott, B. G.

To the Honorable Henry Knox, Secretary of War.

28. General Wilkinson's Reconnoitering Party

(From *American State Papers, Indian Affairs*, I, pp. 133-35.)

The expedition of General Scott was so successful that governor St. Clair and the field officers decided to send another at once. To lead this they chose Colonel James Wilkinson, who had been second in command under Scott. He crossed the Ohio at Cincinnati and headed directly for the Miami towns on the Maumee. But when about fifty miles south of the present site of Fort Wayne, he bent his course sharply to the west toward the Miami towns on Eel river. The following is his official report:

FRANKFORT ON KENTUCKY, August 24, 1791.

I struck the Wabash about one and a half leagues above the mouth of Eel river, being the very spot for which I had aimed from the commencement of my march. I crossed the river and following the path, a north by east course, at the distance of two and a half miles my reconnoitering party announced Eel river in front, and the Indian town [L'Anguille, the town of Chief Little Turtle] on the opposite bank. I dismounted, ran forward and examined the situation of the town as far as was practicable without exposing myself; but the whole face of the country, from the Wabash to the margin of Eel river, being a continuous thicket of brambles, blackjacks, weeds and shrubs of different kinds, it was impossible for me to get a satisfactory view without endangering a discovery. I immediately determined to post two companies on the bank of the river, opposite the town, and above the ground I then occupied; to make a detour with Major Caldwell and the second battalion until I fell into the Miami trace; and by that route to cross the river above and gain the rear of the town; and to leave directions with Major McDowell, who commanded the first battalion, to lie perdue [concealed] until I commenced the attack, then to dash through the river with his corps and the advanced guard and assault the houses in front, and upon the left.

In the moment I was about to put this arrangement into execution word was brought me that the enemy had taken the alarm and were flying. I instantly ordered a general charge, which was obeyed with alacrity. The men forcing

their way over every obstacle, plunged through the river with vast intrepidity. The enemy was unable to make the smallest resistance. Six warriors, (and in the hurry and confusion of the charge) two squaws and a child were killed, thirty-four prisoners were taken, and an unfortunate captive released, with the loss of two men killed and one wounded.

I found this town scattered along Eel river for full three miles on an uneven, scrubby oak barren, intersected alternately by bogs almost impassable and impervious thickets of plum, hazel, and blackjacks; notwithstanding these difficulties, if I may credit the report of the prisoners, very few who were in the town escaped. Expecting a second expedition, their goods were generally packed up and buried.

Sixty warriors had crossed the Wabash to watch the paths leading from the Ohio. The head chief, with all the prisoners and a number of families, was out digging a root which they substitute in the place of the potato. About one hour before my arrival all the warriors, except eight, had mounted their horses and ridden up the river to a French store to purchase ammunition. This ammunition had arrived from the Miami village that very day, and the squaws informed me it was stored about two miles from the town.

I detached Major Caldwell in quest of it, but he failed to make any discovery, although he scoured the country for seven or eight miles up the river. I encamped in the town that night, and the next morning I cut up the corn, scarcely in the milk, burnt the cabins, mounted my young warriors, squaws and children in the best manner in my power and leaving two infirm squaws and a child, with a short talk, I commenced my march for the Kickapoo town in the prairie.

I felt my prisoners a vast incumbrance, but I was not in force to justify a detachment, having barely 523 rank and file, and being then in the bosom of the Ouiatanon country, one hundred and eighty miles removed from succor, and not more than one and a half days' march from the Pottawattomies, Shawnees, and Delawares.

Not being able to discover any path in a direct course to the Kickapoo town, I marched by the road leading to Tippe-

canoe, in the hope of finding some diverging trace which might favor my design. I encamped that evening about six miles from Kenapacomaqua (Kĕn′-a-pă-cō-mă-quä), the Indian name of the town I had destroyed, and marched next morning at four o'clock. My course continued west till nine o'clock, when I turned to the northwest, on a small hunting path, and, at a short distance, I launched into the boundless prairies of the West, with the intention to pursue the course until I could strike the road which leads from the Pottawattomies of Lake Michigan immediately to the town I sought. With this view I pushed forward, through bog after bog, to the saddle skirts, in mud and water; and after persevering for eight hours I found myself environed on all sides with morasses, which forbade my advancing, and, at the same time, rendered it difficult for me to extricate my little army.

The way by which we entered was so much beat and softened by the horses that it was almost impossible to return by that route, and my guides pronounced the morass in front impassable.

A chain of thin groves, extending in the direction of the Wabash, at this time presented itself to my left. It was necessary that I should gain these groves, and, for this purpose, I dismounted, went forward, and, leading my horse through a bog, to the armpits in mud and water, with great difficulty and fatigue I accomplished my object. Changing my course to south by west, I regained the Tippecanoe road at five o'clock, and encamped on it at seven o'clock, after a march of 30 miles, which broke down several of my horses. I am the more minute, in detailing the occurrences of this day, because they produced the most unfavorable effects. I was in motion at 4 o'clock next morning, and at 8 o'clock my advanced guard made some discoveries, which induced me to believe we were near an Indian village. I immediately pushed that body forward in a trot, and followed with Major Caldwell and the 2d battalion, leaving Major McDowell to take charge of the prisoners.

At 12 o'clock I reached Tippecanoe, which had been occupied by the enemy, who watched my motions and aban-

doned the place that morning. After the destruction of this town, in June last, the enemy had returned, and cultivated their corn and pulse, which I found in high perfection, and in much greater quantity than at L'Anguille.[34] To refresh my horses and give time to cut down the corn I determined to halt till the next morning, and then to resume my march to the Kickapoo town, on the prairie, by the road which leads from Ouiatanon to that place.

In the course of the day I discovered some murmurings and discontent amongst the men, which I found, on inquiry, to proceed from their reluctance to advance farther into the enemy's country. This induced me to call for a state[35] of the horses and provisions, when, to my great mortification, two hundred and seventy horses were returned lame and tired, with barely five days' provisions for the men. Under these circumstances, I was compelled to abandon my designs upon the Kickapoos of the prairies, and, with a degree of anguish not to be comprehended except by those who have experienced similar disappointments, I marched forward to a town of the same nation situated about three leagues west of Ouiatanon.

As I advanced to that town the enemy made some show of fighting me, but vanished at my approach. I destroyed this town consisting of thirty houses, with a considerable quantity of corn in the milk, and the same day I moved on to Ouiatanon, where I forded the Wabash and proceeded to the site of the villages on the margin of the prairie, where I encamped at 7 o'clock. At this town, and the villages destroyed by General Scott, in June, we found the corn had been replanted, and was now in high cultivation, several fields being well ploughed, all of which were destroyed.

On the 12th I resumed my march, and, falling into General Scott's return trace, I arrived without any material incident, at the rapids of the Ohio on the 21st instant, after a march, by accurate computation, of 451 miles from Fort Washington [Cincinnati].

[34] L'Anguille, the Indian town on Eel River mentioned above. Tippecanoe is the town Scott calls "Kethtipecanunk."

[35] Statement of the condition of.

29. Stories of Indian Captivity: The Stephen Ashby Family

(From *Indiana Magazine of History*, IX, p. 95; account by Judge William Polke [1842].)

The pioneers felt a greater horror toward Indian captivity than toward death itself. Nothing would induce a frontiersman to surrender to Indians but the hope that he might escape. The Indians had a foolish habit of adoption by which they undertook to make an Indian out of the captive white man. After this ceremony of adoption was performed the white captive was allowed partial freedom, always watched, however, by his family. Under these circumstances it was not difficult to escape. The Indians either at once killed the children they captured or else adopted them and treated them as their own. A great many stories of Indian captivity have come down to us. The most famous of these is the story of Frances Slocum, who was captured in the Wyoming valley in Pennsylvania and brought to the Miami village on the Mississinewa, where she spent her life, becoming in all respects an Indian. Another case was that of William Polke, who together with his mother and some other small children, was captured at the Burnt Fort, in Kentucky, in 1782. The mother and children were taken to the neighborhood of Detroit where they lived with Indians for two years. The father, Charles Polke, then heard of them and had no trouble in securing their release. In most instances children who remained three or more years with the Indians never forgot it.

Stephen Ashby, a farmer in moderate circumstances, was among the early adventurers to the western part of Virginia. Having by industry and economy saved a sum sufficient to purchase a valuable tract of land in what is now Nelson County, Kentucky, he determined to settle upon it, in the early part of the year 1789. In descending the Ohio river with his family, a wife and eight children, the eldest a promising youth of nineteen years of age and the youngest about three months old, they were captured by a band of Pottawattomies, who had infested the river and captured several descending boats. His eldest son refused to surrender after the Indians had taken possession of the boat, although entreated to do so by his mother, but fought desperately until he fell covered with wounds. One of the Indians then deliberately opened him, took out his heart, broiled it on the coals of the fire and ate it in the presence

of his afflicted parents (as the Indian afterward, by way of apology, informed Mrs. Ashby, on account of the boy's bravery, for the purpose of making himself equally brave).

On the capture of Mr. Ashby and his family the Indians made arrangements to return to their villages, on the St. Joseph and Elkhart rivers, in the northern part of this State (Indiana). Being so remote from any white settlements, they did not closely confine their prisoners, supposing it impracticable for them, in their destitute situation, to cross the Ohio river and make their way through the wilderness to their friends.

On the second day after their captivity they sent Mr. Ashby and his oldest remaining son (a lad of seventeen years of age) to procure timber for packsaddles, preparatory to their return to their villages. While thus engaged Mrs. Ashby, by what she observed among the Indians, was led to believe that they were making arrangements to burn Mr. Ashby before they commenced their journey. This she secretly communicated to her husband and advised him to attempt an escape, to which he objected, preferring, as he said, that they should suffer and die together. She replied that she could not endure to see him burned to death, which she was sure they intended to do, and that he might possibly succeed in reaching the settlements and be thereby enabled to relieve such of the family as should survive their sufferings.

Overcome by the arguments and entreaties of his heroic wife, he reluctantly consented to leave his family in their deplorable situation and make the almost hopeless attempt to escape. Fortunately, or to use Mr. Ashby's own words, providentially, late in the afternoon they directed him to procure a few more crotches for pack saddles,[36] which are obtained by taking suitable forks from small saplings. It necessarily required some time to find such as were suitable for the purpose. The eldest son having been apprised by his mother of his father's intentions, wished to accompany him, to which the father objected, believing the boy could

[36] Indian pack saddles are simple crotches, or forked sticks, the crotch being placed over the horse's back, and the load tied to the lower ends of the forks, on both sides.

not possibly succeed in swimming the Ohio river, and that it would only be certain death for him to make the attempt. Here again the intercession of the wife and mother prevailed, and silenced the father's objections by a single word, or whisper, as it had to be, to avoid detection.

Then leaving his distressed family, he passed from the camp, appearing to search for the timber they were sent in quest of. As soon as they were out of sight of their enemies the father and son ran with all speed a short distance down the river, procured from the bank each a couple of dry logs such as they could handle, lashed them together with bark, launched themselves upon the river, and by great exertions arrived safely on the opposite shore just as their pursuers arrived at the shore they had left. They pursued their journey through the night, until from fatigue and hunger and having their clothes nearly torn from their bodies by the brushes and briers, they became so weak and their feet so bruised they were unable to travel further, and again had recourse to the means by which they had eluded their pursuers at the outset.

Thus after floating down the river for two days, they were safely landed at Louisville, Kentucky, on the fourth day after their escape from their enemies, in the most deplorable condition that can be imagined, where they received that attention which such sufferers are entitled to by their friends.

Mrs. Ashby with her remaining children (the four oldest sons and the two youngest daughters) were by their enemies taken on to the villages. Having to walk and carry her infant child in her arms, she was unable through fatigue and suffering to give it sufficient nourishment to sustain life, and it expired on the journey. The afflicted mother was only allowed time to scratch away the loose earth and lower it with her hands and place a few limbs and bushes over its lonely grave, which she declared was the most melancholy scene to her during her whole captivity. Mrs. Ashby and the two youngest of her surviving children were taken to the villages on the St. Joseph river, in the vicinity of the Elkhart; the three eldest (except the eldest son, who es-

caped some two or three years before) to the Illinois river, where they endured their cruel captivity until relieved after the Treaty of Greenville, in 1795.

Mr. Ashby, having escaped from captivity as above related, made unremitting exertions in behalf of his captive and suffering family. In order to procure the means, if possible, to liberate them, he sold his fine tract of land. Being a man of remarkable firmness, perseverance, and bravery, he embraced every opportunity to penetrate the Indian country. Hence we find him with Colonel Hamtramck in his expedition up the Wabash in 1790, and with the mounted expedition to the Wabash in 1791 under General Scott.[37] His son escaped with him in General St. Clair's defeat the same year, in which he received a dangerous wound. He performed several journeys through the wilderness to Vincennes, then the most frontier post, at the risk of his life, and to the headquarters of General Wayne's army, in search of information of his family. He became well known to General Wayne and his officers and acquired their good will by his unremitting exertions to obtain his family.

In one of his visits to headquarters, a Pottawattomie Indian having been captured by Captain William Wells and his party of spies, Mr. Ashby obtained permission to visit the captured Indian in his confinement with an interpreter to make inquiries in respect to his family. The Indian at sight of him became sullen, covered himself with his blanket and refused to speak, which surprised the officer and interpreter, as on all other occasions he conversed freely. At the treaty of Greenville, Mr. Ashby being present, and the Indian being released, the former at once recognized in the latter the individual who had committed the barbarous act on the lifeless body of his son at the time of the capture of his family. During his stay at the treaty, the Indian always avoided coming in contact with him. After the treaty was concluded Mr. Ashby came on to Fort Wayne to meet his long-suffering family. On the arrival of part of his children late in the autumn he learned that his long-absent wife would be brought in within a few days, and that she

[37] See selection number 27 above.

was then at the Elkhart village. He proceeded alone from Fort Wayne, although at the time it was considered a perilous and dangerous undertaking, and on the second day met her on foot, with a heavy load of their baggage. Without hesitation he drew his knife and disencumbered her of the load by cutting the straps which confined it. After some altercation on the part of the Indians, who made some threats, at the earnest request of Mrs. Ashby, he took up the load and conveyed it to the fort himself, though he has since assured the writer that it was only at the solicitations of his beloved wife that he was prevailed upon to comply with their demands.

Having thus regained his family, after nearly seven years of suffering, he settled in Shelby County, Kentucky, where by his prudence, economy and industry he long lived comfortably, beloved and respected by his neighbors. From thence he removed to the southern part of Indiana, where both himself and his venerable partner died a few years past (at an advanced age) within a short time of each other. He had been for the last twenty years of his life a respectable preacher of the gospel of the Baptist denomination. Such of his children as yet survive reside in Kentucky. What patriot and friend to his country will say that such sufferers do not deserve the gratitude and bounty of their country?

30. Stories of Indian Captivity: A Thrilling Rescue

(From *A Pioneer History of Indiana*, by Col. William M. Cockrum [1907], pp. 105-127.)

In 1792 James Greenway, Thomas Doyle and Stephen Murtree were soldiers in the United States service and were on duty at Vincennes under command of Major Hamtramck. During the summer of that year their term of enlistment was out and they were given their discharges. They did not intend to go back into the service for awhile, so they determined to fit out a hunting and trapping outfit, as in that early day there were but two kinds of employment in the Northwest Territory: one was soldiering and hunting Indians and the other was hunting game and trapping for furs.

Securing two large Indian canoes with such things as were necessary for their use, they started down the Wabash intending to hunt and trap on that river and its tributaries. In the fall, as they were floating down the Wabash, they came to a small island seven or eight miles south of the mouth of White river. Examining the island, they found that it would be a good place to make a camp. So selecting a site giving them a view up and down the river on both banks, they built a barricade suitable for defense and inside of that built a small cabin. There was a Frenchman with the party by the name of Pierre DeVan, who looked after the camp and hunted in the neighborhood. He was an interesting character in many ways and proved to be a hero of the first water. He had been much with the Indians and understood the language of several tribes. He had a great hatred for all Indians, as they had murdered his uncle, who was the only relative he had in this country.

The fall was spent in hunting bear and deer for their skins, the winter in trapping. During the early winter the hunters had gone down the river and while the Frenchman was roaming over the little island he saw an Indian canoe tied to the shore opposite the mouth of a creek on the west bank of the river. He slipped back and hid himself in a convenient place to see what went on. He didn't have long to wait, for an Indian was seen to rise up from back of a log and look in every direction for some time. Having concluded that no one was there, the red man went into the camp and commenced loading himself with camping outfit to take to his canoe and while in the midst of his act the Frenchman shot him.

[No more Indians were seen around the place, however, and the hunters continued their hunting until high water drove them out in the spring. In April they made a new camp on the hills east of the Wabash. They then went back and brought their canoes up a little creek. In so doing they found what they thought was a bear's den.]

The next morning they all went to a place seen by one of them the day before, which he felt sure was a regular bear's den in a cave or hole in the bluff. While they were

hunting for the place they heard a loud, piercing scream not far away, coming apparently from a child. It was very loud at first, but gradually grew weaker until it ceased. The hunters were greatly startled and could not account for such a noise in this great wilderness. They hid in the bushes for a while waiting for further developments, but did not see or hear anything more.

They resolved to find out the cause of the screaming and it was determined that Doyle should go first, the other two to keep him in sight and be governed by his motions. He crawled through the thick brush and when they were near a high bluff he signaled to the others to come to him. He had seen smoke and heard voices that he believed to be those of Indians. The smoke seemed to come from the eastern side of the bluffs and they determined to go farther around. Advancing very carefully for two or three hundred feet, they could see the fire and going still farther could see that there were several Indians around it and a little to one side a white man and woman were sitting on a log with their hands tied behind them. There were four Indians in view and the hunters each selected one to shoot at. After firing they determined they would reload their guns where they were and trust to luck for the outcome. They all fired at once, killing two and fatally wounding another one, who fell in the fire; the fourth one ran around the side of the bluff.

After waiting a while the hunters slipped to where the prisoners were, cut the leather thongs they were bound with and "finished" the Indian, who was kicking and squirming in the fire. Doyle determined to follow the other Indian and in a short time a shot was heard in the direction he had gone. Soon an Indian was seen running eighty or ninety yards away. The two hunters fired at him and he dropped his gun, but kept on running. On going around the bluff in the direction Doyle had gone, they came upon his lifeless body, killed no doubt by the Indian at whom they had just been shooting.

The prisoners released were James Griscom and his wife, Rachel. The screaming heard by the hunters was that of little Mary Griscom who the day before had a fall that

had hurt her ankle so that she could not walk and had to be carried for several miles to where the camp was made. She was no better the morning the hunters found them and would hinder their time in marching, so the Indians resolved to kill her. One of them gathered her up and going to the top of the bluff, threw her over to the bottom, many feet below, killing her.

[Three Indian hunters soon returned and were killed by the white men. Learning that an Indian town was only a few miles away, they determined to build a new camp. In the meantime DeVan and Murtree scouted around to see if they could find any Indians. DeVan put on the dress of a dead Indian and went into the Indian village where he found other white captives of the Griscom party,—a Mrs. Talbert and child and two children by the name of Hope.]

The party was moved up to the new position Griscom had found. It was after dark when DeVan came slipping into camp and reported that there were eight or nine warriors and an old man who seemed to be the head and that he had seen the white woman and the boy, but not the other children. The Indians seemed to want him to go away, as they told him his friends were to the east. As there was a big creek he could not cross to the south, he would have to go to the east quite a distance, then south. While the old man and the warriors were in consultation he had a chance to say only two words in English to Mrs. Talbert—"Friends near." She said nothing, but looked at him as if she understood. The old man sent a young Indian with him for about two miles east and put him in a trace that would take him to the creek where he could cross it. He went south far enough to feel sure that he was not watched, then turned into a thicket, waited for dark, and came into camp.

They all held a consultation and it was decided best not to attack the Indians, as there were too many warriors, but to try and get Mrs. Talbert by stealth, if possible, and not to attempt that until late in the night.

Waiting until after eleven o'clock, DeVan, Murtree and Greenway started, the hunters intending to go near the edge

of the town so that DeVan could have a point to come to if attacked. Then DeVan was to do his part in his own way. Everything was very quiet for nearly an hour after they had taken their station. At that time three Indians came to the town and they must have been bearers of bad news, for soon there was great excitement among them. Two women were screaming and tearing their hair.

It was fully two o'clock when everything was quiet again. Soon the stillness was broken and a terrible noise raised by snapping and snarling and howling of many dogs and the screaming of a child, which raised a great commotion among the Indians. Soon the Frenchman with the little boy in his arms and Mrs. Talbert after him came running to where the two hunters were. The child was still moaning so loud that the Indians could tell the direction in which they had gone. It was placed in its mother's arms and she did all she could to make it keep still. DeVan told the hunters it would be best for them to take the woman and child back to the others and for all of them to start north by the north star and leave him to check the Indians. They did this and it was but a little while until the crack of a rifle was heard, then everything became still. The party had been slipping away for some time when another rifle was heard but a little way to the rear. In a few moments DeVan came up with them and told them to go as they were until just before day and to find a good place for defense, then stop at that place; that there were several Indians following them, but he would keep them in check until daylight.

Just at the break of day they came to a small creek, where there was some large fallen timber that would make a good place for defense. Hurriedly piling logs between two large fallen trees, they made two end walls, which provided a fort that could not be successfully attacked unless the enemy had such numbers that they could carry it by storm. Soon another rifle shot was heard and this time a shot was fired at the blaze or flash of DeVan's rifle. In a few minutes DeVan was seen and would have passed had not Murtree run to him and brought him into the improvised

fort. They kept a careful watch for the Indians and in a little while two were seen, half bent, one behind the other, following the trail made by DeVan. Greenway and Murtree instantly fired on them. One fell and the other showed that he was hit, but managed to get behind an obstruction. Another Indian rushed to the one shot down and dragged him out of sight, DeVan shooting at him, but missing him. After this, during all the day, a sharp lookout was kept, but no more Indians made their appearance.

The little boy, who was hurt in the morning, was suffering very much. DeVan said that when he ran out of the Indian tepee (tent) with the child in his arms, on running around it he ran into a dog kennel, where an old bitch had a litter of good-sized pups, and such another fuss as they made he had never before heard and the old dog bit the child through the calf of the leg.

In the evening not long before sundown there was heard in the woods to the west of them the chattering of many squirrels, which was thought very probably to be caused by slipping Indians, and a very sharp lookout was kept in that direction. Just as the grey dusk of evening came on Mr. Griscom had his arm broken by a shot that came from a tree not more than sixty yards away. The Indian had climbed up a little tree behind a larger one so that he could see over the log pile. When he shot he tried to get back of the large tree, but in his hurry the small tree swayed so much with him that his body came into view from back of the large tree and DeVan shot him, his body falling to the ground.

[Two or three more Indians were killed the following night before they were beaten off. The hunters now built a log cabin which they could easily defend. Greenway and Murtree had land warrants. Hearing that there was good land up Black creek, they decided to go there for a day's hunt.]

It was late when DeVan returned; the other two were there before him and had prepared a temporary camp. DeVan said that when he was about two miles up the river and one mile south of it he heard voices and, listening, found

that they were coming nearer. Secreting himself in a thick cluster of vines, in a short time he saw six persons passing within about sixty yards of where he was hidden. These persons consisted of three Indian men, one Indian woman and two white children, the girl being small and the boy a good-sized lad and both dressed in buckskin the same as the Indians. All were carrying vessels of different kinds that he thought were filled with honey.

DeVan's report made it certain that the two white children were near them and in the hands of the Indians, and from Mrs. Talbert's statement it was almost certain that they were the Hope children. It was decided to make reconnoissance that night in the neighborhood where DeVan saw the Indians and see if they could locate their camp. They went to the place where DeVan thought he was hidden when the Indians and white children went near him. On going in this direction for as much as a mile a dog commenced to bark at them not far away. The hunters remained quiet for some time and then DeVan proposed that he should go near and find out why the dog was there. He had been gone but a short time when two or three dogs commenced barking. Talking in the Indian tongue was heard, but neither Murtree nor Greenway understood what they were saying.

Finally a light was made by pushing the chunks of wood up together and several persons were seen moving around. DeVan slipped back to the place where the rest of the party were and said that he had gotten within one hundred and fifty feet of the camp where the fire was and that there were three or four wigwams. The Indians thought that it was the wolves prowling around that caused the dogs to bark, so the fire was made up to scare them away. After talking over the situation they determined to slip around the camp at a safe distance and see what they could find out.

On going around they found a spring four or five hundred feet from the fire that evidently was used, as it was covered with fresh brush to keep the sun out; the dogs, all the time they were walking around, keeping up a continual barking, following the direction the hunters were going.

Several Indians were seen moving around the fire; finally one of them got some splinters and made a torch in order to shine in the eyes of whatever animal it was and with their guns they started in the direction the dogs indicated, encouraging them to attack. The hunters saw that they would have to kill the Indians or get away, and they thought it would lessen their chance to recapture the children if they were to shoot the Indians, so they quietly slipped away in the direction of the river.

The dogs followed them a little way and then went back. The Indians were seen throwing their torches away. The hunters went back to their camp satisfied with their night's work in locating the Indians' camp where they believed the children were, the question uppermost in their minds being how they could recapture them. They felt it was their duty to release them if it could be done; but they did not want to run unnecessary risk in doing it.

[Before day the white men returned and hid themselves near the spring.]

Just at daylight three Indian women went to the spring for water and soon after four Indians, with their guns, started on a hunt followed by three dogs. After this there was stillness for some time, then a shot was heard in the direction that the Indians had gone and in quick succession two or three more shots. The dogs were making a terrible noise as if furiously barking at some animal at bay. The Indian camp was soon in a stir and two other Indians with guns started toward the sound of the combat. After going a short distance they stopped and were seen to examine something on the ground and started to follow the trail made the night before by the white hunters while going around the Indian camp.

These last two Indians went for some distance, finally halloed to some one in camp and were soon joined by two other Indians. They all followed the trail until it came to where the hunters started to their camp when the two Indians came out with the torch. They seemed to be holding a consultation, and then the last two Indians that had come

out hurried to the camp and got their guns, all four starting on the trail. Soon after the Indians had left a white boy and an Indian woman were seen coming to the spring with an iron kettle carried between them on a pole, followed by a little white girl. When at the spring the Indian woman commenced to fill the kettle. The hunters slipped up behind them; DeVan caught the woman and tied a thick piece of rawhide in her mouth so that she could not make a noise and tied her hands behind her. Greenway spoke to James Hope, the boy, and told him that Mr. Griscom had sent for them. The little girl was badly frightened, but James quieted her. Hiding the kettle in a thicket, they started, taking a direction that would bring them to the river several miles east of that place.

The Hope children gave a very interesting history of their experience while they were prisoners. The three young hunters who had them for their part of the boat-fight spoils were looked up to by the other Indians as their very best warriors. Their mother, to whom they gave the Hope children, was the widow of a prominent chief, who was killed in Kentucky some years before. In adopting the children in place of two of hers who had died, she first gave them articles that had belonged to the dead children and then had them take off their clothing and put on a buckskin suit. She next brought some tea in a bowl, sprinkling some of it over them, then giving them a small portion to drink, after which she drank a small portion herself. After this ceremony she took them into her wigwam and gave each of them a number of skins for their beds. James Hope said that no one could have been kinder to them than was this Indian mother. She would have them sit down by her and would pat and caress them, calling them by their Indian names. At other times she would look at them and cry most piteously and then caress them with all the affection of a fond mother.

James said that the morning he told Mrs. Talbert that they were going on a hunting excursion was the last time he had heard of the town where she was a prisoner. Eight

men and four women besides their Indian mother came to the place where he was recaptured with all their effects and none of them had heard of their former home since.

These unfortunate people were high-minded and did not want to be a burden to the hunters, who were there for the profit of hunting and trapping for fur. The hunters proposed to Mr. Griscom that he, his wife, Mrs. Talbert and the two Hope children should remain on the island until they could do better or the high water forced them to go away, and Griscom should assist them in hunting and trapping and share in the profits; and the two women, with the help of the children, taking care of the camp. This was agreed to and everything was put in readiness for the fall and winter's hunt, all the time they being very careful to keep watch for the Indians. Greenway made a trip to Vincennes during the warm weather and learned that there was great activity among the Indians, that they were continually on the war-path and that there had been many skirmishes between them and the Kentuckians, who were always as ready to fight as the Indians were.

The warm weather had finally gone and the fall had come. The hunters were on the chase, killing bear and deer. Buffalo were plenty in small herds and many of them were killed. The meat was cured by drying it and the hides prepared for market. There were no incidents other than such as come to hunters during the fall and winter. They secured the hides of many beaver and other fur-bearing animals. Near the last of February the high water came and they had to abandon their comfortable quarters, all going to Vincennes to sell their peltry and live until the water went down.

Griscom and his wife remained for several years in the neighborhood of Vincennes, hunting and trapping, but finally moved to the Illinois country.

Mrs. Talbert married a discharged soldier at Vincennes and later moved to the neighborhood of the Yellow Banks, now Rockport.

The two Hope children, James and Jane, found a soldier in the fort at Vincennes who was a cousin of their mother's.

He took them in charge until his enlistment was out and then went with them to the country north of the Cumberland river not far south of where Bowling Green, Kentucky, is now located.

Greenway, Murtree, and DeVan enlisted in the army and were with Wayne at the battle of Maumee. After the war was over DeVan came back to his old hunting grounds and was on the chase until just before the battle of Tippecanoe, when General Harrison engaged him as scout to do some work in finding out what the Indians west of the Wabash were doing and if it were likely The Prophet could control them. His report was so satisfactory to General Harrison that he enlisted him in the army and gave him an easy position in the quartermaster's department.

31. The Ranger Service

(From *A Pioneer History of Indiana*, by Col. William M. Cockrum [1907], pp. 203-218.)

For ten years after the Treaty of Greenville, the western Indians were tolerably quiet. They had fought nobly for the Ohio river boundary, but had lost. It was the policy of the United States to secure the title to the Indian lands as fast as possible. The instructions to Governors St. Clair and Harrison made it their most important duty to hold councils with the tribesmen and buy their land. A favorite way to accomplish this was to load the chiefs with presents, and in that manner procure the cession of land. A series of treaties followed the arrival of Harrison as governor at Vincennes—September 17, 1802, at Vincennes; August 18, 1804, at Vincennes; August 27, at Vincennes; November 3, at St. Louis; August 21, 1805, at Grouseland, near Vincennes; December 30, 1805, at Vincennes. By this time the Indians were, with good reason, becoming alarmed. They had in these councils given away nearly half of what is now the two States of Indiana and Illinois. Their so-called sales amounted to over 40,000 square miles. They could not now reach the Ohio river without crossing lands belonging to the whites. Little towns were springing up all along the river and "squatters" had penetrated to the center of the territory. Roads were being opened through different parts of the country. The most important of these roads led from Louisville to Vincennes. As the Indians were gradually crowded back from their hunting grounds they became ugly and sullen. When they came to

a pioneer's fence they threw it down. They killed his hogs, stole his horses, and frequently got themselves killed for their deviltry. It was soon found best to keep the Indians away from the settlements. In order to do this, companies of rangers were employed by the United States to patrol the roads. The following selections illustrate this ranger service on the Vincennes Trace and the roads leading from it to the Ohio.

VINCENNES, INDIANA TERRITORY, April 16, 1807.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM HARGROVE:

This will be handed to you by Ell Ernest, one of our scouts. Since you were here last Friday, the 10th inst., two of our scouts were in and report that last Sunday night, the 12th, a band of roving Indians captured a white family on the old Indian road from this place to Clarksville, this side of the Mudhole (near where Otwell, Indiana, now stands), killed the man and took into captivity the woman and her five children. Governor Harrison and Adjutant-General John Small are both away. The Governor, before starting, instructed me to write you that, if it were possible without taking too many men out of your settlement, you enlist at least twenty men for ranger service, giving preference at all times to men who have been on Indian campaigns, but not to leave any family without some able-bodied man to protect them, unless they are in block-houses.[38] This should be done at once so that the men can be on duty in five days. Send in two days from the time you receive this by the same hand an answer. I will then send you instructions as to your duties.

By the order of the Governor.

JOHN GIBSON, Secretary Indiana Territory.

VINCENNES, INDIANA TERRITORY, April 20, 1807.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM HARGROVE:

Your report by the hand of scout Ernest has been received. The Governor is very much pleased at your promptness. The supplies for the families of those who will serve as rangers will be sent as often as needed.

[38] Block-house, a fort-like log structure, with upper story projecting over the lower, to enable those inside to fire down upon an attacking party.

I have ordered sent you today one sack of salt and ten bags of meal for you to distribute before you leave home. Also twenty-five pounds of powder, twenty-five pounds of lead, two hundred gun-flints, one bundle of tow.[39] You will divide your force and form a squad of six men under a reliable man, who will act as sergeant, to patrol the main traveled way from your settlement south to the Ohio river, at Red Banks. Instruct the Sergeant to make two trips each way every ten days. I will send a scout who will come with the men and carts that bring the supplies. He will go on duty with the squad patrolling to the south. The other thirteen men will be with you; also one scout and two friendly Indians. You are to patrol the old Indian trace that leads from this place to Clarksville, on the Ohio river, from a point where this old road crosses White river and going as far as thirty-five miles east of the Mudhole. The two Indians are to be directly under the orders of the scout, who will keep you informed of the orders he gives them.

Once every week send a report of your work to this office. It has been ordered that movers coming over the old trace shall be held on the other end until a number of them are together. Then they will travel with the rangers as they are coming west on the trace. Any persons coming into your territory will be sent to a point out of danger by you, if coming to the older settlements. If they intend to form a new settlement they must build a fort and stay in it until the season for raids is past. They can prepare houses where they intend to locate, but they must remain in the block-houses at night.

If there should be extra men with the movers who have had experience as hunters or in Indian fighting enlist them if you can. I hope that your experience in Indian warfare will help you protect your men. The roving bands of Indians prowling over this unprotected country in the warm season aim to murder helpless people for their scalps and to capture prisoners for what they can realize from their sale for servants to the British posts on the lakes. They are not hunting for armed soldiers. A careful and vigilant

[39] Tow, flax fiber used for cleaning out guns.

scouting service will in a great measure do away with these prowling bands of Indians.

By order of the Governor.

John Gibson, Secretary Indiana Territory.

Vincennes, Indiana Territory, April 29, 1807.

Captain William Hargrove, in the Ranger Service of Indiana Territory:

Your report by the half-breed Twenny came to hand this evening. The Governor wishes to say that he is well pleased with your work and fully agrees with you that the route from the forks of White river, south to the Yellow Banks, on the Ohio river (now Rockport, Indiana), should be patrolled at least once each week. The three men that you have recruited can take the place of some of your best men. You will send them over the route in company with one of the scouts. The Governor suggests that you send scout FuQuay with them, as he is familiar with the country south of you on the Ohio river.

In your next report fully describe what was found on the Yellow Bank route and if any Indian sign has been seen near the Ohio river.

It is utterly impossible at this time to furnish anything like a company of men to assist the father of Mrs. Larkins in releasing her from captivity. The Governor directs that you say to Colonel Greenup that if he can bring the aid from Kentucky that he thinks he can, scouts and guides will be furnished them from this post and that he is truly sorry that he has not the men to furnish all the help needed.

John Gibson, Secretary of Indiana Territory.

By order of Wm. H. Harrison, Governor Indiana Territory.

Vincennes, Indiana Territory, May 22, 1807.

Captain William Hargrove, Commanding a Detachment of Rangers:

Ell Ernest is in with your report. Will send you a Cree Indian for the one you say is too lazy to hunt. This Indian

has been here for a long time and has the reputation of being a great hunter. He can keep your rangers in meat. I have had an interview with him and he is delighted with the prospect of going as a scout. Ernest is acquainted with him and can make him understand what is to be done. Ernest said that he saw a number of Indians in bathing on the south bank of White river and a number of them were fishing. They did not see him. As they were near here, a platoon of cavalry has been sent with several scouts to look after them.

These troops, before they return, may report to you and will inform you what these Indians were up to. There are always some contrary people in all walks of life who are hard to manage. The ones you report are not all who have been troublesome. There is no deviating from the rule. Anyone who refuses to stay within the fort when ordered, arrest and send to this post, under guard. When the Government does all that it can to protect its people they must and shall obey the rules. This territory is under no law that can enforce obedience but the military, and all of its subjects must obey the governing rule or be sent out of it.

By order of the Governor.

John Gibson, Secretary of Indiana Territory.

Vincennes, Indiana Territory, June 7, 1807.

Captain William Hargrove, in the Ranger Service:

The requisition for provisions has been filled and forwarded under escort. One of our scouts reports that Indians were seen passing to the west on the south side of White river a little way west of the place where the Indian trace to Louisville crosses that river. Whether they are a roving band of friendly Indians or hostile ones has not been found out at these headquarters. There was a runner sent to David Robb's notifying him about the Indians. When you receive this you had better return to this end of your route and leave one-half of your men under your ranking non-commissioned officer. With the rest you had better examine the country to the west on the south side of the river as far as two or three miles west of David Robb's place and

see if you can find the cause of these Indians prowling over that section. If the fort at White Oak Springs is too small to hold the newcomers, have them build another blockhouse near it and have them both enclosed inside the same stockade with only two gates for the two forts. If you can enlist of the new arrivals as many as twenty-five men for service at this post your effort will be duly appreciated. The time of enlistment of quite a number of our troops expires next month and at least twenty-five Kentuckians will not reenlist.

By the direction of William H. Harrison, Governor of Indiana Territory.

John Gibson, Secretary of Indiana Territory.

Headquarters Indiana Territory,
Vincennes, July 6, 1807.

Captain William Hargrove, Commanding a Detachment of Rangers:

Last Saturday, the 4th inst., a number of friendly Indians were in to see the celebration of Independence Day. A half-breed Delaware Indian named "Swimming Otter" reported that there was likely to be a raid made by young Indian hunters on boats loaded with people, and their plunder, coming to this section by the Wabash or going down the Ohio river. He said that the band would be led by an Indian who had lost his father in a battle with a boat crew near the Red Banks (now Henderson, Kentucky). The scouts thoroughly interrogated the Indian and he has promised to let them know the time they are to start and the route they will follow.

The raiders will not get started, so the half-breed says, in less than ten days, and he will be here two or three days before they go. You will then be informed by a runner so that you can thwart their designs if they attempt to cross your territory. It is reported here by friendly Indians that a band of Miami Indians captured a boat and its crew on the Ohio river some forty miles below Clarksville, killing two men and carrying two women and four children into captivity. You can do no better than you have done.

Thoroughly patrol the three traveled ways. You could not do any good by roaming over the wilderness unless it was to make a short cut to reach a point on one of the other routes. The white people coming to this section are on the three traces or down the Ohio and up the Wabash river.

For the Governor.

By John Gibson, Secretary of the Indiana Territory.

32. Threatening Humor of the Indians: Letters from the Frontier, 1809-1810

(From *American State Papers, Indian Affairs*, I, 798-799.)

Bands of hostile Indians waylaid immigrants on the Ohio and Wabash rivers, and on the various trails. If they succeeded, it encouraged them to make another raid. If the Indians were killed, as scores of them were, their friends returned for vengeance. A generation of young Indians was growing up who did not know of the old wars. The Prophet was gradually winning the power and favor which had formerly belonged to Little Turtle. The following letters, culled from dozens of such, show the condition on the frontier of Indiana just before the war of 1812.

Fort Wayne, 8th April, 1809.

The Indians seem to be agitated respecting the conduct, and, as they say, the intentions of the Shawnee Prophet.[40] The Chippewas, Ottawas, and Pottawattomies are hurrying away from him, and say that their reason for doing so is because he has told them to receive the tomahawk from him and destroy all of the white people at Vincennes and as low down as the mouth of the Ohio and as high up as Cincinnati; [saying] that the Great Spirit had directed that they should do so, at the same time threatening them with destruction if they refused to comply with what he proposed.

Vincennes, 3rd May, 1809.

Mr. ——— is decidedly of the opinion that the Prophet will attack our settlements. His opinion is formed from a variety of circumstances, but principally from the communication made to Mr. ——— by two chiefs, his friends,

[40] Shawnee Prophet was a brother of Tecumseh, and was present at the battle of Tippecanoe.

the substance of which was that the Prophet and his followers had determined to commence as soon as they were prepared, and to "sweep all the white people from the Wabash and White rivers, after which they intended to attack the Miamis."

About eight days ago he (the Prophet) had with him three hundred and fifty warriors, well armed with rifles, and tolerably supplied with ammunition; they had also bows and arrows, war clubs, and a kind of spear.

DETROIT, June 16th, 1809.

The influence of the Prophet has been great, and his advice to the Indians injurious to them and the United States. We have the fullest evidence that his object has been to form a combination of them in hostility to the United States. The powerful influence of the British has been exerted in a way alluring to the savage character.

VINCENNES, 14th June, 1810.

I have received information from various sources, which has produced entire conviction on my mind that the Prophet is organizing a most extensive combination against the United States.

The person who had charge of the boat sent up the [Wabash] river with the annuity salt[41] has just returned, and reports that the Prophet and the Kickapoos who were with him refused to receive that which he (the agent) was directed to deliver to them, on his way up the Wabash; but he was ordered by the Prophet to leave the salt on the bank of the river, as he could not determine whether he would receive it or not until his brother, the war chief, arrived from Detroit. On the return of the boat the master was directed to take the salt on board, as they were determined to have nothing to do with it. Whilst they were rolling the salt into the boat the Prophet seized the master by the hair and shook him violently, asking him whether he was an American.

[41] Annuity salt is salt paid annually in compliance with the terms of a treaty, and for a part of the purchase price of Indian lands.

33. The Council at Vincennes, 1810

(From *Life Among the Indians*, by James B. Finley [1860], pp. 188-194.)

Two Shawnee Indians took advantage of the hostile temper of the Indians from 1804 to 1810 to unite them into a league for the purpose of driving the white people beyond the Ohio. These leaders, Tecumseh and his brother, The Prophet, were men of great ability. Tecumseh had learned the art of war from Little Turtle, under whom he had fought at St. Clair's Defeat and Fallen Timbers. The Prophet was an eloquent speaker and opposed the taking on of the customs of the white men by his brethren; especially did he oppose the liquor trade among the Indians.

At first the brothers made their home at Andersontown, the present site of Anderson, among the Delawares. At the command of Harrison they left there and began to gather the warlike natives into a new village which received the name Prophetstown near the present site of Lafayette. It was from this village that Tecumseh came, August 12, 1810, to hold a conference with General Harrison at Vincennes. He had a guard of seventy-five warriors (some accounts say 400) and spent ten days in consultation. The description in the following selection is from Finley, the speech of Tecumseh is taken from Dillon's *History of Indiana*, p. 442.

In August, 1810, Tecumseh descended the Wabash, professedly to hold a council with General Harrison, whose headquarters were at Vincennes. He was accompanied by four hundred Indian warriors. Captain G. R. Floyd, who, at the time, commanded Fort Knox, three miles above Vincennes, writing under date of August 14, 1810, says:

"The Shawnee Indians have come; they passed this garrison, which is three miles above Vincennes, on Sunday night, in eighty canoes; they were all painted in the most terrific manner. They were stopped by me at the garrison[42] for a short time. I examined their canoes and found them well prepared for war in case of an attack. They were headed by the brother of the Prophet—Tecumseh—who, perhaps, is one of the finest-looking men I ever saw—about six feet high, straight, with large, fine features, and altogether a daring, bold-looking fellow."

[42] The fort or station for troops.

On the next day the council was held. The deeply-thrilling incident which occurred during the council and its influence in giving direction to subsequent events possess great interest. I therefore subjoin an account of it, as given by Benjamin Drake.

Governor Harrison had made arrangements for holding the council on the portico of his own house, which had been fitted up with seats for the occasion. Here, on the morning of the fifteenth, he awaited the arrival of the chief, being attended by the judges of the Supreme Court, some officers

Government House of Indiana Territory at Vincennes.

of the army, a sergeant and twelve men from Fort Knox and a large number of citizens. At the appointed hour Tecumseh, supported by forty of his principal warriors, made his appearance, the remainder of his followers being encamped in the village and its environs. When the chief had approached within thirty or forty yards of the house he suddenly stopped, as if waiting some advances from the Governor. An interpreter was sent, requesting him and his followers to take seats on the portico. To this Tecumseh objected; he did not think the place a suitable one for holding the conference, but preferred that it should take place

in a grove of trees—to which he pointed—standing a short distance from the house. The Governor said that he had no objections to the grove, except that there were no seats in it for their accommodation. Tecumseh replied that that constituted no objection to the grove, the earth being the

Governor Harrison and Tecumseh in Council at Vincennes in 1810

most suitable place to the Indians, who loved to repose upon the bosom of their mother. The Governor yielded the point and the benches and chairs having been removed to the spot, the conference was begun, the Indians being seated on the grass.

Tecumseh opened the meeting by stating at length his objections to the treaty of Fort Wayne,[43] made by Governor Harrison in the previous year; and, in the course of his speech, boldly avowed the principle of his party to be that of resistance to every cession of land, unless made by all the tribes, who, he contended, formed but one nation. He admitted that he had threatened to kill the chiefs who signed the treaty of Fort Wayne; and that it was his fixed determination not to permit the village chiefs in future to manage their affairs, but to place the power with which they had been heretofore invested in the hands of the war chiefs. The Americans, he said, had driven the Indians from the sea coast, and would soon push them into the lakes; and while he disclaimed all intention of making war upon the United States, he declared it to be his unalterable resolution to take a stand and resolutely oppose the further intrusion of the white people upon the Indian lands. He concluded by making a brief but impassioned recital of the various wrongs and aggressions inflicted by the white men upon the Indians from the commencement of the revolutionary war down to the period of that council, all of which was calculated to arouse and inflame the minds of such of his followers as were present.

The Governor rose in reply, and in examining the right of Tecumseh and his party to make objections to the treaty of Fort Wayne, took occasion to say that the Indians were not one nation, having a common property in the lands. The Miamis, he contended, were the real owners of the tract on the Wabash ceded by the late treaty, and the Shawnees had no right to interfere in the case; he further declared that, upon the arrival of the whites on this continent they had found the Miamis in possession of this land, the Shawnees being then residents of Georgia, from which they had been driven by the Creeks, and that it was ridiculous to assert that the red men constituted but one nation. For, if such had been the intention of the Great Spirit, he would

[43] Treaty of Fort Wayne, made by Governor Harrison with the chiefs of the Miami, Delaware and Pottawattomie tribes (but not including the Shawnee chiefs), Sept. 30, 1809, whereby a large region above the Vincennes tract was ceded.

not have put different tongues in their heads, but have taught them all to speak the same language.

The Governor having taken his seat, the interpreter commenced explaining the speech to Tecumseh, who, after listening to a portion of it, sprang to his feet and began to speak with great vehemence of manner.

The Governor was surprised at his violent gestures, but as he did not understand him, thought he was making some explanation, and suffered his attention to be drawn toward Winnamac, a friendly Indian lying on the grass before him, who was renewing the priming of his pistol, which he kept concealed from the other Indians, but in full view of the Governor. His attention, however, was again directed to Tecumseh by hearing General Gibson, who was intimately acquainted with the Shawnee language, say to Lieutenant Jennings, "Those fellows intend mischief; you had better bring up the guard." At that moment the followers of Tecumseh seized their tomahawks and war clubs and sprang on their feet, their eyes turned on the Governor.

As soon as he could disengage himself from the armed chair in which he sat, he rose, drew a small sword which he had by his side and stood on the defensive. Captain Floyd, of the army, who stood near him, drew a dirk, and the chief, Winnamac, cocked his pistol. The citizens present were more numerous than the Indians, but were unarmed; some of them procured clubs and brickbats, and also stood on the defensive. The Rev. Mr. Winans, of the Methodist Church, ran to the Governor's house, obtained a gun, and posted himself at the door to defend the family. During this singular scene no one spoke until the guard came running up and were in the act of firing, when the Governor ordered them not to do so. He then demanded of the interpreter an explanation of what had happened. He replied that Tecumseh had interrupted him, declaring that all the Governor had said was *false;* and that he and the Seventeen Fires[44] had cheated and imposed upon the Indians.

The Governor then told Tecumseh that he was a bad man and that he would hold no further communication with him;

[44] Seventeen Fires, the seventeen states of the Union.

that as he had come to Vincennes under the protection of a council-fire, he might return in safety, but that he must immediately leave the village. Here the council terminated.

During the night two companies of militia were brought in from the country, and that belonging to the town was also embodied.[45] Next morning Tecumseh requested the Governor to afford him an opportunity of explaining his conduct of the previous day, declaring that he did not intend to attack the Governor, and that he had acted under the advice of some of the white people. The Governor consented to another interview, it being understood that each party should have the same armed force as on the previous day. On this occasion the deportment of Tecumseh was respectful and dignified. He again denied having had any intention of making an attack upon the Governor, and declared that he had been stimulated to the course he had taken by two white men, who assured him that one-half the citizens were opposed to the Governor and willing to restore the land in question; that the Governor would soon be put out of office, and a good man sent to fill his place, who would give up the land to the Indians. When asked by the Governor whether he intended to resist the survey of these lands,[46] Tecumseh replied that he and his followers were resolutely determined to insist upon the old boundary. When he had taken his seat, chiefs from the Wyandots, Kickapoos, Pottawattomies, Ottawas, and Winnebagoes spoke in succession, and distinctly avowed that they had entered into the Shawnee confederacy, and were determined to support the principles laid down by their leader. The Governor, in conclusion, stated that he would make known to the President the claims of Tecumseh and his party to the land in question; but that he was satisfied that the government would never admit that the lands on the Wabash were the property of any other tribes than those who occupied them when the white people first arrived in America; and, as the title to these lands had been derived by purchase from the tribes, he might rest assured that the right of the

[45] Embodied, included; made part of the armed force.

[46] Those ceded by the treaty of Fort Wayne.

United States would be sustained by the sword. Here the council adjourned.

The following is a part of Tecumseh's speech, as reported by Harrison's interpreter:

Brother—Since the peace (of Greenville, in 1795), was made, you have killed some of the Shawnees, Winnebagoes, Delawares and Miamis; and you have taken our lands from us; and I do not see how we can remain at peace with you, if you continue to do so. You try to force the red people to do some injury. It is you that are pushing them on to do mischief.

Brother—I was glad to hear your speech. You said that if we could show that the land was sold by the people that had no right to sell, you would restore it. Those that did sell, did not own it. It was *me*. Those tribes set up a claim; but the tribes with me will not agree to their claim. If the land is not restored to us, you will see, when we return to our homes, how it will be settled. We shall have a great council, at which all of the tribes will be present, when we shall show to those who sold, that they had no right to the claim that they set up; and we will see what will be done with those chiefs that did sell the land to you.

Brother—I wish you would take pity on the red people, and do what I have requested. If you will not give up the land, and cross the boundary of your present settlement, it will be very hard, and produce great troubles among us. How can we have confidence in the white people! When Jesus Christ came upon the earth, you killed him, and nailed him on a cross. You thought he was dead; but you were mistaken.

34. The Tippecanoe Campaign: The March

(From *Indiana Magazine of History*, II, pp. 170-180; account by John Tipton [1811].)

As soon as the council at Vincennes was over, Tecumseh with twenty warriors got in their canoes and paddled off down the Wabash on their way to the Creeks and Cherokees of the South. It

was his hope to unite all the tribes of the West in one vast army to attack the invading whites. The Prophet, Tecumseh's brother, gathered the warlike tribesmen of the Northwest to his village at the mouth of Eel river. Indian depredations began all along the Indiana frontier. The inhabitants of Vincennes held a mass meeting and petitioned Governor Harrison to lead them against the Indians. Harrison called for a regiment of United States regulars. With these came many renowned Indian fighters from Kentucky. The militia of Indiana Territory to the number of about 600 were called out. With this army, numbering in all about 910, General Harrison set out from Vincennes, September 26, 1811. Here let John Tipton take up the story. We will let him tell it exactly as he wrote it from day to day in his journal, preserving his quaint spelling and lack of punctuation.

Thursday 26th (of September) we moved after Breckfast into town (Vincennes) and our Capt. treated and also a tavern[47] keeper. We crosst the Wabash and fired two Platoons, and then went up to Capt. Jubaus (Dubois) and fired again and too (took?) Dinner. much whisky drank which caused quarreling. moved again thro a Prairie six miles wide and campd and Drawd corn and potatoes. our Pilot left us and went home. we lay ten miles from town.

Friday the 27th we marched at 12 o'clock through a Small Prairie, went four miles and campd. I went to hunt and killed two squirrels and a hawk.

Saturday 28th it Began to Rain at Day Brake; myself and two others went to hunt and staid out till two o'clock came to camp and found that the men had left us we took their trail found two men waiting with our horses and took as we rode we passed through good land, a Beautiful Prairie Seven miles wide called Demot and a Creek of the same name overtook the company after sixteen miles just as they had stopt we also Passt a blockhouse in the Prairie.

Sunday 29th we moved at ten stopt at a house bought a horse for our footman. too seargeants that had been sent to stock[48] a gun that got broke on the 26th came up. we went 6 miles Part Prairie and Part Barrens crosst Birch

[47] The "taverns" were the inns or hotels of the day. See below, selection 72.

[48] "Stock a gun" is to supply or repair a broken stock.

Creek, came to the River and camped near a Prairie and some men went to hunt and found three Bee trees[49] in an hour. Spent the evening in cutting them got nine or ten gallons of honey. I stood guard. the Boat we were to guard came up. we drawd whisky and salt[50] and they went on. our men went fishing and caught two fish.

Monday the 30th we moved after Breckfast through good land Passt a good spring and the Creek St. Mary, and through a beautiful Prairie four miles long and two Broad with a cabin in it. frost this day in the prairie. went to the river at an oald Camp. Passt a handsome Barren, then went up and crosst a muddy Creek where one of our horses mired. we went through a rich bottom to the place of meeting the army. They were gone but left a Boat for us. we found a Bee tree as we marcht three Deer ran along the Line a number of guns were fired and one was killed Stopt in the evening went to hunt found two Bee trees Campt on the River near a Prairie with the boat after coming ten miles.

tuesday October the first we were alarmed by the sentinel firing his gun he said at an indian. but we soon found to the contrary we moved through a Prairie 3 miles and I went to hunt rode all Day through a good bottom land to the Companey at twelve and then went on; the men found a Bee tree while marching and two at noon cut one down and left the rest. I hunted till night. Crosst two beautiful Creeks killed two Pigeons one of our horses sick and left by the way. we went 19 miles and camped with the boat; we passt a Prairie on the other side Drawd whisky and flour but no corn Since 29th of last mo.

Wed the 2d we moved early and through a Rich bottom all day I went to hunt kild a Pheasant we found two bee trees as we marchd but could not cut them we came up with the Boat fast on the Bar and went to help them off here we crosst the River and campt after Coming 16 miles one of our men had ague yesterday.

Thursday 3d marched at 9 four of our horses miss-

[49] "Bee trees," partly hollow trees filled with wild honey stored by bees.

[50] "Drawd whisky," etc., means drew articles from the commissary's store.

ing three men left to hunt them marchd one mile came to Terre Haute an old indian village on the East side of Wabash on high land near a Large Prairie Peach and apples growing the huts torn down by the army that campd here on the 2d two miles further we came up with the army. horses found. Campd on the river on beautiful high ground to build a garrison.[51]

Monday the 7th we moved early three miles and crosst Raccoon Creek to the Purchase[52] line thence 15 miles to the garrison. found Capt. Heath's men Dismisst and him sick and Captain Berry at home too. our company lay on the River above the garrison. The men on the Last Rout Draw Corn which caused murmuring. Some men want to go home.

tuesday 8th I staid in camp we were on Parade at twelve treated by Lieutenant McMahan and mustered and had a sham fight. Dismisst in order Drawd whisky for the time we had been out the men all throwd in their hats and wrestled. Some men were sent to the cornfield to Pull Corn.

Wednesday the 9th I staid in Camp Cut out a gun[53] and went to shooting. a lieutenant and 20 men were ordered to Scout.[54] we covered our camp with grass it Rained hard at two the Scouting Party came in took Dinner went out again it Rained again hard at sunset.

thursday 10 we had a wet night I cut out a gun and went over the river and got Powder. a seargeant and ten men were sent out to scout along the lines. we were alarmed at 8 by the sentinel being shot and badly wounded we were ordered to arms. An officer was sent from our Part of the Camp to know the (cause of the) alarm. General orders were for all to get their horses. a guard was to be left at our Camp. I was set out to post till the horses were found. we then left our camp and joined the line. Stood to arms all night till Brake of Day.

[51] "Garrison," a fort or defended station for troops. Ante p. 103.

[52] "Purchase line" is the line bounding the land purchased from the Indians by the Fort Wayne Treaty.

[53] "Cut a gun" is to bore out the barrel fresh after long use.

[54] To "scout," to go on duty as a scout.

friday 11 mounted and went to the Prairie in Company with the light horse to look for indians. we took up the river crosst a creek went through a Prairie then crosst the same creek again let our horses feed half an hour and after traveling 15 miles came to camp at twelve then Drawd flour whisky and Pickled pork got breakfast at four in the evening five of the Delaware indians came and took protection. Very high wind a tree fell close to camp while writing and a gun was heard at the general Camp also the Drum beat. a strong guard set out.

Saturday 12th we were paraded at Day Brake went to the Prairie a seargeant and two men were sent to stay. I was one. We could find no sign came to the camp in our route we found two of the Delaware chiefs they had come to Camp the day before to join us we brought them to Camp one spoke good English Played cards with our men and informed us that thirty of his young men were coming to join us. I cut a gun and went to shooting.

Sunday the 13th fine day I stocked a gun at dark we heard a gun fire at the general Camp but a thing so often repeated could not alarm us anymore. yesterday we drawd corn beef whisky and flour, soap and candles to-day salt also this day the Governor sends for more men.

Saturday the 19—Mustered[55] as usual. Came to Camp Drawd Beef, Salt, whisky and flour then was paraded while the Governor informed us that our ration was reduced to ¾ of a pound of flour (?) of the contractor failing. He also told us that we should have to fight the indians. it Began to Rain. we were Dismisst. It rained hard till sunset. our men that went out to hunt the lost horses came in had not found them. I turned out my mare this morning went to hunt her killed a turkey it stopt Raining and Began to Snow and Blow hard our Camps[56] smoked it was the Disagrecablest night I ever saw the men who went to the corn field Lost Captain Spencer's mare.

Sunday 20th a very cold cloudy day the ground covered with Snow we did not muster as usual. Captain Spen-

[55] To "muster" is to "parade."

[56] "Camps," tents.

cer's mare came to camp an Ensign and thirteen men went to hunt the horses that were lost on the 18th we went through the Prairie. Came to an indian Camp then we parted into three Companies and our Company went up to the Creek 4 miles and camped at an old indian Camp this morning our Captain and Seargeant quarrelled but soon dropt. this night very cold.

monday 21st the morning clear and cold six of us went to hunt two of our men and an indian killed a deer I wounded a deer we supt last night on a bit of bread about as big as a man's two fingers and this morning on venison without bread we then went to hunt the horses. Came to where fifty indians were campd. Lost one of our men. Came to Camp found that our hunters had killed two Deer and our 2d Lieutenant had resigned and gone home.

Sunday the 27th a fine clear warm day mustered as usual marched up the Prairie then into the woods had a sham battle thence to Camp. I staid in Camp the men went to the Prairie to run their horses the garrison Christened and Extra whisky issued.

Monday the 28 a fine day mustered as usual found the Prairie burnt over with fire. Came to Camp. Cut out a gun and went to talk with the indians then came to my tent was ordered to parade the Company to see a man whipt.[57] We were drawd in a hollow square, three guns got up the man brought in ordered to be stript then pardoned. We came to Camp received money for back ration this day came up on Major Rob with a Company of mounted Riflemen three boats and two pirogues[58] with corn flour and arms and ammunition. the above talk was with the miami Chiefs. orders to march tomorrow. this day I got one gallon of whisky.

tuesday 29 we mustered as usual. Came to Camp. was ordered to march in 30 minutes 20 men commanded by Captain Berry went to guard the Boats that Carried our Provision and a Seargeant with 8 men to guard the Governor. we moved to the Prairie and stopt till the Baggage

[57] A mode of disciplining a disobedient soldier.

[58] "Pirogues," canoes made by hollowing out logs; dugouts. See pettiauger in selection above.

all Came up. I sent Back for whisky. we then moved off with the whole army Consisting of 640 foot about 270 mounted men 19 wagons and one Cart. Passt one Creek and Camped after 5 miles on the same Creek where we Camped on the 4th Inst. made us move Clos to the army one horse killed and a wagon Broke by falling a tree a guard set out of our Company.

thursday the 31st we moved early two of the oxen missing three of our men sent to hunt them we crosst Raccoon Creek saw our men that went to guard the Boats on the 29th they left us we Came to the River where we Camped on our Return from Vermilion on the night of the 6 thence up to the ford. Saw our above mentioned boat guard crossing the River we halted until the army came up then Rode the river which was very Deep and then Camped our Boat guard and the men that went to hunt for the oxen Came up when we left the guards we took a north course up the East side of the Wabash and Crossed to the West with orders to kill all the indians we saw. fine news. The Governor's wagon being left this morning in consequence of the oxen being lost came up and all of the army crosst in 3 hours we drawd Corn.

Friday the first of November. I was sent with 18 men to Look for a way for the army to Cross the Little Vermilion. marched at Day Brake came to Creek found and marked the road. waited till the army came up went on and Camped on the River two miles Below the Big Vermilion. Captain Spencer myself and three others went up the Big Vermilion. Returned to camp General Wells with forty men had come up and Captain Berry with nine men had come up. our company marchd in front today as usual which now consisted of 87 men in consequence of Captain Lindley being attached to it.

Saturday the 2d a fine day Captain Spencer with ten men went out on a Scout. our Company not Parading as usual the governor threatened to brake (?) the officers. I staid in Camp the army staid here to build a block house on the Bank of the Wabash three miles below Vermilion in a small Prairie the house 25 feet square and a breast work

from each corner next the River down to the water. Took horses and Drawd Brush over the Prairie to Break down the weeds. this evening a man came from the garrison said last night his boat was fired on one man that (was) asleep killed Dead. three boats Came up and unloaded went back took a sick man with them. One of Captain Rob's men died tonight. Captain Spencer Came in Late tonight.

Sunday the 3d. a cloudy day we moved Early. our Company marched on the Right wing today. Crosst the Big Vermilion through a Prairie six miles 3 miles through timber then through a wet Prairie with groves of timber in it. after 18 miles we camped in Rich grove of timber in the Prairie. Captain Spencer very sick today at ten o'clock tonight the aid Came to Camp ordered a subaltern and ten men to Parade at the Governor's tent at 4 in the morning. I was ordered out and my Company made up. a gun fired while I am writing at 11 o'clock.

monday the 4th I went out with my scouts. Joined by Captain Prince went 18 miles through a prairie. Came to Pine Creek a fine Large Creek then turned back the day Being Cold Cloudy and windy. Began to rain at 11. we stopt to make fire But the army Came and we had to Leave it. we crosst Pine Creek and Camp two guns fired at 8. Continued rain at intervals. I had one quart of whisky yesterday and one to Day of the Contractors.

tuesday the 5 Cloudy day we moved early a Lieutenant and 5 men sent to Scout. Came to the army no sign was seen we went 6 miles through the timber then Prairie with groves of timber and a number of small lakes in it—an alarm made. I was sent out with 17 men to scout saw nothing a deer and a wolf killed in the line. camped on a Small Branch after 18 miles. the guns fired last night wounded a horse.

wednesday the 6 a very cold day. we moved early a scout sent out they Came back had seen indian signs. we marched as usual till 12 our spies caught four horses and saw some indians. found we were near the Celebrated Prophet's town. Stopt in a prairie the foot throwd all of

their knapsacks in the wagons. we formed in order for Battle—marched 2 miles then formed the line of Battle we marched in 5 lines on the extreme Right. went into a Cornfield then up to the above town and surrounded it they met us Pled for Peace they said they would give us satisfaction in the morning. All the time we were there they were hallowing. This town is on the west side of the Wabash—miles above Vincennes on the Second Bank.[59] neat built about 2 hundred yards from the river. This is the main town, but it is scattering a mile long all the way a fine Cornfield. after the above movement we moved one mile further up. Campd in timber between a Creek and Prairie after Crossing a fine Creek and marching 11 miles.

35. The Battle of Tippecanoe

(From *Indiana Magazine of History*, II, pp. 163-167; account by Isaac Naylor [date unknown].)

Judge Naylor was born in Virginia in 1790. As a boy he lived in Kentucky; as a young man he lived in Clark County, Indiana, taking part in pursuit of the Indians who murdered the settlers at the Pigeon Roost; as a judge he rode the Circuit. He spent the last forty years of his life at Crawfordsville, much of the time as editor of the Journal of that city. He took part in the Tippecanoe campaign and has left us the following account:

I became a volunteer member of a company of riflemen, and on the 12th of September, 1811, we commenced our march toward Vincennes,[60] and arrived there in about six days, marching about 120 miles. We remained there about a week and took up the march to a point on Wabash river sixty miles above, on the east bank of the river, where we erected a stockade[61] fort, which we named Fort Harrison. This was three miles above where the city of Terre Haute now stands. Colonel Joseph H. Davies, who commanded the dragoons, named the fort. The glorious defense of this fort[62] nine months after by Zachary Taylor

[59] "Second Bank," i. e., second bottom, next bottom higher than the one immediately above the water's edge

[60] Starting from his home near Charlestown, Clark County.

[61] A stockade was built of logs set upright in the ground.

[62] See below, selection 36.

was the first step in his brilliant career that afterwards made him president of the United States. A few days later we took up the march again for the seat of Indian warfare, where we arrived on the evening of November 6, 1811.

When the army arrived in view of the Prophet's town, an Indian was seen coming toward General Harrison with a white flag suspended on a pole. Here the army halted, and a parley was had between General Harrison and an Indian delegation, who assured the General that they desired peace, and solemnly promised to meet him next day in council, to settle the terms of peace and friendship between them and the United States.

General Marston G. Clark, who was then brigade major, and Waller Taylor, one of the judges of the General Court of the Territory of Indiana, and afterward a senator of the United States from Indiana (one of the General's aides), were ordered to select a place for the encampment, which they did. The army then marched to the ground selected about sunset. A strong guard was placed around the encampment, commanded by Captain James Bigger and three lieutenants. The troops were ordered to sleep on their arms. The night being cold, large fires were made along the lines of encampment and each soldier was required to rest, sleeping on his arms.

Having seen a number of squaws and children at the town, I thought the Indians were not disposed to fight. About ten o'clock at night Joseph Warnock and myself retired to rest, he taking one side of the fire and I the other, the other members of our company being asleep. My friend Warnock had dreamed, the night before, a bad dream which foreboded something fatal to him or to some of his family, as he told me. Having myself no confidence in dreams, I thought but little about the matter, although I observed that he never smiled afterwards.

I awoke about four o'clock the next morning, after a sound and refreshing sleep, having heard in a dream the firing of guns and the whistling of bullets just before I

awoke from my slumber. A drizzling rain was falling and all things were still and quiet throughout the camp. I was engaged in making a calculation as to when I should arrive at home.

In a few moments I heard the crack of a rifle in the direction of the point where now stands the Battle Ground house, which is occupied by Captain DuTiel as a tavern. I had just time to think that some sentinel was alarmed and had fired his rifle without a real cause, when I heard the crack of another rifle, followed by an awful Indian yell all around the encampment. In less than a minute I saw the Indians charging our line most furiously and shooting a great many rifle balls into our camp-fires, throwing the live coals into the air three or four feet high.

At this moment my friend Warnock was shot by a rifle ball through his body. He ran a few yards and fell dead on the ground. Our lines were broken and a few Indians were found on the inside of the encampment. In a few moments they were all killed. Our lines closed up with our men in their proper places. One Indian was killed in the back part of Captain Geiger's tent, while he was attempting to tomahawk the Captain.

The sentinels, closely pursued by the Indians, came to the lines of the encampment in haste and confusion. My brother, William Naylor, was on guard. He was pursued so rapidly and furiously that he ran to the nearest point on the left flank, where he remained with a company of regular soldiers until the battle was near its termination. A young man, whose name was Daniel Pettit, was pursued so closely and furiously by an Indian as he was running from the guard fire to our lines, that to save his life he cocked his rifle as he ran and turning suddenly round placed the muzzle of his gun against the body of the Indian and shot an ounce ball through him. The Indian fired his gun at the same instant, but it being longer than Pettit's the muzzle passed by him and set fire to a handkerchief which he had tied round his head. The Indians made four or five more fierce charges on our lines, yelling and scream-

ing as they advanced, shooting balls and arrows into our ranks. At each charge they were driven back in confusion, carrying off their dead and wounded as they retreated.

Colonel Owen, of Shelby County, Kentucky, one of General Harrison's volunteer aides, fell early in action by the side of the General. He was a member of the legislature at the time of his death. Colonel Davies was mortally wounded early in the battle, gallantly charging the Indians on foot with his sword and pistols, according to his own request. He made this request three times of General Harrison, before he was permitted to make the charge. This charge was made by himself and eight dragoons on foot near the angle formed by the left flank and the front line of the encampment. Colonel Davies lived about thirty-six hours after he was wounded, manifesting his ruling passion of life—ambition, patriotism and an ardent love of military glory. During the last hours of his life he said to his friends around him that he had but one thing to regret—that he had military talents; that he was about to be cut down in the meridian of life without having an opportunity of displaying them for his own honor, and the good of his country. He was buried alone with the honors of war near the right flank of the army, inside the lines of the encampment, between two trees. On one of these trees the letter "D" is now visible. Nothing but the stump of the other remains. His grave was made here to conceal it from the Indians. It was filled up to the top with earth, then covered with oak leaves. I presume the Indians never found it. This precautionary act was performed as a mark of peculiar respect for a distinguished hero and patriot of Kentucky.

Captain Spencer's company of mounted riflemen composed the right flank of the army. Captain Spencer and both his lieutenants were killed. John Tipton was elected and commissioned as Captain of this company one hour after the battle, as a reward for his cool and deliberate heroism displayed during the action. He died in Logansport in 1839, having been twice elected Senator of the United States from the State of Indiana.

The clear, calm voice of General Harrison was heard in words of heroism in every part of the encampment during the action. Colonel Boyd behaved very bravely after repeating these words: "Huzza! My sons of gold, a few more fires and victory will be ours!"

Just after daylight the Indians retreated across the prairie toward their town, carrying off their wounded. This retreat was from the right flank of the encampment, commanded by Captains Spencer and Robb, they having retreated from the other portions of the encampment a few minutes before. As their retreat became visible, an almost deafening and universal shout was raised by our men. "Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!" This shout was almost equal to that of the savages at the commencement of the battle; ours was the shout of victory, theirs was the shout of ferocious but disappointed hope.

The morning light disclosed the fact that the killed and wounded of our army, numbering between eight and nine hundred men, amounted to one hundred and eight. Thirty-six Indians were found near our lines. Many of their dead were carried off during the battle. This fact was proved by the discovery of many Indian graves recently made near their town. Ours was a bloody victory, theirs a bloody defeat.

36. The War of 1812: Fort Harrison

(From *Niles' Register*, III, pp. 90-91; account by Captain Zachary Taylor [1812].)

As soon as England declared war, the English agents in the Northwest began to organize the Indians. Their plan was to arm and feed the Indian armies and send them, under British officers, against the Americans. Attacks were to be made at the same time all along the Indiana frontier. The three strongest posts on the frontier were Fort Harrison, Fort Wayne, and Vallonia. Against these the chief attacks were aimed. Fort Harrison had been built by General Harrison while on the Tippecanoe campaign in 1811. It was left in charge of Captain Taylor whose official report to General Harrison dated at the fort, September 10, 1812, follows:

Fort Harrison, Sept. 10, (1812).

Dear Sir—On Thursday evening the 3rd instant, after retreat beating,[63] four guns were heard to fire in the direction where two young men (citizens who resided here) were making hay, about 400 yards distant from the fort. I was immediately impressed with an idea that they were killed by the Indians, as the Miamis or Weas had that day informed me that the Prophet's party[64] would soon be here for the purpose of commencing hostilities; and that they had been directed to leave this place, which we were about to do. I did not think it prudent to send out at that late hour of the night to see what had become of them; and their failure to come in convinced me that I was right in my conjecture. I waited until eight o'clock the next morning, when I sent out a corporal with a small party to find them, if it could be done without running too much risk of being drawn into another ambuscade. He soon sent back to inform me, that he had found them both killed, and wished to know my further orders. I sent the cart and oxen, and had them brought in and buried. They had [each] been shot with two balls, scalped and cut in the most shocking manner.

Late in the evening of the 4th inst. old Joseph Lenar, and between 30 and 40 Indians, arrived from the Prophet's Town, with a white flag. Among them were about ten women. The men were chiefs of the different tribes that compose the Prophet's party.

A Shawnee man, who spoke good English, informed me that old Lenar intended to speak to me the next morning, and try to get something to eat. At retreat beating I examined the men's arms, and found them all in good order, and completed their cartridges to sixteen rounds per man. As I had not been able to mount a guard of more than six privates and two non-commissioned officers, for some time past, and sometimes part of them every other day, from the ill health of the company, I had not conceived my force

[63] "Retreat beating" is the signal, by beat of drum, at sunset, for retiring from parade or drill.

[64] Prophet, brother of Tecumseh, of the Shawnee nation.

adequate to the defense of this post, should it be vigorously attacked, for some time past. As I had just recovered from a very severe attack of fever, I was not able to be up much through the night. After tattoo,[65] I cautioned the guard to be vigilant, and ordered one of the non-commissioned officers, as the sentinels could not see every part of the garrison, to walk around on the inside during the whole night, to prevent the Indians from taking advantage of us, providing they had any intention of attacking us.

About 11 o'clock I was awakened by the firing of one of the sentinels. I sprang up, ran out, and ordered the men to their posts. Just then my orderly sergeant (who had charge of the upper block-house) called out that the Indians had fired the lower block-house (this contained the property of the contractor, which was deposited in the lower part, the upper having been assigned to a corporal and ten privates, as an alarm post). The guns had begun to fire pretty smartly from both sides. I directed the buckets to be got ready and water brought from the well, and the fire extinguished immediately, as it was perceivable at that time. But from debility or some other cause, the men were very slow in executing my orders — the word "fire" appeared to throw the whole of them into confusion. By the time they had got the water and broken open the door, the fire had unfortunately communicated to a quantity of whisky (the stock having licked several holes through the lower part of the building, in order to get at the salt that was stored there; through these holes the Indians had introduced the fire without being discovered, as the night was very dark) and in spite of every exertion we could make, in less than a moment it ascended to the roof and baffled every effort we could make to extinguish it. As the lower block-house joined the barracks that make part of the fortifications, most of the men immediately gave themselves up for lost, and I had the greatest difficulty in getting my orders executed. And, sir, what from the raging of the fire—the yelling and howling of several hundred Indians

[65] Tattoo, the signal by drum beat for retiring to quarters for sleep.

—the cries of nine women and children (part soldiers' and part citizens' wives, who had taken shelter in the fort)—and the desponding of so many of the men, which was worse than all—I can assure you that my feelings were very unpleasant—and, indeed, there were not more than ten or fifteen men able to do a great deal, the others being either sick or convalescent—and, to add to our other misfortunes, two of the stoutest men in the fort, whom I had every confidence in, jumped the picket, and left us.

But my presence of mind did not for a moment forsake me. I saw, by throwing off part of the roof that joined the block-house that was on fire, and keeping the end perfectly wet, the whole row of buildings might be saved, and leave only an entrance of only 18 or 20 feet for the Indians to enter after the house was consumed; and that a temporary breast-work might be erected to prevent their entering even there. I convinced the men that this could be accomplished and it appeared to inspire them with new life. Never did men act with more firmness or desperation. Those who were able (while the others kept up a constant fire from the other block-house and the two bastions) mounted the roofs of the houses, with Dr. Clark at their head (who acted with the greatest firmness and presence of mind the whole time the attack lasted, which was 7 hours), under a shower of bullets, and in less than a moment threw off as much of the roof as was necessary. This was done with only the loss of one man and two wounded. The man who was killed was a little deranged, and did not get off of the house as soon as directed, or he would not have been hurt.

Although the barracks were several times in a blaze, and an immense quantity of fire directed against them, the men used such exertion that they kept it under and before day raised a temporary breast-work as high as a man's head. The Indians continued to pour in a heavy fire of ball and an innumerable quantity of arrows during the whole time the attack lasted, in every part of the barracks. I had but one other man killed, and he lost his life by being

too anxious. He got into one of the galleries in the bastion, and fired over the pickets, and called out to his comrades that he had killed an Indian, and neglecting to stoop down in an instant he was shot dead. One of the men who jumped the pickets, returned an hour before day, and running up toward the gate, begged for God's sake for it to be opened. I suspected it to be a stratagem of the Indians to get in, as I did not recognize the voice. I directed the men in the bastion, where I happened to be, to shoot him let him be whom he would, and one of them fired at him, but fortunately he ran up to the other bastion, where they knew his voice, and Dr. Clark directed him to lie down close to the pickets behind an empty barrel that happened to be there. At daylight I had him let in. His arm was broken in a most shocking manner. This he said was done by the Indians and I suppose was the cause of his returning. I think it probable that he will not recover. The other, they caught about 130 yards from the garrison, and cut him all to pieces.

After keeping up a constant fire (which we began to return with some effect after daylight) until about six o'clock the next morning, they removed out of the reach of our guns. A party of them drove up the horses which belonged to the citizens here, and as they could not catch them very readily, shot the whole of them in our sight, as well as a number of the hogs. They drove off the whole of the cattle, which amounted to 65 head, as well as the public oxen. I had the breach (which was made by the burning of the block-house) filled up before night, with a strong row of pickets, which I obtained by pulling down the guard house. We lost the whole of our provisions, but must make out to live on green corn until we can get a supply. I am in hopes this will not be long. I believe the whole Miamis or Weas were among the Prophet's party, as one chief gave his orders in that language. His voice resembled Stone Eater's, and I believe Crooked Legs was there likewise. A Frenchman here understands their different languages, and several of the Miamis or Weas, that

have been frequently here, were next morning recognized by him and the soldiers. The Indians suffered smartly, but were so numerous as to take off all that were shot. They continued with us until the next morning, but made no further attempt upon the fort, nor have we seen anything more of them since. I have delayed informing you of my situation, as I did not like to weaken the garrison. I looked for some person from Vincennes; none of my men was acquainted with the woods; therefore I would either have to take the road or river, which I was fearful was guarded by small parties of Indians that would not dare attack a company of rangers that was on a scout. But, being disappointed, I have at length determined to send a couple of my men by water, and am in hopes that they will arrive safely. I think it would be best to send the provisions under a pretty strong escort, as the Indians may attempt to prevent their coming. If you carry on an expedition against the Prophet this fall, you ought to be well provided with everything, as you may calculate on having every inch of the ground disputed between here and there that they can defend with advantage.

Wishing, etc., Z. Taylor.

(To) His excellency Governor Harrison.

37. The War of 1812: Pigeon Roost Massacre

(From *A History of Indiana*, by John Dillon [1858], pp. 492-494.)

A great deal of mystery surrounds this massacre. According to the British-Indian plan of the campaign it would seem that this attack was aimed at Fort Vallonia. The Delaware Indians living in the vicinity of Vallonia seemed to know that the raid was being executed but claimed they did not approve of it and laid the blame on the Pottawattomies. The whites who went in pursuit of the marauders seemed to be afraid to follow them. A party from Vallonia fell in with the retreating savages but were unable to stop them. No satisfactory account of the raid has ever been written and perhaps never will be. No record seems ever to have been made by any one who knew the facts from the Indian side.

Within the present limits of the county of Scott, there was, in 1812, a place that was called the "Pigeon Roost"

settlement. This settlement, which was founded by a few families, in 1809, was confined to about a square mile of land, and it was separated from all other settlements by a distance of five or six miles. In the afternoon of the 3d of September, 1812, Jeremiah Payne, and a man whose name was Coffman, were hunting for "bee trees" in the woods, about two miles north of the Pigeon Roost settlement, and were surprised and killed by a party of Indians. This party of Indians, which consisted of ten or twelve warriors, nearly all of whom were Shawnees, then attacked the Pigeon Roost settlement, about sunset, on the evening of the 3d of September; and, in the space of about one hour, killed one man, five women, and sixteen children. The bodies of some of these victims of savage warfare were burned in the fires that consumed the cabins in which the murders were perpetrated.

The persons who were massacred at this settlement were Henry Collings and his wife, Mrs. Payne, wife of Jeremiah Payne, and eight of her children, Mrs. Richard Collings, and seven of her children, Mrs. John Morris, and her only child, and Mrs. Morris, the mother of John Morris. Mrs. Jane Biggs, with her three small children, escaped from the settlement, eluded the vigilance of the Indians, and, about an hour before daylight, on the next morning, arrived at the house of her brother, Zebulon Collings, who lived about six miles from the scene of the carnage. William Collings, who had passed the age of sixty years, defended his house, for the space of three-quarters of an hour, against the attacks of the Indians. In this defense, he was assisted by Captain John Morris. There were two children in the house. As soon as it began to grow dark, Mr. Collings and Captain Morris escaped with the two children (John Collings and Lydia Collings), from the house, eluded the pursuit of the Indians, and, on the morning of the next day, reached the house of Zebulon Collings.

A number of the militia of Clark County immediately proceeded to the scene of the Pigeon Roost massacre, where they found several of the mangled bodies of the dead, sur-

rounded by the smoking ruins of the houses. These remains of the murdered persons were brought together, and buried in one grave.

On the afternoon of the 4th of September, about one hundred and fifty mounted riflemen, under the command of Major John McCoy, followed the trail of the Indians about twenty miles, when "the darkness of the night" compelled them to give up the pursuit. A small scouting party under the command of Captain Devault discovered and made an attack upon the retreating Indians, who, after killing one of Captain Devault's men, continued their flight through the woods, and eluded the pursuit of the scouting party.

On the 6th of September, the militia of Clark county were reinforced by sixty mounted volunteers from Jefferson county, under the command of Colonel William McFarland; and, on the evening of the 7th, about three hundred and fifty volunteers from Kentucky were ready to unite with the Indiana militia of Clark and Jefferson counties, for the purpose of making an attack on the Delaware Indians—some of whom were suspected of having been engaged in the destruction of the Pigeon Roost settlement. It seems, however, that a spirit of jealousy, which prevailed among some of the officers, defeated the intentions of those who, at that time, proposed to destroy the towns of the friendly Delawares, who lived on the western branch of White river.

After the time of the Pigeon Roost massacre, many of the settlers on the northern and western frontiers of Clark, Jefferson, Harrison, and Knox counties, lived in a state of alarm until the close of the war, in 1815. Mr. Zebulon Collings, who lived within six miles of the Pigeon Roost settlement, says: "The manner in which I used to work, in those perilous times, was as follows: On all occasions I carried my rifle, tomahawk, and butcher-knife, with a loaded pistol in my belt. When I went to plow, I laid my gun on the plowed ground, and stuck up a stick by it, for a mark, so I could get it quickly in case it was wanted. I

had two good dogs. I took one into the house, leaving the other out. The one outside was expected to give the alarm, which would cause the one inside to bark, by which I would be awakened, having my guns always loaded. I kept my horses in a stable, close to the house, having a porthole so that I could shoot to the stable door. During the two years I never went from home with any certainty of returning—not knowing the minute I might receive a ball from an unknown hand; but in the midst of all these dangers, that God who never sleeps nor slumbers, has kept me."

Fort Wayne about 1812.

38. The War of 1812: Siege of Fort Wayne

(From the *History of Kentucky*, by Mann Butler [1834], pp. 347-358.)

The siege of Fort Wayne fell to the Pottawattomie and Chippewa Indians. According to a prearranged plan, as soon as they had invested the fort the British were to come with cannons and troops from Malden. The siege was conducted by Chief Winnamac from about September 1, to September 12, 1812, when it was raised by the approach of General Harrison from Piqua with 2,000 troops. Mr. Butler, who was well acquainted with the men who did this

fighting, has left us the following account, written soon after the war was over:

On the evening of the 4th (Sept., 1812), General Harrison received further intelligence, that the British and Indian force had left Malden on the 18th of August to join the Indians already engaged in the siege of Fort Wayne.

On the 6th, after receiving a supply of flints, which had been utterly wanting, the troops made forced marches till, on the 8th, they overtook Colonel Allen's regiment at the St. Mary's.[66] At this point he had halted, by orders from the General, "to build blockhouses for the security of provisions and the protection of the sick." From this time, the troops, including the corps of mounted volunteers, now "two thousand two hundred strong," were placed on half rations.

While at Piqua, a Shawnee half-blood by the name of Logan (a former captive to General Logan of Kentucky), at the desire of the Indian agent, penetrated through the Indian force to Fort Wayne. He brought intelligence of the actual siege, and reported that the British reinforcements had not passed up the Maumee. The Indians had not been attentive to ascertaining the movements of our troops; their scouts from Fort Wayne had not been able to get round our camp before daybreak. They returned to their fellow warriors with the exclamation, that "Kentuc was coming, as numerous as the trees!" The army now advanced at a slow rate; "scouts were placed from half a mile to a mile in front, and also beyond the right and left flanks." By the 11th instant, the fort was approached by our troops within twenty miles; and when the army had halted, the whole encampment was immediately "fortified with a breastwork of logs, and brush cleared away for thirty paces on the outside." During the night, the alarms of Indians "attempting to approach and examine the camp" were frequent.

Early the next morning, the troops were in motion, fully

[66] St. Mary's River, which unites with the St. Joseph's River at Fort Wayne, to form the Maumee River.

expecting to meet the Indians at a remarkable swamp, five miles on this side of Fort Wayne. As the army approached this critical passage, the horsemen under Adams and Johnson (the latter of whom had been elected Major) were ordered to march round it on the left, while the main army passed over. At this passage, the swamp was only one hundred yards wide; although generally it was three times this distance in breadth, and about one mile in length. Our troops passed without seeing the least sign of an Indian, until they got through, where they found the marks of a recent Indian encampment. A single Indian was the only vestige of the late besieging army, most of whom had fled the previous evening, and some only a few minutes before the appearance of the army. Could confidence in their own military arts be exhibited more undauntedly, than by these facts? About two hours before sunset the troops arrived at the fort, to the great relief of its harassed garrison.

This spot, so remarkable in the history of the western country, richly deserves a brief description. It is delightfully situated below the junction of the St. Mary's and the St. Joseph's, on the south side. It was known to the French as Ome,[67] and was the principal town of the Miamis for more than a century; it had been the principal rendezvous for the Indians of the lakes, and of the Wabash and Illinois. The French traders had frequented it before 1755. The conveniences of navigation from this point had no doubt principally contributed to make it a resort to such extent. The Miami, or Maumee, to distinguish it from the Miami rivers of the Ohio, is navigable for boats from this place to the lake,[68] and the portage to the nearest navigable branch of the Wabash is but seven or eight miles, through a level, marshy prairie, from which the water runs both to the Wabash and St. Mary's.

The next day after the arrival of the army it was determined to divide it into two corps; and to proceed in quest of the Indians and their towns. The principal intention

[67] From the French words [Au M]iamis, meaning "of the Miamis."
[68] Lake Erie.

of these expeditions was to destroy the provisions of the Indians, so that they could not find the means of subsistence. The party under General Payne having traversed a fine region of country, arrived on the 15th at the village in the forks, which had been abandoned by the Indians. They encamped in the town and cut up the corn and other vegetables in the fields.

The tomb of a chief, built of logs and daubed with clay, was found in one of these villages. He was laid on his blanket, with his gun and his pipe by his side, a small tin pan on his breast, containing a wooden spoon and a number of earrings and brooches—all deemed necessary to the other world.

The party under Colonel Wells had to march about sixty miles to the town against which they were sent. On the 16th, having crossed the Elkhart [river] above the village, the troops surrounded the town, but to their deep mortification, found it abandoned, with abundance of provisions in it. This village was called Five Medals, from a chief of that name, who made it his residence. On a pole before the door of that chief's cabin a red flag was hung with a broom tied above it; and on another pole at the tomb of an old woman a white flag was flying. The body of the old woman was placed upright, with her face to the east and a basket beside her containing trinkets, such as owl and hawk bills, claws, and a variety of bones, and bunches of roots tied together; all of which indicated that she had been revered as a sorceress, and probably as a doctress. In proof of the intelligence which the Indian procured it must be mentioned that a Cincinnati newspaper, containing an account of General Harrison's army, was found in one of these Indian huts. The village, with seventy acres of corn, was all destroyed. The troops returned to the fort by the 18th, a few hours after the party under General Payne.

By the 17th Colonel Simrall, at the head of a regiment of three hundred and twenty dragoons, armed with muskets, and a company of mounted riflemen, under Colonel Farrow, of Montgomery County, Kentucky, arrived at Ft. Wayne. This reinforcement was immediately dispatched against the

town of Little Turtle, about twenty miles on the northwest, with orders to destroy it all except the building erected by the United States for the chief of that name. This chief had shown a friendship for the Americans after the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, which had contributed greatly to the preservation of peace. The orders of Colonel Simrall were executed with promptness and dispatch, and on the 19th he returned in the evening to the fort.

Chief Little Turtle.

39. Life on the Twelve Mile Purchase from 1810 to 1814

(From Young, *A History of Wayne County*, pp. 66-67; account by Mrs. Rebecca Julian [about 1854].)

The Twelve Mile Purchase lay along the west side of the Greenville Treaty line. Mrs. Julian lived in Wayne county, near the frontier line. Her home was near the Indian towns on the upper White river. The settlers feared these savages would attack them as the Wabash tribes had attacked the Pigeon Roost settlement. Fortunately the Wayne county settlers were on fairly good terms with their neighboring red men and no harm was done. The three following selections show conditions at the three most ex-

posed points of the Indiana frontier during the War of 1812. Each was written by a person who lived there at the time.

The country around us was an entire wilderness, with here and there a small cabin, containing a small family. We were nearly all beginners at that time, and although we had to work almost day and night, we were not discouraged.

We were in fine spirits until the battle was fought at Tippecanoe by General Harrison and the Indians. After that we lived in continual fear, and passed many sleepless nights. Well do I recollect how I kept my head raised off of my pillow in listening, expecting the savages to come and take our scalps. We had every reason to believe that such would be the case, as they were frequently to be seen scouting all around us. At length the time arrived when two men were stationed at our fort for our protection. My husband also enlisted and served three months as a soldier, but was not called out from the fort. We were truly thankful that there was no fighting to be done, as we were then few in number and completely in the power of the enemy. But it is evident that they intended harming only such persons as they thought hostile to them.

A young man named Shortridge was killed by the Indians about three miles from our fort. He had on at that time a portion of the dress of another man, who had made threats against them, and it is supposed that they mistook him for the latter. In the spring following Charles Morgan and his two half-brothers were killed at their sugar-camp, scalped, and one of them thrown into the fire. This happened about six miles from our residence. This was quite alarming; we knew not what to do; we gathered ourselves in small groups in order to hold counsel. Finally, we concluded to leave our new homes, which we did, time after time, for the space of two years. We were grateful, indeed, to see peace returning, so we could again enjoy our homes. . There were many and serious trials in the beginning of this country and those who settled amid the heavy timber had nothing to depend on for a living but their own industry. Such was our situation. However, we were blest

with health and strength, and were able to accomplish all that was necessary to be done. Our husbands cleared the ground and assisted each other in rolling the logs. We often went with them on these occasions to assist in the way of cooking for the hands. We had first-rate times, just such as hard-laboring men and women can appreciate.

We were not what would now be called fashionable cooks; we had no pound cakes, preserves, or jellies; but the substantials, prepared in plain, honest, old-fashioned style. This is one reason why we were so blessed with health—we had none of your dainties, nicknacks, and many fixings that were worse than nothing. There are many diseases that we never heard of thirty or forty years ago, such as dyspepsia, neuralgia, and many others too tedious to mention. It was not fashionable at that time to be weakly. We could take our spinning-wheels and walk two miles to a spinning frolic, do our day's work, and, after a first-rate supper, join in some innocent amusement for the evening. We did not take very particular pains to keep our hands white; therefore we never thought of having hands just to look at. Each settler had to go and assist his neighbors ten or fifteen days, or thereabouts, in order to get help again at log-rolling time—this was the only way to get assistance.

40. In the Vallonia Neighborhood

(From *Reminiscences of John Ketcham*, by Rev. T. M. Hopkins [1866], pp. 11-15.)

Mr. Ketcham settled at Vallonia in Jackson County in 1811. This was the most exposed part of the Indiana frontier and it was with difficulty the settlement was preserved during the war. The valley of the Driftwood and Muscatatuck at this place was a favorite hunting ground of Indians and they gave it up reluctantly. Long after the war was over, Indians returned to visit white friends and hunt in the bottoms of Driftwood. The following selection, written by Mr. Ketcham, was read as part of his funeral discourse by Mr. Hopkins, February 9, 1865:

I propose to give a short history of our Indian troubles of 1812-1813 in that part of the Indiana Territory commonly called the "Forks," situated between Muscatatuck and the

Driftwood fork of White river, called by the Indians Hangonahakqua seepo (hăn′-gŏn-a-hăk′-wä-sē-pō). In April, 1811, we settled on section 14, township 5 n., range 4 east. Said section was made fractional by the Indian[69] boundary line cutting off the northwest corner. The Indians were numerous and friendly in that part of the territory until after the Tippecanoe battle, which took place on the 7th of November, 1811. The Delaware tribe expressed disapprobation of the battle and many of the Indians left our part of the Territory then, but not all. We enjoyed peace, but not without fear, until April 7th, 1812; about two and a half miles above our location there lived three families together —Hinton, Cox, and Reddick. Their horses grazed in what was called the Cherry Bottom, five or six miles above.

Hinton started in the morning to get a horse for some purpose, but as he did not return that day, his friends went in search of him, and ascertained that their horses were all stolen, and that Hinton was murdered or taken prisoner. The circumstances being made known to our neighborhood, we all went in search of the missing man. When we arrived at the Cherry Bottom two men were sent to examine the river shore. The balance were so divided as to sweep the bottom at one through. He was found shot through the head, stripped and thrown into the river. We laid him on a blanket, tied the corners over a pole and started home. Night overtaking us, we cut forks and raised the corpse out of the reach of wolves. A proposition was then made to John Ketcham and Noah Wright that if Ketcham would write a letter and Wright take it to the Governor, then at Charlestown, they should be exempt from helping to bring in and bury the dead—agreed to.

Next morning (Sunday) about ten o'clock myself and family were shut up in the house. I was lying on a pallet before the fire, when suddenly, without speaking, three Indians, each having a gun, pushed open the door and came in. I requested them to take seats. They placed their guns in the corner of the house and took seats. I took occasion to

[69] The northeast boundary line of the Purchase by the Treaty of Fort Wayne, Sept. 30, 1809.

examine their guns and found them primed and loaded. It was not common when the Indians called on the whites (for them) to have any guns with them. Sometimes they had one, but that not loaded. They could speak pretty good English. I asked them "what news?" They answered, "none." I told them of the murder of Hinton and the stolen horses. They then observed that three days past seven Winnebago Indians passed their camp going towards Cherry Bottom. I then let them know that we had sent a man to tell the Governor what was done, and in a little time he would send men to hunt up the bad Indians. I asked them if they would go with me to the burying. They consented.

My wife objected to my going with them and wept. The oldest (child) sympathized with her and shed tears, too. We started, I leading the way. We had proceeded nearly a mile, when they stopped, said, "We no go, make white man heap mad," so we returned, but found nobody at the house. My wife and children had secreted themselves in the bushes, supposing that they would kill me and return and kill them and plunder the house.

The conduct of the three Indians was very suspicious. They had brought skins to trade with me, but left them hid some distance from the house, saying nothing about them until after our return. Just as we returned McCollough, who had a squaw to wife, and another white man happened to come there. Mc. told them that if they didn't leave immediately, "every devil of them should be killed." They returned to their camp and left in great haste, leaving some of their valuables. They were the last camp of Indians that left our frontier that season.

In about ten days, the Indian agent, residing at the Delaware town, sent two Indians, Salt Peter and Peter Vanvacter, with a letter and a white flag, stating that it was not the Delawares who had done the mischief, but the Kickapoos, who had passed through their town with the stolen horses. The two messengers remained with the whites many weeks. Peter Vanvacter hired to work and never returned—(he) was murdered by some unprincipled white

man because he was an Indian. A man was killed near Widow Solida's a few miles from Muscatatuck; his name is not now recollected. Another man was killed on White river at McCowen's Ferry.

At the commencement of our Indian troubles there were upwards of seventy families living in the Forks, but in a few weeks after Hinton's murder upwards of fifty families left the country, and some for safety crossed the Ohio river. The balance, fifteen or eighteen families, determined not to leave and built blockhouses and forts. John Sage and others built a fort at his place, but the principal fort was at Vallonia, Huff's fort, higher up, and Ketcham's fort, still above and outside. We all lived in forts, went in companies to work our little improvements; some stood sentinel, while others worked, and thus we got along for awhile.

The good people of Harrison and Clark counties, considering the small number left in the Forks, and they shut up in forts, could not hold out long. The most good they seemed to do was to be a kind of Indian bait, for the safety of the interior countries, who probably taking that view of the subject, reinforced us by sending company after company to help us maintain our stand. The Indians began to understand by our preparations that we would sooner fight a little than quit our location, although very few that remained during the war were owners of land, many having settled over the boundary line, where the land did not come into market for several years after.

About the time that Fort Harrison and Fort Wayne were besieged by the Indians, namely, the 4th of September, 1812, a marauding party of Indians, who passed north of our forts, fell on the unguarded and unsuspecting neighborhood of Pigeon Roost,[70] killing twenty-three men, women and children—mostly women and children. After robbing the houses they set fire to them, and stole horses to carry off their booty. About the same time Major Duvall, of Salem, with a small company of men, made a scout up White river, and it so happened that while they were passing over some fallen timber on Sand creek, they came in contact with

[70] See above, selection 37, on the Pigeon Roost Massacre.

the Indians on their return from the Pigeon Roost. Those of them who had horses threw off their large packs and made good their retreat. Two others who had no horses fled in another direction, pursued by the men. John Zink, one of the party, being young and athletic, outran his comrades, and when the Indians discovered that they (Zink and his companions) were separated, they devised a plan to shoot Zink. In crossing a ravine one Indian secreted himself, while the other showed himself in plain view within shooting distance. Zink stopped to shoot, but the secreted Indian fired first, giving him a mortal wound. Zink lay in his gore that rainy night, and was found by his companions next morning still alive, and brought to Ketcham's fort, where he was washed and comfortably clothed and Dr. Lamb, of Salem, sent for. The Doctor arrived, drew a silk handkerchief through the wound and started home. Zink died before they reached Vallonia. The three large packs were opened, and found to consist of men's, women's and children's clothing. We knew then that some settlement had been destroyed, but at the time knew not what one.

About the last of September, 1812, Absalom Buskirk and brother-in-law took a two-horse team to his field to get some corn and pumpkins. The Indians killed Buskirk and stole his two fine horses. The corpse was brought into Ketcham's fort the same evening, and on the next morning John Johnson, Robert Sturgeon and others came and hauled the corpse to Huff's fort for interment; after which Sturgeon started home and was killed at the half-mile branch, near Vallonia. Although there were stationed at Vallonia a number of militiamen, they were unwilling to risk their own scalps and refused to go for the dead. After night three citizens, namely, Craig, Rogers, and Beem, went with their dogs and brought the corpse to the fort.

After the murder of Buskirk and Sturgeon no other persons were killed during the fall and winter following, but many alarms were given and horses stolen. I will insert a few cases.

One night Daniel Stout, who now lives near Bloomington, and others were at Ketcham's fort. After their senti-

nels were placed out in different directions around the fort, two heard and a third saw two Indians and fired at them, and then fled to the fort, expecting next morning to find a dead Indian, or a trail of blood; but a hard rain fell that night and we found no Indian or blood.

At another time, about corn gathering, Captain Hiram Boone, with twelve or fifteen men, was at Ketcham's fort. They tied their horses to stakes driven in the ground in the yard, not far from the fort. A large poplar stump stood rather between two of the houses, not more than five steps from either. In that stump holes were bored and hooks driven in and four or five horses fastened to them. The night was clear, but the moon did not rise until after night. While it was yet dark the Indians opened the yard fence into the corn field and let down one bar on another square of the yard fence. The bars were within twelve or fifteen steps of the big stump. An Indian slipped through the bars and got to the horses undiscovered, but while loosing his choice horse—a fine gelding—one of the guard fired at him but he clung to the horse. Another guard fired at him, but he led the horse off through the gap into the corn field. By this time Captain Boone and five or six of his men pursued the Indian having the horse.

While the chase was going on Ketcham was standing in the yard giving some directions, when an Indian, secreted near the bars, not more than twenty steps distant, fired at him. Boone halted and asked who had shot. I replied, "an Indian." One of his men said, "Captain, let us tree." He replied, "We don't know on which side of the tree to get; we will return to the fort." The party was composed of about sixteen Indians. We counted their trail next morning through a newly cut buckwheat patch, and at that time discovered what their policy had been On each side of the gap opening into the cornfield there was placed a strong guard, also on each side of the bars; if an Indian had been closely pursued in either direction the guard would have shot down his pursuers.

Although it was believed that the Indians were continually prowling about some of our forts, the people got so

hardened to danger that they seemed not to dread their enemy. One night Mr. Hutcherson and family, together with some of the militiamen, concluded to stay at his house, a short distance from Huff's fort. They felt safe and happy, and having a fiddle, concluded to have a dance and enjoy themselves first rate; but in the morning when they awoke they found that their horses were all gone. While they were dancing the Indians were catching their horses. Pursuit was made, and after following their trail a few miles they met David Sturgeon's old, ugly horse coming back with a leather tug tied so tightly around his throat that he could scarcely get his breath. They did this, probably, to show their contempt for the white man's old ugly horse. They recovered no more horses.

Long after that time the Indians stole two horses from Flinn's settlement. They were pursued by General Tipton, David and James Rogers, and others, who followed them for several days, when they found they were close on them, the water being muddy in their tracks. Tipton's plan was to follow them slowly and cautiously until night, then have fine sport tomahawking them. But his spies, Major Sparks and Mr. ———, disobeyed orders. The Indians had halted over the turn of a hill, dressing the horses' manes and tails. The Major and ——— got within thirty or forty steps of the Indians before they discovered them. The temptation was too great; they fired, but missed.

When Tipton came up and saw what was done, he cried like a child; and was tempted to tomahawk the Major. Their provisions were exhausted and they were far from home. The rains had swollen the creeks until they were past fording; those who could swim had to do so. They came to a large creek in the north end of Monroe county. A man by the name of Bean Blossom in attempting to swim the creek came very near drowning, and Tipton named the creek Bean Blossom after his name, and so it is called to this day.

At another time General Tipton and Captain Beam, with perhaps twenty men, made a scout[71] to the west fork of

[71] Make a scout, to make a survey; a reconnaissance.

White river. Before they got to the river they crossed a beautiful stream that empties into Bean Blossom near its mouth. A man by the name of Jack Storm and another man named Jack Ketcham, in crossing the stream, got both of their horses mired and stuck fast in the mud. They then named the creek Jack's Defeat, and so it is called to this day.

41. The Maria Creek Settlement

(From *Indiana Magazine of History*, X, pp. 96-98; account by JAMES POLKE [about 1885].)

The Maria Creek Settlement was a few miles above Vincennes on the Wabash. It was on the frontier, like Vallonia, but the Indians had been overawed by Fort Knox, Fort Harrison and the Tippecanoe campaign until they did not molest the settlers so much as they did around Vallonia. This selection is from 'Reminiscences' written by James Polke,[72] late in his life.

My father, Charles Polke, was united in marriage with Margaret McQuaid, the eldest daughter of Rev. James McQuaid, in the year 1803. My father bought a small tract of land in the deep and dark forest of that early day of pioneer life in that (then) new country. The locality of his new home proved to be sickly, subject to fever and ague, and in the year 1806 he sold out his new home and came out to "Old Post Vincennes."

My father carried me in his lap on horseback and my mother carried my eldest sister (Delilah), then about nine months old. With their pack horses they rode through the wilderness over one hundred miles and arrived at the 'Old Post' in September, 1806. The village was composed of French inhabitants and Indian traders, with but few American inhabitants. Major William Bruce, a brother-in-law of my father, had come to Indiana Territory in 1805 and settled about eight miles north of Vincennes, where the town of Bruceville is now located (known then as Maria Creek Settlement), lots having been sold in 1816.

My father spent the first winter here and during his stay bought one hundred acres of land on the waters of Maria

[72] See introduction to selections 29 and 30.

creek. In the early spring of 1807 he erected a cabin house on this land and made a permanent settlement. He lived and died on the same (in 1845), my mother surviving him ten years, and dying in 1855, aged 70 years. The first dawning of my memory of the things of my eventful life were here in this humble cabin house. Here we were in Indiana Territory, the country wild and unsettled, surrounded by Indians in this wilderness land. The Indians camped and hunted around us during the hunting season and the crack of the rifle could be heard almost any day, killing deer, wild turkeys, and other game; but all was peaceable then.

About 1810 all was changed by the influence of the British traders over the war chiefs of the Indian tribes of the Northwest; but this is a matter of history, as are the Indian war of 1811 and the British war of 1812, which followed, and the peace that followed in 1815.

In this new country, as indicated, my experience of life commenced and for the first five years of my life events were deeply imprinted on the tablet of my heart and memory. The Indian war of 1811 was fast looming up and my father took me on horseback behind him to my grandfather's in Shelby County, Kentucky. We traveled the traceway by which he had come to Indiana Territory in 1806 —through the Blue River Barrens by Corydon, Harrison County, Indiana. My uncle, Spier Spencer, the first sheriff of the county (1808), lived here. He had been with General Sinclair (St. Clair) and General Wayne in the early Indian wars. He had organized a volunteer company to fight the savage Indians of the upper Wabash on the Tippecanoe. I saw him parade his company in the streets of Corydon. He joined General Harrison at Vincennes, then the headquarters. My father soon returned to Indiana and joined in General Harrison's campaign to the Tippecanoe, which was fought on the 7th of November, 1811.

41a. The Pioneers

(From *Poets and Poetry of the West*, compiled by William F. Coggeshall [1864].)

By Charles A. Jones (1815-1851)

Where are the hardy yeomen
  Who battled for this land,
And trod these hoar old forests,
  A brave and gallant band?
Oh, know ye where they slumber,
  No monument appears
For Freedom's pilgrims to draw nigh.
  And hallow with their tears?
Or were no works of glory
  Done in the olden time?
And has the West no story
  Of deathless deeds sublime?

* * *

They knew no dread of danger,
  When rose the Indian's yell;
Right gallantly they struggled,
  Right gallantly they fell;
From Alleghany's summit,
  To the farthest western shore,
These brave men's bones are lying
  Where they perished in their gore;
And not a single monument
  Is seen in all the land,
In honor of the memory
  Of that heroic band.

PART III. PIONEER INDIANA, 1816–1836

CHAPTER V

42. Introductory Sketch

There were three classes of pioneers. First came the hunters and trappers. They had neither families nor homes. They lived in temporary camps wherever there was plenty of game. Next came the "squatters" who were the hunters and trappers with their families. They sought out suitable places beside springs of cool water and there built temporary cabins. The wives and children planted garden truck and corn in the clearings. If everything remained pleasant they would buy the land and become permanent settlers; but most probably after two or three years, when game began to get scarce and wild, they gathered up their few belongings and moved out on the frontier again. History has no permanent record of these advance guards. For this reason almost every community in Indiana has a never-ending dispute as to when it was first settled and who its first settlers were. Tradition correctly points to the hunter and squatter. Finally the records at the courthouse name the third class, the men who bought land and made homes, the permanent settlers.

The period from 1816 to 1836 has been taken as the pioneer time of Indiana. It was a period of preparation. Everything was temporary—temporary cabins, temporary barns, if any at all, temporary fences, fields full of stumps and dead trees, temporary churches, temporary schools, temporary roads, temporary government, temporary preachers, teachers, lawyers, and physicians. There was not time, until they got settled in their new homes, to go at anything systematically. The wild, free, open air life of the pioneer has its attractiveness for us even yet. The following selections are intended to give some pictures of this life.

House in which Abraham Lincoln was Born.

From TARBELL'S *Life of Lincoln*, I, p. 20. By special permission.

Three miles from Hodgensville, La Rue County, Kentucky. Thomas Lincoln moved into this cabin in 1808. Here, on February 12, 1809, Abraham Lincoln was born. It was long ago torn down, but the logs were saved, and recently the property was bought by New York people who rebuilt the old cabin on the original site.

Lincoln Farm in Indiana.

From TARBELL'S *Life of Lincoln*, I, p. 26. By special permission.

CHAPTER VI

LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS ABOUT 1816

43. Lincoln's Indiana Home

(From *The Life of Abraham Lincoln*, I, pp. 18-21, by IDA M. TARBELL [1895]. By special permission of the editors of *McClure's Magazine*.)

In 1816 a great event happened to the little boy. His father emigrated from Knob creek to Indiana. "This removal was partly on account of slavery, but chiefly on account of the difficulty in land titles in Kentucky," says his son. It was due, as well, no doubt, to the fascination which an unknown country has for the adventurous, and to that restless pioneer spirit which drives even men of sober judgment continually toward the frontier in search of a place where the conflict with nature is less severe—some spot farther on, to which a friend or a neighbor has preceded, and from which he sends back glowing reports. It may be that Thomas Lincoln was tempted into Indiana by the reports of his brother Joseph, who had settled on the Big Blue river in that State. At all events, in the fall of 1816 he started with wife and children and household stores to journey by horseback and wagon from Knob creek to a farm selected on a previous trip he had made. This farm, located near Little Pigeon creek, about fifteen miles north of the Ohio river, and a mile and a half east of Gentryville, Spencer County, was in a forest so dense that the road for the travelers had to be hewed out as they went.

To a boy of seven years, free from all responsibility, and too vigorous to feel its hardships, such a journey must have been a long delight and wonder. Life suddenly ceased its routine, and every day brought forth new scenes and adventures. Little Abraham saw forests greater than he had ever dreamed of, peopled by strange birds and beasts, and he crossed a river so wide that it must have seemed to him like the sea. To Thomas and Nancy Lincoln the journey

was probably a hard and sad one; but to the children beside them it was a wonderful journey into the unknown.

On arriving at the new farm an axe was put into the boy's hands and he was set to work to aid in clearing a field for corn and to help build the "half-face camp" which for a year was the home of the Lincolns. There were few more primitive homes in the wilderness of Indiana in 1816 than this of young Lincoln, and there were few families, even in that day, who were forced to practice more makeshifts to make a living. The cabin which took the place of the "half-face camp" had but one room, with a loft above. For a

Lincoln's Indiana Home.

From Tarbell's *Life of Lincoln*, I, p. 32. By special permission.

long time there was no window, door, or floor; not even the traditional deer-skin hung before the exit; there was no oiled paper over the opening for light; there was no puncheon covering on the ground.

The furniture was of their own manufacture. The table and chairs were of the ruder sort—rough slabs of wood, in which holes were bored and legs fitted in. Their bedstead, or, rather bed-frame, was made of poles held up by two outer posts, and the ends made firm by inserting the poles in auger holes that had been bored in a log which was a part of the wall of the cabin; skins were its chief covering. Lit-

tle Abraham's bed was even more primitive. He slept on a heap of dry leaves in the corner of the loft, to which he mounted by means of pegs driven into the wall.

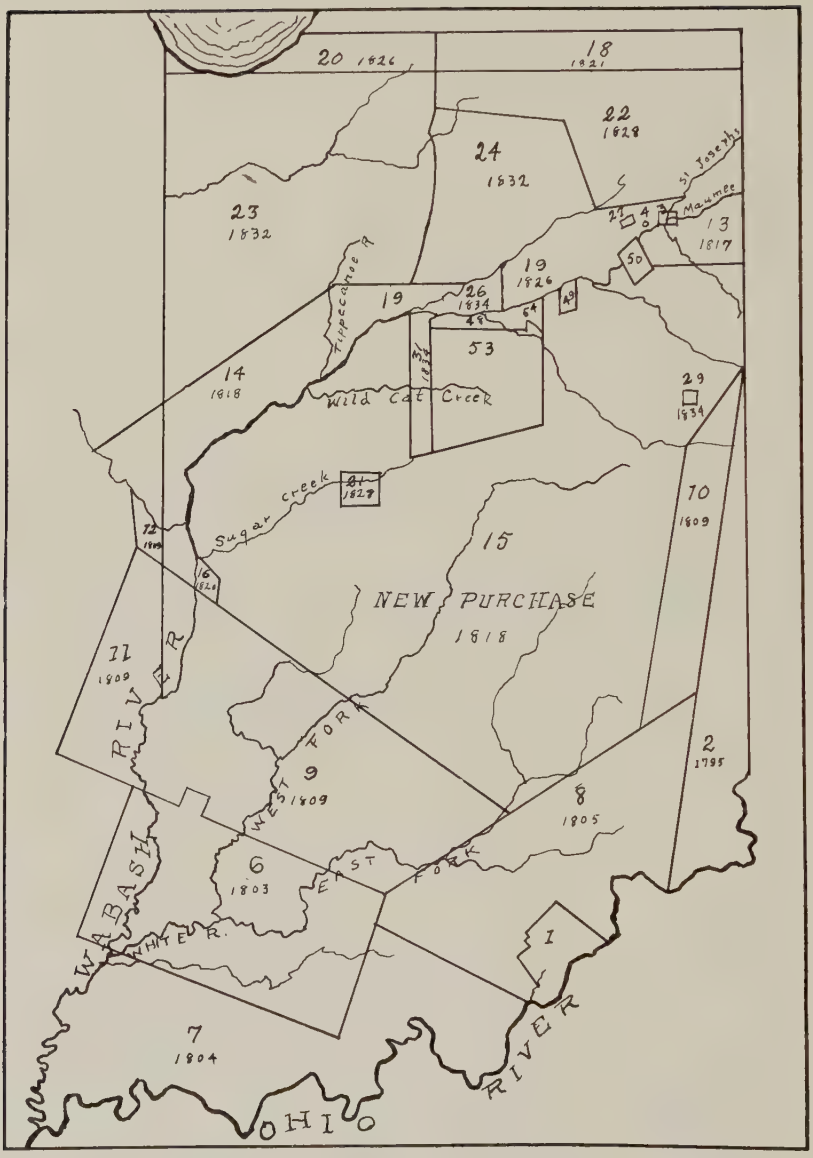
Their food, if coarse, was usually abundant; the chief difficulty in supplying the larder was to secure any variety. Of game there was plenty—deer, bear, pheasants, wild turkeys, ducks, birds of all kinds. There were fish in the streams, and wild fruits of many kinds in the woods in the summer, and those were dried for winter use; but the difficulty of raising and milling corn and wheat was very great. Indeed, in many places in the West the first flour cake was an historical event. Corn-dodgers was the every-day bread of the Lincoln household, the wheat cake being a dainty reserved for Sunday mornings.

Potatoes were the only vegetable raised in any quantity, and there were times in the Lincoln family when they were the only food on the table; a fact proved to posterity by the oft-quoted remark of Abraham to his father after the latter had asked a blessing over a dish of roasted potatoes—"that they were mighty poor blessings." Not only were they all that the Lincolns had for dinner sometimes; one of their neighbors tells of calling there when raw potatoes, pared and washed, were passed around instead of apples or other fruit. They even served as a kind of pioneer chauffrette[1]—being baked and given to the children to carry in their hands as they started to school or on distant errands in winter time.

The food was prepared in the rudest way, for the supply of both groceries and cooking utensils was limited. The former were frequently wanting entirely, and as for the latter, the most important item was the Dutch oven.[2] An indispensable article in the primitive kitchen outfit was the "gritter." It was made by flattening out an old piece of tin, punching it full of holes, and nailing it on a board. Upon this all sorts of things were grated, even ears of corn, in which slow way enough meal was sometimes secured for the bread. Old tin was used for many other contrivances

[1] Chauffrette, a French word meaning foot-warmer, foot-stove.

[2] Dutch oven, a baking pot or covered "skillet" heated by surrounding it with live coals.



Map Showing Indian Land Cessions

besides the "gritter," and every scrap was carefully saved. Most of the dishes were of pewter, the spoons iron; the knives and forks were horn-handled.

The Lincolns, of course, made their own soap and candles, and if they had cotton or wool to wear they had literally to grow it. It is probable that young Abraham Lincoln wore little cotton or linsey-woolsey.[3] His trousers were of roughly tanned deer-skin, his foot covering a home-made moccasin, his cap a coon-skin; it was only the material for his blouse or shirt that was woven at home. If this costume had some obvious disadvantages, it was not to be despised. So good an authority as Governor Reynolds says of one of its articles—the linsey-woolsey shirt, "It was an excellent garment. I have never felt so happy and healthy since I put it off."

These "pretty pinching times," as Abraham Lincoln once described the early days in Indiana, lasted until 1819.

44. A View of the New State

(From *Fordham's Personal Narrative*, by Elias Pym Fordham [1818], pp. 100-105. Copyright. By special permission of the Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland.)

Immediately after the close of the War of 1812 there was a rush from the eastern States for the western lands. A great part of this was due to advertisements by land speculators. Morris Birkbeck, an enterprising Englishman, was induced by Edward Coles, an American consul in England, to bring a colony over and settle on the Illinois Prairie. George Flower tried the same scheme. Fordham came over with Birkbeck. It was customary for these persons to write home concerning the new country. The following is a part of such a letter, written from Princeton (Gibson County), Indiana, July 31, 1817:

We left Cincinnati in the last week in June, and crossed over the Great Miami river into Indiana. Excepting on the banks of the Rivers Ohio and Wabash this State is one vast forest, intersected by a few Blaze roads[4] and two or

[3] Linsey-woolsey, a coarse cloth made of linen and cotton.

[4] "Blaze roads" are merely lines marked by "blazing," hacking trees with an ax. See below, selection No. 46.

three open roads. There are a few new towns, and some settlements on and near the state roads[5] and rivers. These are generally from one to three years old; though there are much older and more substantial improvements on the Ohio; and St. Vincennes on the Wabash was settled 30 years ago.[6] Indiana has been a State only two years. Its constitution seems to have exhausted the wisdom of all ages and countries—so complete is it—and yet so simple. It has a Governor, who is President of the Senate, and commander-in-chief of its armies; a Lieutenant Governor; a Senate; a Legislative body; and is represented in Congress by two members. Its Executive (Judiciary) consists of Circuit Courts, and a Supreme Court. Its civil code is founded on the common law of England. Every office, civil or military, is elective, and held only during good behavior. Every citizen is by law a soldier, but he need not enter the regular army unless he choose it. Every citizen may carry what arms he pleases for the defense of his person or property. Slavery is not allowed in this State. All religions are protected. The word "tolerate" is not to be found in the articles of their Constitution.

The land near the water courses is excellent. Some is of the very first quality; but all that is quite conveniently situated on the Ohio banks that is high, dry, and rich has already been entered. It was bought at the auctions of the U. S. at high prices, from 10$ to 15$ per acre. What was not then sold may now be purchased at 2$ per acre at the land offices; but it [is] often better to give 6$ or 7$ to the first settler for his chosen section with an improvement upon it, than to go into the woods, away from a navigable river and take land at the land office price. You have not a bad chance, however, in this latter plan, for there is a district as large as all England to be picked over now.

[5] State roads are roads built by state authority and not by the county. Most roads were laid out by the county.

[6] The writer is in error. Vincennes was settled early in the 18th century.

45. The "Creep" of Civilized Life

(From *Early Indiana Trials and Sketches*, by Senator O. H. Smith [1857], pp. 116-117.)

Perhaps no pioneer of Indiana experienced the contrasts of pioneer and eastern society as did the writer of the following sketch. When notified that he had been elected to the United States Senate he was driving hogs to the Cincinnati market. His "Sketches" give us some of the best insights into early Indiana life.

At the time I came to the State in March, 1817, there was not a railroad in the United States, nor a canal west of the Alleghany mountains. The telegraph had not been discovered, fire was struck by the flint and steel, the falling spark was caught in "punk" taken from the knots of the hickory tree.

There was not a foot of turnpike road in the State, and plank roads had never been heard of. The girdled standing trees covered the cultivated fields; the shovel-plow (was) the only cultivator; no roads west of Whitewater; not a bridge in the State; the traveling (was) all done on horseback, the husband mounted before on the saddle, with one to three of the youngest children in his arms—the wife, with a spread cover reaching to the tail of the horse, seated behind, with the balance of the children, unable to walk, in her lap.

CHAPTER VII

COMING OF THE SETTLERS

The early settlers of Indiana came almost exclusively from the East and South. By far the larger number came from the South. These crossed the mountains into Kentucky where most of them settled for a short time. From there they crossed the Ohio river at various places. The principal crossings were at Cincinnati, the mouth of Kentucky river, or at Madison, the Falls at Louisville, at Boon's Ferry in Harrison county, at Fredonia, and at Yellow Banks. Those who came down from Pennsylvania landed along the north shore wherever the land attracted them. Many pushed their boats up the small streams. Others reached the interior in ox wagons along traces which they cut ahead of the team. Later they came by thousands over the National Road or by way of the Great Lakes.

When Indiana was admitted into the Union it contained about 65,000 people. These lived chiefly in the Whitewater valley, on the lower Wabash, and along the Ohio river hills. As a compromise to these widely separated pioneers, Corydon was chosen to be the seat of the State government.

The problem of travel was a serious one, and was not liable to be overlooked by legislators who had made the trip to Corydon. From the Wabash country, they doubtless came on horseback over the Vincennes-Ohio Falls trail, which led through Mt. Pleasant, Paoli, and Fredericksburg. From the Whitewater, they traveled down the Ohio river, stopping at New Albany, or coming on down to Evans' Landing or Leavenworth, and thence by trail to the capital.

The inconvenience of the location was manifest, and a commission was appointed in 1820 to locate a site for a capital near the center of the State. Congress had already donated four sections of land for this purpose, and by 1825 Indianapolis was a hustling village of several hundred inhabitants. A newspaper had appeared as early as 1823, before the brush was cleared from the streets. If the problem of transportation had been insistent at Corydon, it became all-absorbing at Indianapolis.

There were several well-defined lines of travel leading into the interior of Indiana at this time, each in a measure used by a distinct stream of immigrants. From Kentucky, Virginia, and the Carolinas, they came to Madison and Louisville. From Madison, a

stage line was early established to the east fork of White river, or Driftwood creek, crossing at the mouth of Flat Rock. From Louisville, Jeffersonville, and New Albany two routes led to the interior; one by Salem, Bono, Bedford, and Bloomington to the Wabash at Lafayette; the other, as already mentioned, led by Greenville, Fredericksburg, Paoli, Mt. Pleasant, and Marysville to the Wabash at Vincennes.

The southern part of the State was settled largely by emigrants from the Southern States. Along the Whitewater were many Ohioans, Pennsylvanians, Yankees, and North Carolina Quakers, who had come by the National road or by way of the Ohio river to Cincinnati. The Whitewater valley found its commercial base in Cincinnati. Among them, however, even at this time, were many Quakers and Moravians, driven from the South by hatred of slavery. In fact, the large majority of the early settlers who crossed the Ohio river at this period did so on account of slavery—too proud to work among slaves, too poor to own a plantation.

One can scarcely realize the condition of Indiana in 1825. There was no railroad, no canal, no pike. All her rivers except the Ohio were obstructed by fallen trees, ripples, and bars. Two stage lines led to Indianapolis, one from Madison, the other from Centerville. The service was bad, roads frequently impassable, and stages usually late.

46. Blazing the Wilderness Trail: Whetzel's Trace

(From *Historical Sketch of Johnson County*, by DAVID D. BANTA [1881], pp. 9-11.)

The Whetzel Trace was one of the three traces that led to Johnson county and Indianapolis. Another led by way of Vernon to Madison. A third led by Columbus, Brownstown, Vallonia, Salem, and Corydon to Boon's Ferry, with a branch from Columbus to the Ohio Falls. Judge Banta, who wrote the following account, was well acquainted with the men who opened these traces.

Some time during the latter part of 1817, Jacob Whetzel, then living in Franklin county, in this State, bought a tract of land in "Harrison's Purchase," near the mouth of Eel River, in Greene County. The usually travelled route from the Whitewater country, where Whetzel lived, to the "Purchase," was by way of the Ohio and Wabash Rivers, and from the Falls at Louisville, overland to that place.

Jacob Whetzel was a born and trained woodsman. He had been hunting wild beasts and fighting Indians all his life. He had served as a spy and scout with the armies of St. Clair and Harrison, and now that the pathless woods lay between him and his purchase, he determined to cut through rather than to go round.

The Delaware Indians were at that time in undisturbed possession of the White River country, and Jacob Whetzel, early in the summer of 1818, applied to the Delaware Chief, Anderson, at his village on White River, where Andersontown has since been located, and obtained his permission to cut a road through from near Brookville to the bluff of White River. In the month of July in company with his son Cyrus, a youth 18 years of age, and four good, stout axmen, Thomas Howe, Thomas Rush, Richard Rush, and Walter Banks, he set out for the nearest point on White River, intending to work from thence back to the settlements. Taking one of the men, Thomas Rush, with him, he went in advance, blazing the proposed road, while young Cyrus, with the rest of the men, followed after, carrying their axes and nine days' provisions. These had not entered the wilderness very far, when, one evening late, they met a party of Indians, whose actions, notwithstanding their warm protestations of friendship, excited suspicion. The two parties passed each other, but the white men, without arms, kept a more vigilant guard that night than was common even in that day. The night set in cloudy, and rain soon began falling, but the hours passed quietly on, until the camp-fire burned low, when the man on watch discovered Indians lurking in the vicinity. Quietly waking his sleeping companions, they as noiselessly abandoned their camp, and, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, followed the track of Jacob Whetzel and his associates, by "feeling of the notches and blazes cut in the trees." Whatever motive led the red men to prowl around their camp-fire that night, nothing more was seen of them on that journey.

Meeting with no other hindrances save such as were incident to the trackless wilderness, Cyrus Whetzel and his

comrades journeyed on, crossing Flat Rock about seven miles below the present site of Rushville; Blue River, four miles above Shelbyville, and Sugar Creek a little north of Boggstown. On reaching a water-course, a few miles east of White River, a nest of honey-bees was discovered in the hollow limb of a walnut tree, which yielded a large supply of honey; but, being too bitter to be eaten, because made from a bitter honey-bearing bloom, it was reluctantly thrown away. Nevertheless, from this circumstance originated the name of "Honey Creek,"[7] the first creek within the borders of this county (Johnson) to receive a name at the hands of white men.

White River was struck at a place Jacob Whetzel and his party called the Bluffs, and we may well imagine that the scene which met the gaze of these pioneers was such as they little expected to behold. Jacob Whetzel had set out to reach, by a short cut, a prospective home at the mouth of the Eel;[8] but, standing on the bluff, in those July days, he looked out over a wide, deep and rapidly-flowing river, through whose clear depths the eye could penetrate to the white pebbles that lay on the bottom far below, whose waters swarmed with fish, and whose level bottoms and rolling uplands were covered with great forests that grew from a soil of wonderful richness, and there, on the banks of the *Waw'-pe-kom'-i-ka*[9] of the Miami red men, he resolved should be his future home.

Jacob Whetzel went on down the river alone, while young Cyrus and the axmen turned back and began the work of cutting out what was long known as "Whetzel's Trace." Their progress was slow. A path had to be cut of a width sufficient to admit the passage of a team. After passing the rolling land extending a few miles back from the river, the country through which they went was level, and, at that season of the year, was almost an endless swamp. Their first day's work took them to an old beaver dam near the present east boundary line of Pleasant Town-

[7] Honey Creek empties into White River in the northwestern corner of Johnson County.

[8] Eel River, in Greene County, nearly sixty miles southwest of the "Bluffs."

[9] White River.

ship. It was built across the outlet of a swamp, and made a pond of water a half-mile long and several yards in width at the narrowest places; but at that time it had apparently been long deserted.

Presently they reached the Hurricane, and there they established their camp, and, as this stream afforded the only running water between Sugar Creek and Honey Creek, it was surmised that here would be a noted camping-ground in the future, and the stream they named Camp Creek; subsequent events proved the surmise to have been well founded. Slowly hewing their way through the woods, the axmen came at length to a deep swamp, some two miles west of the present east boundary line of the county, which was known in the early day as the Great Gulf. This was a mile in width and two miles in length.

Two streams, Flat Creek and the Leatherwood, entered the gulf at its northern end, and their combined waters made Little Sugar Creek. Sugar Creek was already named when the Whetzels came. It was noted for the large forests of sugar-trees that grew at intervals on its banks, and to this circumstance, it is supposed, its name is due. The entire distance to Sugar Creek, after passing the skirt of rolling lands lying back from the river, is said to have been at the time a continuous swamp. The axmen were often "mid-sides in water" while cutting their way, and at night they cut brush and made heaps on which to sleep.

Arriving at the Brandywine late one evening, the party encamped, when Jacob Whetzel rejoined them. After their scanty meal had been eaten, Jacob produced a bottle of peach brandy which he had obtained in Owen County, and over this the party pledged the memory of their wives and sweethearts at home. To the inspiration due to that bottle are the people of Shelby County indebted for the name of one of its prettiest streams—*Brandywine*. The name was given on that night.

The provisions giving out, the party was soon after compelled to push on to the settlement, and leave the work unfinished; but in a short time Whetzel returned and completed it.

This work proved to be of great importance in the settlement of Marion, Johnson, Morgan, and Shelby Counties. It was known as Whetzel's trace, and hundreds of the early settlers of central Indiana traveled along it in search of their wilderness homes.

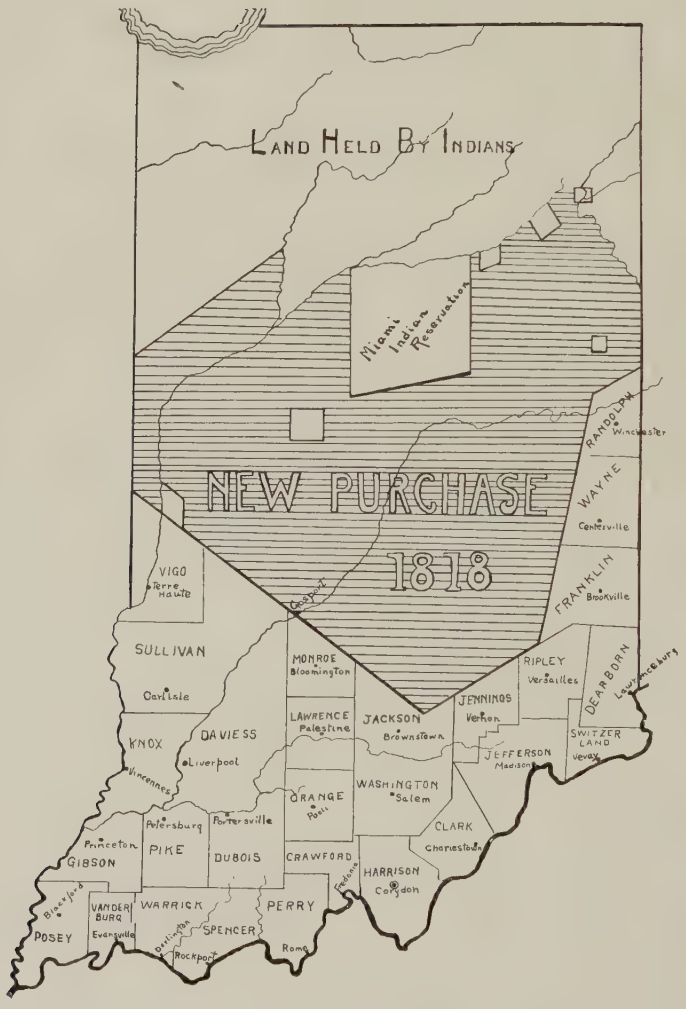
47. Migration to the New Purchase

(From *Early Reminiscences of Indianapolis*, by JOHN H. B. NOWLAND [1870], pp. 12-15.)

The New Purchase was a diamond shaped tract of land in the heart of Indiana stretching from Jackson county north to the Wabash and reaching the east boundary of the State near Portland and the west line about Montezuma. It was purchased from the Indians in 1818. Ownership of this tract by the Indians had held the settlers back, but as soon as it was purchased an army of settlers burst into it from all sides except the north. The center of attraction was the site for the new capital. Mr. Nowland was one among the earliest comers. His father, Matthias Nowland, had come with the commissioners who chose the site for the capital in 1820. He at once returned to his home in Frankfort, Kentucky, and on October 20, set out for Indianapolis, arriving November 4, 1820. The following is the story of the journey.

In about four days we reached the Ohio, at the mouth of the Kentucky River. Here we encountered the first difficulty of any moment. The ferry-boat had left the spring before for parts unknown. Fortunately the river was quite low, and the only possible way of getting over was to unload the wagon and take it to pieces, and ferry it over in a skiff a portion at a time. The running gear was taken over in this way and put together; then the large body or bed was floated over; then the furniture was taken over and reloaded, and the horses swam over; and last the family were ferried over the evening of the second day, and camped for the first time in Indiana, on the north bank of the Ohio River.

The ferryman at that time was George Ash, well known in frontier history, having, when a child, been taken prisoner and raised entirely by the Indians. He lived on the Indiana side, could scarcely speak a word of English, wore



Map of Indiana in 1818, Showing the "New Purchase."

rings in his ears and nose, and dressed in Indian style. Although he had a very good house, he had not a chair or bedstead in it, and lived in every way like a savage.

From Ash's ferry, as it was then called, we went by way of Versailles to Napoleon, in Ripley county; this occupied two days. Although we had an open road, it was quite hilly and rough. At Napoleon we camped near the house of William Wilson, son of Isaac Wilson, living at that time in this place, of whom I will speak in another sketch. Here we bought corn, and had it ground into meal on a small hand-mill belonging to Mr. Wilson. This occupied one day. Here ended the road and commenced Berry's trace, which had to be cut out before the large wagon could get along.

The first house from Napoleon was that of Montgomery, on "Flat Rock", about nine miles above where Columbus now stands. Here we were detained one day in consequence of the wagoner having foundered one of his horses. While here we were overtaken by Henry Bradley, his brother William, and Bob Sacre, who had agreed to meet us at the mouth of the Kentucky River. This acquisition in numbers and strength, with three additional trusty rifles, was truly encouraging, and gave confidence to the whole party, especially to two young men, James Graves and Nathaniel Jones, who had begun to show signs of fear soon after we crossed the Ohio River, so much so that my father was afraid they would take the back track.

From Montgomery's the next house was that of Captain John Berry, father of Colonel Nineveh Berry, now of Madison county. Mr. Berry lived at the mouth of Sugar Creek, on Blue River, about three miles from where Edinburg now is. There also we stopped one day and replenished our stock of fresh meat by the purchase of a hog; and one of the party, I think Mr. Henry Bradley, killed a fine buck. My father had stopped at Mr. Berry's in the summer, and had formed quite an attachment for him.

About the time we were there, a circumstance happened that gave name to a creek in that vicinity, which it now bears, and will, I suppose as long as water runs in its bed. Nineveh Berry, then quite young, had killed a deer; with

the deer on his shoulder and the gun in his hand, he attempted to cross the creek on a log; the bark of the log slipped, throwing Mr. Berry, deer and gun into the water. When he went home, he told his father the circumstances, who immediately named the creek Nineveh.[10]

The next day we reached the house of Loper, where Berry's trace crossed that of Whetzel's[11] about three miles southwest of Greenwood. This place is now owned by William Law. It may be proper to say here that there are two places in Johnson county, known as where Loper's cabin stood. This point is where his first house was. He afterwards sold this place, and built another cabin about five miles east of it, on a creek known as Hurricane. We stayed at Loper's on the night of the third of November. The next morning set in a violent snow storm. Mr. Bradley proposed to my father to take the family on horseback, and go on and have them a warm dinner by the time they would arrive with the wagon. This he did, and we arrived about twelve o'clock, the fourth day of November, at the house of that good old Samaritan, Isaac Wilson, which was on the northwest corner of the State House Square. About four o'clock Mr. Berry and friends came in with the wagon.

It was on this evening, my little eyes (as old Johnny Ewing would say) first opened upon a live "Injin", of which I had heard so much. I had gone to the river with the teamster to help him water his horses. At the river one of the Hardings detained me to ask questions about the "new comers," what their names were, and where from. By the time I had answered the various questions, the teamster had reached the wagon; the horse I was riding was very restive, and finally threw me. I jumped up, and followed along the path; when about where Meikel's brewery stands, I met a "big Injin." I don't know which was the worst scared, he or I; but I suppose I was. I did not stop to ask him any foolish questions, or compliment him upon his warrior-like appearance; but I think I made about as good time between that and the wagon as there is on record.

[10] Nineveh Creek rises in the south part of Johnson County and flows southeast into Blue River.

[11] Whetzel's Trace, see above, selection 46.

Ralston Plat of Indianapolis, 1821

One yelp and a few jumps took me to the wagon. What became of him I did not look back to see. And here commences what I know and have seen of Indianapolis.

48. Through Storm and Flood

(From *Historical Sketch of Johnson County*, by DAVID D. BANTA [1881], pp. 52-54.)

The following account was written by Judge Franklin Hardin. He and his mother, Catharine Hardin, a widow, came to Johnson county in 1827.

In the year 1827, the same widow and her boy, now two years older than when they stopped over night with the hospitable Morgan, together with two older brothers and a sister, constituting a family, left Nicholas County, Kentucky, with the purpose of making Johnson County, Indiana, their permanent home, to which a large part of the original family had emigrated three years before.

When the emigrants arrived at Shelbyville they were compelled to choose whether they would there take the road to Indianapolis and then down the Bluff road, or take the road by way of Franklin, and the Madison and Indianapolis State road as far north as Whetzel's old trace, and thence west by Bell's. The Whetzel trace across Johnson County was now impassable by reason of the fallen timber across its route, killed by the emigrant wagons and teams of former years, which bruised and cut the roots (of the trees). Whetzel's trace from Loper's cabin, at Camp Creek, to the Madison and Indianapolis State road, ceased to be traveled in the year 1826, being superseded by other roads and on account of fallen timber across it. It was never laid out by lawful authority and was never repaired.

The road by way of Franklin was chosen, and, the weather being pleasant, the wagon rolled merrily down Blue River to the point where the road crossed the stream. It was late in the evening, when a terrible rainstorm came on. Not far from the river, in the edge of a cornfield, stood a deserted cabin; possession of it was taken, and preparation made to spend the night there. The roof of boards was mostly gone, but still enough remained to afford partial pro-

tection. During the whole night the rain continued to pour down unceasingly.

When the morning broke, we made an active move for Sugar Creek, thinking that it yet might be possible to ford it. Blue River was in our rear, pouring down its angry waters, and Sugar Creek in front, whose condition was unknown. The road ran by the dwelling of John Webb, on the Shelby side of the line. When Sugar Creek was reached, its angry waters were foaming along, dashing out over the low grounds and filling up the bayous. It was the first rise after the summer and fall were gone. The trees had already cast their leaves and had colored the water a dark red brown. To add to our troubles the wind turned and blew from the northwest, bringing some snow. To advance or retreat was equally impossible; we were in the midst of the waters and surrounded. A few stakes were hastily driven in the ground and bedclothes nailed to them, so as to inclose a space ten feet in diameter, and a fire built in the circle, thus securing a comfortable place. An elder brother was along, a man of shifts and expedients, who had already resided in the county for three years, and who had often swum its creeks and rivers. He sent back for an auger, to Mr. Webb, who kindly lent us the largest he had, three-fourths of an inch in diameter, and also loaned an unsteady water-craft, a mere trough, which would carry only three men at a time, by one or two lying flat on its bottom as ballast. There stood on the bank of the stream a tall hackberry tree, dead and recently stripped of its bark by woodcocks in search of worms. In a few minutes it was cut down, falling along the shore, and was soon cut up into sections of twelve or fourteen feet. These were placed side by side, and poles laid athwart them and pinned fast by boring through the poles and into the logs. Thus a raft was constructed in an hour sufficient for our purpose.

"Willis," said Mr. Webb, to his son, on his return from watching our motions, "what are those people doing at the creek?"

"Well," said Willis, "they are going to cross the creek on a log raft."

"Nonsense," said the old gentlemen, "it can't be done."

The wagon was unloaded in a trice, and itself pulled to pieces. Then piling on the raft all it would buoy up, two or three hundred feet of bed-cords was attached to the raft, and two men mounted it armed with ten foot poles. The canoe led the way up the shore with the men and poles forcing it along, then resting against the shore the boat passed over, and now, when across, the work began in earnest. The ropes were pulled over, the poles were plied also, and the trip was soon made, and again and again repeated until all were over. The cattle and horses were forced in and swam over. There were some sixty head of sheep to be gotten across in some way; they were more troublesome than the rafting. We tried to get them to swim; we forced them into the stream, but they would always return to the same side. Finally a happy thought came to our relief. The little craft was brought forth, and two sheep laid flat in the bottom and then we crossed and secured them on the opposite bank. Now began on both sides the most appealing bleatings. A little force was all that was necessary to make the flock take to the water and swim over. The wagon was soon reloaded and hastily driven westward, while the angry creek was at our heels.

On the first high ground, a quarter of a mile east of William Needham's and George Hunt's crossroad, we made our camp for the night. The roads henceforward exceed belief, the wagon often sinking to the hubs all the way to Franklin, where the streets were no better. At one and a half miles north of Franklin, a deserted hut was occupied for the night. At Franklin the writer mounted a horse, and struck out for White River Township for assistance, by way of the Indianapolis State road. There was scarcely a dry spot of ground on the whole route. At a small stream near David Trout's, ordinarily dry, the water was mid-rib to a horse, and other small streams crossed equally deep.

Leaving the State road when Whetzel's old trace was reached, a long valley, lying north and south in its length, was crossed near William Law's, a quarter of a mile in width, which doubtless is a section of some extinct river.

The water could scarcely be crossed without swimming. A faithful dog had left the wagon and followed; he had crossed so many streams and ponds by swimming, that here he could swim no more, and, getting in a dry position, refused to go further. After riding some distance to try him the writer returned and dragging the dog across the pommel of the saddle, carried him to a safe landing beyond. A few hours' riding over drier land brought the end of the journey. Next morning assistance went in haste to the aid of the family.

48a. To Indiana

(From *Poets and Poetry of the West*, by William F. Coggeshall [1864].)

By John Finley [1797-1866]

The emigrant is soon located—
In Hoosier life initiated—
Erects a cabin in the woods,
Wherein he stows his household goods.
At first, round logs and clapboard roof,
With puncheon floor, quite carpet-proof,
And paper windows, oiled and neat.
His edifice is then complete,
When four clay balls, in form of plummet,
Adorn his wooden chimney's summit;
Ensconced in this, let those who can
Find out a truly happier man.
The little youngsters around him,
So numerous they quite astound him;
Each with an ax or wheel in hand,
And instinct to subdue the land.

CHAPTER VIII

CLEARING THE FORESTS

Next after the Indians, the forests were the greatest enemies of the settlers. Before a crop could be planted, before a pasture could be had for cattle and horses, before chickens could be raised, before the settler and his family could hope to be free of chills and fever, the forest must be cleared away and a little sunlight let in. Frequently on the best land for cultivation huge oaks, poplars, gums, beeches, hickories, sycamores, three to six feet in diameter, green and soggy, mingling their tops to form a solid canopy fifty or one hundred feet above the ground, defied the would-be farmer. Thoughtless writers sometimes condemn our forefathers for destroying these noble forests. If the settlers were to make this country their home it was necessary to destroy these forests, even though if standing to-day they would be worth millions of dollars.

49. The Operation of Clearing

(From *Annals of Pioneer Settlers*, by J. M. Wasson [1875], pp. 28-29.)

The first thing was to get cabins built, and sometimes before doing so they "deadened", as it was called. This was done by going over the forest they wished to clear with an ax and chopping around each tree. This stopped the communication of the sap through the body of the tree, which caused it to decay. That done, they would cut down what trees did not fall, cutting them into lengths of twelve or more feet, piling the brush in a heap. But there was another somewhat novel mode of cutting up logs. I have previously mentioned the fact that the earliest settlers were from slave States, hence, probably, the idea was suggested to them of having some kind of element to do the work for them in a cheaper and easier way than by use of human muscle. The operation was this: they placed smaller logs and dry rubbish across the log and applied fire to them; this was called "niggering." The writer has a recollection of seeing these white lords of creation paying much attention to this "niggering" process. Sometimes they would

say after a social chat with a neighbor, or coming home from Friends' Monthly Meeting, "I must go and right up my 'niggers.'"

Another reason might be rendered for this mode of getting logs into several parts; in those days the workers of iron had not come to Whitewater territory, and none to make axes.

After they had got the thickest of the fallen timber cut and niggered off, then came the process of log-rolling. They would invite the neighbors for some distance around to come and assist in piling these logs together in large heaps. This would generally occupy a day or more.

50. Cutting, Rolling, and Burning Logs

(From an *Historical Sketch of Johnson County*, by DAVID D. BANTA [1881], pp. 54-55.)

With fire, ax, and maul, the men went into the woods and the work of destruction was begun. The writer can remember when, of a still morning in the early spring days, the sound of the ax and of the maul was heard from every quarter of the compass, while the crash of falling timber was ever in the air. The trees were felled and cut into suitable lengths, and the green logs often lay so thickly upon a new field, that one could walk all over it by stepping from log to log. With great expenditure of muscular effort these logs were rolled into heaps, and were then consumed by fire. We of to-day can form no adequate idea of the toil and weariness that log-rolling and log-burning brought to the first settlers. It was the custom for men whose logs had been rolled and fired, to "right up" their burning heaps before daylight, and, after a hasty breakfast, reach the place appointed for their day's work by sun-up; after laboring with a handspike until sunset, then go home and "right up" their own burning-heaps until ten or eleven o'clock at night. This was the manner of the laborious lives of the pioneers for many years after the country was first settled, and from fifteen to thirty days' log-rolling was the lot of every able-bodied man during the spring season.

51. Log-Rolling—A Western "Frolic"

(From Thwaites' *Early Western Travels*, V, pp. 282-283; account by JOHN BRADBURY [1817]. Copyright. By permission of the Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland.)

Mr. Bradbury was a Scotch naturalist who traveled in America in the interest of science. He was a friend of Jefferson, who took an interest in his study of the botany of the West. He was kept in America during the War of 1812, being unable to get away while the war continued. The following description is taken from his book of travels, which he published on his return to England in 1817.

They have two modes of clearing land; one by cutting the trees around, so as to kill them, and afterwards clearing away the underwood, the quantity of which is very small: this mode is called *girdling,* and is only resorted to by those who, to use their own phrase, are "*weak-handed.*"[12] The other mode is by cutting down the trees, dragging them into heaps, and burning them. This operation is almost always the subject of what they term a *frolic,* or in some cases a *bee.*

It is necessary to remark, that in the early part of the settlement of a country like this, a great number of things are necessary to be done, which require the united strength of numbers to effect. In those parts, money can not purchase for the new settlers the required aid; but that kind and generous feeling which men have for each other, who are not rendered callous by the possession of wealth or the dread of poverty, comes to his relief; his neighbors, even unsolicited, appoint a day when as a *frolic,* they shall, for instance, build him a house. On the morning of the appointed day they assemble, and divide themselves into parties, to each of which is assigned its respective duty; one party to cut down the trees, another lops [cuts off limbs] and cuts them to proper lengths, a third is furnished with horses and oxen, and drags them to the spot designed for the site of the house; another party is employed in making shingles to cover the roof, and at night all of the materials are ready upon the spot; and on the night of the next day,

[12] i. e., have little assistance at command.

he and his family sleep in the new habitation. No remuneration is expected, nor would it be received if offered.

It is considered the performance of a duty, and only lays him under the obligation to discharge the debt by doing the same to subsequent settlers. But this combination of labor in numbers, for the benefit of one individual, is not confined to the newcomer only; it occurs frequently in the course of a year amongst the old settlers, with whom it is a continued bond of amity and social intercourse, and in no part of the world is good neighborship found in greater perfection than in the western territory, or in America generally.

CHAPTER IX

BUILDING THE HOME

The homestead in pioneer times meant far more to a family than at present. The mother and children were rarely away from it. In many cases children grew to be men and women without having been out of the neighborhood, or perhaps without spending a night away from home. For this reason their awkwardness and bashfulness were amusing when they did get away. The young man's first trip from home was usually down the river on a flatboat. The young woman made her entry into society at the camp meeting. The following selections show that the pioneer home was a very simple affair to hold so many pleasant memories.

52. The "Half-Face Camp"

(From *A Pioneer History of Indiana*, by Col. William M. Cockrum [1907], pp. 160-161.)

In most cases the first settlers were young men just married, who, with their young wives, their axes and their rifles and such other property as they possessed, came boldly into this dense wilderness. If they were so fortunate as to find any before them, they would stop a few days and select a place to make their home. They then cut the logs for their cabin and with the help of their new-found friends would carry the logs and put them up, covering the cabin with boards made with their axes for frows[13] and putting weightpoles on to hold the boards in place. Cracks between the logs were stopped by wedging in pieces of timber and then filling it all full of mud. A hole of the proper size was cut in the side for a door and often the only door shutter was a bear skin. For a fireplace and chimney they cut out three or four logs, at the end of the cabin, the proper width, and built a three-sided crib on the outside, joining it to the building. Layer upon layer of mud was then placed on the inside of the crib, making the jambs[14] and backwall as high

[13] Frow, a cleaving knife with blade at right angles to the handle, and in the same plane, used for riving clapboards, shingles and the like.

[14] Jamb, sidepost of the fireplace.

as needed to be out of danger of the fire, letting the smoke take care of itself.

The floor and carpet were of mother earth. For a bedstead they would drive a fork into the ground far enough from the end and side of the cabin, then put a pole in the fork and into a crack between the logs, thus making the end and side rails of the bedstead. After this they put other poles lengthwise as close as they wanted and piled fine brush over this, covering the brush with skins of animals. At this time the proverbial blue-figured coverlid,

Pioneer Home on Patoka River. At this Site met the Founders of Jasper, 1830.
From Wilson's *History of Dubois County*. By courtesy of the author, George R. Wilson.

made by their good mothers in their old North or South Carolina, Tennessee or Kentucky homes, would come into use with such other bed-clothing as they were fortunate enough to have brought with them. The deficiency, if any, was supplied by bear and deer skins.

They made a table in the corner in the same way as the bed was made, only it had for a top thick boards made with an axe. For seats the backlog was used until it was wanted for its place to form the back of the fire, when its mate was put in and used for a seat until it was wanted. If they were fortunate enough to own an auger, three-legged stools were made.

Many of the first settlers for a few years lived in what was called in that day, a "half-face camp," made by putting two large forks in the ground the proper distance from a large fallen tree to make a twelve or fourteen foot pen, then putting a pole from fork to fork and other poles from that one to the log as closely as they were wanted and then piling brush on this. They then rolled up logs to it and to the two sides as high as they wanted them, leaving the outer end open, usually facing the south. Large fires were made at this open end during cold weather, the occupants lying with their feet to it and their heads toward the large log. Usually these camps were made in the dry season and by the time the rainy season came on they would have plenty of skins to cover them and line the sides, thus keeping the rain and cold out and drying the skins at the same time.

53. A Pioneer Homestead

(From *Sketches of My Own Times*, by Senator David Turpie, pp. 1-9. Copyright. By special permission of the Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

The recollections of my boyhood all gather around a log cabin which stood in the early thirties on the south bank of a small stream. This branch ran west from our place for about two miles to a point where it entered into Sugar Creek—whence the waters of both flowed together until they fell into the Wabash river on its eastern side, a short distance below the old town of Americus. The cabin had been completed but a few days when we moved into it, and was built upon a tract purchased by my father, at the public land-office at Crawfordsville some years before. Our new dwelling was made of logs, laid up in the bark, and covered with clapboards. These clapboards, well laid, make better protection against rain and snow than the common shingles, which were used, at that time, very little in the country. The clapboards were riven from oak blocks with the frow, and shaven smooth on the upper side with a drawing-knife.

The floors were made of puncheons—large slabs of hard wood, three feet wide, three or four inches thick, with a length of five or six feet; these were split from blocks of the proper length and smoothed on the upper side with the

adze. The puncheons did not rest on the ground, but on pieces of timber called stringers or sleepers, which were squared, leveled on the upper side, and joined into the lower logs of the house a little above the surface. The floor of the loft or attic-story of the main house was of sawed plank, closely joined together at the edges. The doors and windows were fitted into their places in the wooden walls more neatly than one would now suppose it could be done with such materials. The cracks between the logs and around the frames of the different openings were chinked.

A Cabin in the Clearing

From *History of Dubois County*, by George R. Wilson.

that is, filled with small pieces of wood fastened with wedges or nails, and then carefully plastered with clay until the crevices were closed.

The chimney and fireplace were prominent features and were of large dimensions. A man might enter the chimney from the hearth with slight stooping. The hearth and the bottom of the fireplace were of beaten clay tamped down heavily with the maul. The front of the fireplace was ten feet wide, the back six feet; the forestick and backlog of the winter fire were of corresponding size and length. The chimney was built of split laths and clay-plaster, both

specially prepared for the purpose. Our chimney was designed and built by an artist, then called a chimney-witch, one quite noted in the settlement, who had made it his study from long experience to determine just how the flue should be framed so as to draw all the smoke upward and yet allow the heat to be thrown forward into the room. It was not every one who could make a good *cat-and-clay* chimney, so called for the reason that in the first settlement of the country, the down or fuzz of the cat-tail flag was used in mixing the clay mortar with which it was plastered, both inside and out.

It was surprising how these primitive structures withstood the action of fire. I remember having seen, from time to time, the charred remains of log cabins, destroyed by the flames, among the ruins of which stood erect the cat-and-clay chimney.

Our cabin was divided on the ground floor by a close wooden partition, in which a door was hung, opening into a bed-room, lighted by a window in the west. The east end of the building was occupied by a large apartment called the sitting-room, which had a back and front door nearly opposite each other; it contained the mantel and chimney, and was lighted by a front window in the south. The loft or upper story was low; a man might stand erect in the middle of it, but at the sides not without stooping. It was divided by a partition like the room below. The west end was the spare bed and guest-room. In the east end of the loft the boys of the family slept. Our dormitory had a small window in it near the southeast corner, which we named *Wake-up,* because when the first light of the dawn appeared there, we were called and it was time to rise.

The kitchen was a lean-to on the back or north side of the house at the west end, with a door on its east side and a window opposite. It was built, roofed, and floored like the cabin, but the story was lower. The kitchen-hearth and chimney were large and wide. The bright tin reflector for baking, the spit for roasting, the iron crane with its accompaniment of kettles, and the spider, constituted the furniture of the kitchen, and although its utensils were not so

numerous as at present they were well adapted for their several uses. We often spent a winter evening in the kitchen, and were amused at the concert of the crickets on the hearth. Their notes were clear and cheerful, not loud,—we listened to hear them. This fireside music gave a very quiet and homelike presence to the scene. But the stove, the range, the furnace, and the register have long ago banished the romance of the hearth, and these minstrels of the ingle-nook[15] have since disappeared from our homes.

Friedman Pioneer Home, near Jasper.

From Wilson's *History of Dubois County*. By courtesy of the author, George R. Wilson.

Our house stood upon the shoulder of a bluff or small hill, which rose perhaps twenty feet above the level of the waters of the creek, and sloped down gently toward the north to the edge of the stream. Toward the east the hill ran down a short way to a little hollow or ravine, and just across this hollow or ravine were the stable and other outbuildings of the farm. The house and barn-lot being enclosed by separate fences, stood apart and left an open lane down to the creek or branch as we called it, by which the horses and cattle went for water. About forty acres of the

[15] Ingle-nook (Scotch), a nook or corner by the fireside.

land had been cleared and made ready for the plow, but the dwelling and other buildings were not within the line of the main clearing; it was better to have a lane between the small inclosures of the house and barn and the larger fields.

Although there was no public road of any kind running by the house, yet it was easily accessible from the east or west; the branch made its approach from the north more difficult. The high woods in which we lived were open, singularly free from brush and undergrowth; you could ride on horseback or drive a wagon in almost any direction without meeting any obstruction except the trees. A fallen trunk might here and there stop the way; sometimes this was chopped in two, and the ends thrown apart so as to allow the team to pass between them, but oftener we drove around the log rather than cut it.

Our house-yard and garden contained about an acre, which was enclosed by rough split pickets or palings. The garden was soon plowed, harrowed, and planted with the ordinary vegetables. Their growth in this virgin soil was rapid and luxuriant, especially that of the vines. These had been planted by way of precaution close to the western boundary of the garden. They ran riot toward the latter part of the season; they climbed over the fence, spread away from it, and cucumbers, gourds, and squashes hung upon the palings outside. Besides the vines and vegetables, my mother had a bed in the garden, prepared under her own eye, which she called the *health-plot*. Here were found such old-fashioned herbs as sage, mint, rue, cummin, lavender, anise, thyme and basil—each in its own row. The more hardy herbs, the hoarhound, catnip, tansy, and horse-radish were banished to the fence corners. The earth was not disturbed at all near the cabin. Nothing grew around the house except the grass, which was kept short with the scythe. The house-lot being cleared of weeds and brambles was soon covered by a turf of bluegrass, which seemed indigenous to the soil.

Our cabin with its lawn and garden, in the familiar patois[16] of the country-side, was a *right likely place*. We

[16] Patois (pa-twä'), a simple, local speech or dialect.

learned to like it very much. There were, however, several places better than ours—others not so good. In those days the cabin of the settler was sometimes built in the woods, with the trees standing all round it, uninclosed; the melon and truckpatch were in the rear, protected by a brush fence.

Again you might find another cabin in the corner of a field, thus enclosed but kept otherwise without much attention to its surroundings, weeds and brambles growing close up to the doors and windows, and in the outside corners of the cat-and-clay chimney. Sometimes the cabin stood in the middle of the field; and the owner would tell you that he had placed it there because he wanted to live close to his work. The corn-rows ran up nearly to the house, and in the late summer entirely concealed it from view; the foot-traveller might pass the place many times without seeing it, and if he wished to reach the house he must find the bars in the fence, there he would take a well worn path which led through the growing corn to the door. These cabins were exceptional. It is not to be understood, however, that their inmates were in any way disparaged, forlorn or degenerate. They tilled their lands and gathered their crops, like their neighbors, and dealt with them on terms of entire equality. These people of the off-cabins were poor neither in spirit nor in goods. To use the phrase of that time, they kept a good house, lived in clover, and cared nothing for trifles. Their external appearances and surroundings were merely the effect of careless and contented indifference, and betokened rather the abundance of subsistence and resources than the lack of either.

54. The Pioneer Home

(From *Indiana Magazine of History*, X, No. 2; article by Frederick Vogel [1912].)

The location of the pioneer's home was a matter of no little concern. Good drainage and an abundant water supply were the chief considerations, as upon these health and life depended. If there was a creek in the neighborhood the settler usually pitched his cabin on a bit of ground bordering the stream, for in that way he had a natural

drainage. If no creek was near he selected the highest and driest hill or knoll on his purchase, provided of course that it contained a spring of running water. Springs were more numerous then than at present. The thick, leafy carpet of the woods acted as a kind of sponge which absorbed the rain as it fell and later gave it up gradually to feed the numerous springs and streams, very many of which flowed all summer long. Around the cabin in all directions as far as the eye could see (until clearings had been made) were great green trees, lifting their tall stately columns to the sky. Their thick heavy foliage shut out the sunlight from the ground until frost laid bare the boughs. Underneath in many places was a dense thicket of spice, hazel-bushes, briars, young saplings, and other underbrush, and, lying here and there, were fallen tree trunks rotting into soil.

Many of the early settlers lived for a few months, and some of the less enterprising even for a few years, in what was then called a half-face camp. This temporary home was hastily constructed to afford shelter to the family while they were engaged in the more necessary work of preparing the ground and planting and tending the first crop of Indian corn. The structure was made by placing two large strong forks in the ground at the proper distance from a fallen tree to make a twelve or fourteen foot pen. Next a pole was placed from fork to fork, and other poles from that one to the log as closely as desired. Over these a thick layer of brush was piled to serve as a roof. The two sides were filled with logs which were rolled up. The fourth side, usually facing the south, was left open. During cold weather a great fire was made at this open end, and the family slept with their feet toward it, their heads toward the fallen tree. Skins also were hung at this opening to keep out the rain and cold; often, too, the sides were covered and lined inside with skins of animals. This was a crude shelter but it served the settler until he had the time and means to construct a better home. Abraham Lincoln's Spencer county home was one of these half-face camps.

The pioneer of the earlier period with his pressing needs was not able to construct an elaborate cabin. Later, when

he had accumulated some wealth, when his clearing had been extended and he had a stock of domestic animals and a supply of grain and food, he could turn his attention to a more commodious dwelling. This fact produced two stages in pioneer home building.

The cabin of the earlier period was rough and crude. When the settler found a suitable home-site the cabin was constructed forthwith. After the logs had been cut, the settler and his friends dragged them together and put them into a clumsy, box-like, one-room structure. The roof was made of clap-boards rived from white oak, and the boards were held in place by weight poles. Cracks between the logs were filled with pieces of timber wedged in, and then the whole daubed with mud. A hole of the proper size for a door was cut in the side, and often the shutter was a bear-skin. The fireplace and the chimney were built on the outside at the end of the cabin. An opening of the proper width was cut through three or four logs, then a three-sided crib was built up joining the building. The inside of this crib was lined with layer upon layer of mud to make it solid and prevent any danger of fire. The floor of the building was easily constructed—it was nothing more than mother earth. In this crude shelter the early settler, his wife and children, lived and laid the foundation for a great estate.

After the settler had become established and the country had been more extensively settled, more commodious homes were built. A suitable location having been obtained, the work of construction progressed rapidly. Various woods were used—sugar-tree, maple, beech, ash, poplar, and hickory. Trees of uniform size were selected, cut into logs of the desired length, usually twelve to fifteen feet, and hauled to the chosen spot.

On a day appointed the available neighbors assembled for the "house-raising," when fun and pleasures were mingled with the hard labor; in fact such occasions were usually regarded as holidays. Each log was saddled and notched so that it would fit down as closely as possible. The foundation logs were carefully placed in a level posi-

tion, and upon them the puncheon floor was laid. The puncheons were large slabs of hard wood, sometimes three or four inches thick, and five or six feet long. They were smoothed on the upper side with an adz, so that they really made a smooth, level floor. The logs of the wall were laid on and fitted together as closely as possible to lessen the size of the cracks and strengthen the structure. The chinks or places between the logs were filled with sticks split to fit the crevices as snugly as possible, and then were plastered over with tough clay or mortar.

Log House of the Better Type.

From THWAITES' *Early Western Travels.* Copyright 1905. By permission of the A. H. Clark Co.

This shut out the weather effectually. The rude logs often put out leaves and the cabin sometimes presented the appearance of a green bower. The usual height of the building was seven or eight feet. The gables were formed by shortening the logs gradually at each end of the building as the top was approached. A roof was made by laying stout poles suitable distances apart, generally two and a half feet, from gable to gable. On these poles the clapboards were laid, and were fastened down by weight poles which were held in place by "knees", pieces of wood fitted between the poles near the ends.

The fireplace was formed either by leaving a place in the wall or by cutting an opening after the walls were in position. From this opening a three-sided enclosure of small split logs was built outward. Inside this enclosure was a similar temporary one, built with a space of twelve or fifteen inches between the two sets of walls; and into this space moist clay was firmly pounded and left to dry. When the false wall was removed or burned away, the clay formed the protecting back for the fireplace, extending four or five feet up. Upon and above this was built the chimney, either of stone or sticks. Rived sticks heavily plastered with mud were the usual materials. The chimney was gradually tapered to the proper size for securing a good draft, and then built up until it was higher than the roof. The hearth and the bottom of the fireplace were made by filling in the triangular crib with wet clay to the level of the cabin floor. This was pounded with a maul until hard and firm, then wet with water and scraped with a wooden scraper.

A few log cabins and, more often, the early taverns, were built two stories high, but this was not usual.

The fireplaces were from five to ten feet wide and occupied almost one entire end of the house. They were often large enough to receive firewood six to eight feet long, and sometimes the backlog was as large as a sawlog. There was a reason for this, for the more quickly the pioneer could burn up the wood on his land, the more quickly he could have it cleared and ready for cultivation. While the cabin was being erected openings for the windows and doors were sawed in the walls. Slabs fastened to the ends of these logs by wooden pins served as frames for the openings. At a later period glass was somtimes used for the windows, but the usual material was greased paper; even greased deer-skin was sometimes used. The door, made of thick rived boards of the proper length, across which heavy battens were pinned, was hung on great wooden hinges. Sometimes it was made of clapboards pinned to two or three wooden bars. A heavy wooden latch was attached to the door. This latch could be raised from the outside by the

proverbial latchstring, which passed through a hole, and hung on the outside. At night the string was drawn in for security, but for neighbors and friends the latchstring was always on the outside. No people in the world were more generous, free-hearted, and hospitable than the early pioneers; and their hospitality and good cheer had with it a flavor that cannot be copied.

Most cabins contained a loft or attic story which was reached by a rude ladder at the corner. This cubby-hole furnished a sleeping chamber for the boys of the family.

Double log cabins were frequently built, especially in the older and more prosperous communities. It was really a combination of two cabins. The space between the two was known as the entry and was wide and roomy. This entry was roofed with clapboards, and its floor formed of clay and gravel beaten down hard and smooth. Since it was open at both ends, one could find there, even on the hottest summer day, a cool refreshing draft of air. Such a cabin was a long step in advance of the little one-room structure of the early days, so far as comfort and convenience were concerned, and, no doubt, many a pioneer housewife has looked with pardonable pride upon her splendid mansion; as a house of two or more rooms was considered particularly fine.

The first cabins were constructed entirely without the use of nails or any scrap of iron. Perhaps the axe was the only tool used. But after the first years glass, nails, and other imported materials were commonly used, and, with the establishment of sawmills, sawed boards took the place of hewed logs. These later cabins, in comparison with the earlier ones, presented a very neat appearance with their smooth, even walls daubed with mortar, and their floors, frames, and finishing of yellow poplar.

If the house of the pioneer was rough and crude, its furniture was in keeping with it. Everything was home-made, direct from the forest. Beds were made in one corner of the room. Holes were bored into two logs of the wall at the proper height from the floor, and into them sticks

were driven horizontally and at right angles, the ends of the sticks being supported by an upright stake driven into the floor. Sometimes cracks in the walls obviated the necessity for boring holes. Upon this framework was woven a bottom of withes, bark, or deerskin thongs to support the bedding. A crude framework was often made of brush covered with skins of animals. On this bed was generally found the proverbial blue-figured "coverlid" of Carolina and Tennessee housewives. Any deficiency in bed clothing was supplied by bear and deer skins.

Guests were usually given this bed, while the family provided themselves in another corner of the room, or in the loft. When many guests were on hand at once all slept in the center of the floor. When bedtime came the men were requested to step out of doors while the women spread out a broad bed upon the mid-floor and put themselves to bed. Then the men were called in. The sleepers were generally so crowded that they had to lie "spoon fashion," and it was necessary in addition for all to turn together. When anyone wished to turn over he would say "spoon" and the whole company would turn at once.

Three-legged stools often took the place of chairs. Some of the more prosperous settlers possessed hickory chairs with splint bottoms. But stools and benches rived out of logs ordinarily served for seats, especially at the table. Even the backlog of the fireplace served as a seat. Tables were often made in the same way as the beds—in a corner of the room. For tops they had thick boards made smooth with an axe. Over the cabin door was the gun rack, made usually by fastening prongs of deer antlers into auger holes, or simply of forked cleats. On this the trusty rifle and powder horn rested. Hooks on which to hang clothes and other articles were fashioned from forked or crooked branches of trees.

Above the fireplace was a shelf called a mantel which was often colored deep blue with a dye of indigo. On this stood a candlestick or lamp, some tableware, possibly an old clock, and perhaps a few books. Often in the summer

two or three crocks planted with morning glories were placed on the shelf, and when the vines fell downward their leaves and the blossoms hid the old fireplace as effectually as a curtain would have concealed it.

In the fireplace was the old-fashioned crane, sometimes of wood, sometimes of iron, and on this pots were hung for cooking. Forked sticks with pins stuck into the longer arms made pothooks, which were caught over a pole or "cross tree" that was fixed in the fireplace a safe distance above the fire, the pots being hung on the pins. An improvement on these was the "trammel-hook," formed of a flat bar of iron, hooked at the end, while at the other an adjustable hook could be raised or lowered as desired and secured by means of an iron pin inserted in holes that were drilled along the bar. With the advent of brick chimneys, of course, came the swinging iron cranes. These, set in iron eyes, imbedded in the masonry, could be turned freely, the long arms carrying the pots out over the hearth when desired.

The four corners of the one-room houses were each usually occupied by some essential article of furniture. In one corner stood the large bed for the old folks, with a trundle-bed under it for the children; in another the heavy table, generally the only one in the house; in another the rough cupboard, which contained the tableware, consisting of a few cups, saucers and plates standing on edge against the back to make the best display possible; in the fourth the old-fashioned spinning wheel, whose continual hum made music for the busy family.

It was good to live in one of these simple homes. If the house itself was limited in its capacity, the hearts of the occupants were large and kindly. The following quotation fitly describes them: "These simple cabins were inhabited by a kind and true-hearted people. They were strangers to mock modesty, and the traveler seeking lodgings for the night or desirous of spending a few days in the community, if willing to accept the rude offering, was always welcome. As to how they were disposed of at night, the reader cannot

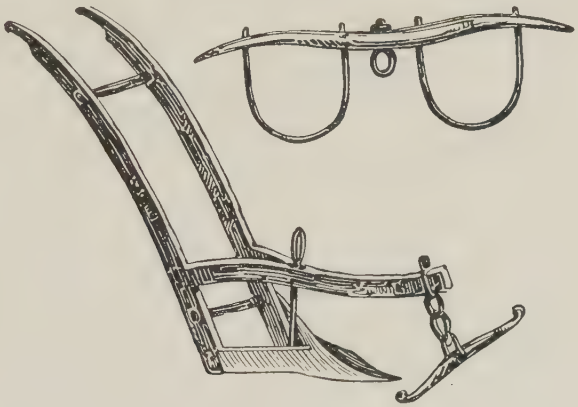
easily imagine; for, as described, a single room was made to answer for kitchen, dining-room, sitting-room and parlor, and many families consisted of six or eight members."

The early pioneers could not have remained very long if it had not been for the abundance of game of all kinds in the forests. Often, for weeks at a time, they had no other food than deer, bear and wild-turkey meat. With this they frequently used a substitute for bread made of roasted acorns, pounding the mixture into a meal, of which they made ash cakes. This was very coarse fare, but the pioneer families subsisted very well on such diet until they could raise a patch of corn. Hard labor furnished ravenous appetites, and dyspepsia and other stomach troubles were unknown.

CHAPTER X

PIONEER FARMING

The great majority of the settlers of early Indiana came with little forethought concerning their future work in the new home. They brought whatever implements and stock they had and could easily move. With these they got along until they could do better. One old settler put it this way: "What we failed to bring with us and were unable to buy, borrow, or beg, we got along very well



Neckyoke and Plow.

From THWAITES' *Early Western Travels*. Copyright 1905. By special permission A. H. Clark Company, Cleveland.

without." However, the land speculators who advertised in the East usually made out elaborate tables showing how much money it would take to establish a farm in the wilderness. These estimates were always too low. On the other hand, the settler who had been through the process usually placed his values too high. The following estimates are from a circular of a real-estate agency opened by Curtis and Ellsworth at Lafayette in 1838. They also advertised farming machinery, including a reaper and a ditching machine.

55. Cost of Preparing a New Farm

(From *Valley of the Upper Wabash*, by Henry William Ellsworth [1838], pp. 49-51.)

It will, doubtless, be expected by our readers that we should furnish a concise detail of the whole expense required for the preparation of a farm for actual cultivation. This we propose to do. Our calculations will be made with reference to the prairies, but will answer equally well for timber land, by allowing from $10 to $12 more per acre, the sum requisite to clear the latter. Of the accuracy of the following estimates there can be no doubt, as their correctness is a subject of almost every day's experience. They were prepared by a late and lamented brother of the writer, who had just finished a prairie farm containing 800 acres:

"The expense of breaking up the sod is $2.25 per acre. This is a fixed price, and certain calculations may be made upon it wherever the land may be located. But a difference will exist in the cost of fencing, according to distance the rails are carted. For the farm that I have just fenced the rails were hauled four miles. This distance will form the basis of my calculations. It is apparent that the cost of fencing will depend materially on the size and form of the area to be enclosed. An area of 320 acres will cost much more than half the amount required to fence 640 acres. The four sides of a half section are three miles; the two longest sides being one mile each and the two shortest a half mile each. The four sides of a whole section (640 acres) are four miles, requiring only one-quarter more fence for double the quantity of land.

Twenty rails are allowed to a rod; this makes a 'Virginia' or 'worm-fence'[17] eight rails high. The eighth rail, called a rider, is elevated twelve or eighteen inches from the seventh rail and rests on crotches[18] eight feet long, crossing at each corner of the 'worm.' Rails of ordinary size laid in this manner make a durable and light fence, over and through which no cattle or stock can pass.

[17] Worm-fence, an old-fashioned rail fence laid zigzag upon the ground.

[18] Crotches were made of two rails, resting against the fence, and crossing at the corners of the worm; sometimes called "staked and ridered."

Estimate for Improving 640 Acres

Four miles, or 1,280 rods, at 20 rails to the rod, gives 25,600 rails. Adding, for enclosures, cribs, etc., 1,400 rails, total of rails is 27,000, which, at $3.50 per hundred, is	$945 00
For one log house, well, and laying up fence	200 00
For breaking up 600 acres, allowing the remaining 40 for bad spots, enclosures, etc., at $2.25 per acre	1,350 00
Allow for contingencies	30 00
Amount	$2,525 00

Making not quite $4 per acre cost, including buildings, etc.

Estimate for 320 Acres

Three miles, or 960 rods, at 20 rails per rod, gives 19,200 rails. Adding, for enclosures, cribs, etc., 2,300, total of rails is 21,500, at $3.50 per hundred, is	$752 50
For well, laying up fence and one house	175 00
For breaking up 300 acres (allowing the remaining 20 for enclosures, etc.), at $2.25 per acre	675 00
Add for contingencies	25 00
Amount	$1,627 50

Making near $5 per acre.

"The above calculations may vary a few cents per acre, owing to slight fluctuations in the price of laborers. One hundred acres will cost about $6.50 per acre, with the same buildings, etc., and eighty acres will cost about $8.30 per acre—the expense per acre increasing as the number of acres is diminished. It is found, in general, that the first two crops will pay for the land at government prices, fence the same and plough it, and on 320 acres build a house worth $200. The land will sell readily, if improved, at $10 per acre."

To the estimates given above should be added the original cost of the land per acre, when the whole amount will be as follows:

First Estimate

For the improvements on 640 acres, as described..	$2,525 00
Cost of land, at $1.25 per acre[19]	800 00
Amount	$3,325 00

Second Estimate

For the improvements on 320 acres	$1,627 50
Cost of land, at $1.25 per acre	400 00
Amount	$2,027 50

This will be found as accurate an account as can be given of improvements, upon the *ordinary modes* adopted in the western country.

56. Prairie versus Timber Lands

(From *Valley of the Upper Wabash*, by Henry William Ellsworth [1838], pp. 34-36.)

One great cause of the immediate growth of the Wabash valley is the number of prairies, prepared, as it were, by nature for the plough. Thousands of acres can be found, even now, as well fitted for producing crops as the most highly manured and rolled lands of the old settlements. Such is its fertility that over 100 bushels of corn, 40 bushels of wheat, and 70 bushels of oats are easily raised upon a single acre. Some individuals have been cultivating upwards of 1,000 acres in grain, the whole of which is readily disposed of at the highest prices. Other tracts of similar extent are sowed in grass, and the hay sold at an immense profit in the southern markets. [20]

The question of the comparative value of timber lands and prairie is decided, by important facts, in favor of the

[19] On April 24, 1820, the Federal Government fixed the price of public land at $1.25 per acre.

[20] The southern planters were engaged in the production of staple crops, such as cotton, tobacco, sugar and the like, and purchased their foodstuffs and stock feed from the farmers of the northwest.

latter. The cost of a single acre of each will be the same, but the comparative expense for cultivation will be found as 1 to 3 in favor of the prairies. From $3 to $9 per acre, including the first cost, is an ample allowance for the complete arrangement and cultivation of a prairie farm, while the sum of $12 per acre is the lowest price for simply clearing timber land, which is left for many years encumbered with unsightly stumps and roots.

The soil of the prairies, too, is generally more productive than that of the timber land. Portions of prairie, far remote from timber, can be easily supplied (with timber) by sowing the seed of the black walnut or locust. Four or five years are sufficient to produce a growth of timber suitable for fuel and other purposes. Sod fences, with a hedge of locust or the hawthorn, are found to be better and far neater than the ordinary ones (fences) heretofore in use, while the recent improvements in ditching machines render their construction cheap and easy. Many of these hedges are already found upon the prairies, and they will soon constitute the outer and division fences of the extensive prairie farms. The surface of the prairies, from its smoothness, is admirably adapted for the successful operation of numerous labor-saving machines of recent origin. By the use of the ditching machine before mentioned it is estimated that fences may be made upon the prairies at the astonishingly low price of fifteen cents per acre, while the ditch answers a most valuable purpose in draining moist lands. A more extended notice of this machine and the results it must accomplish will be given hereafter.

Another circumstance which renders the supply of timber less necessary for the prairies exists in the inexhaustible coal formations at no great distance from them. Such, at least, is the situation of the prairies contiguous to Lafayette, some of which are crossed for miles by the railroad[21] from Lafayette to Danville, where coal of the best quality is found in great abundance.

[21] "Railroad" here refers to a corduroy wagon road. For a corduroy road see selection 68. At this time (1838) but one railroad was in operation in Indiana. That was the road between Madison and Indianapolis, of which only 28 miles had been built out of Madison.

57. Early Scientific Agriculture: Stock

(From *Valley of the Upper Wabash*, by Henry William Ellsworth [1838], pp. 39-41.)

I plant my corn, generally, about the first of May; it is laid by about the middle of July, and by the middle of September it is sufficiently "hard" to commence the feeding of my hogs. At this time I purchase of those who raise them the stock required to eat off my corn; say about three and a half hogs to the acre, which is about the proper number to eat an acre of corn in thirteen weeks, the usual time allowed to make our pork from ordinary stock hogs.

My course of feeding is this: My fields contain from 20 to 30 acres each, all well watered. At the proper season I turn my hogs into a field, and after it is eaten off clean, I pass them into another, and so on, until I have fed off my crop, when my hogs are ready for market. The profits of the operation depend much upon the price and quality of the stock, and the price pork may bear in the market. But, for several years past, it has been an excellent agricultural business.

When I first commenced feeding this kind of stock, a few years ago, I very naturally supposed that, by turning them into the field of ungathered corn great waste would be the inevitable consequence, and I had my corn pulled and fed it to them in a dry lot. But I soon became satisfied, by inspecting the operations of my neighbors, who had been for years in the business, that my labor and expense of feeding in this manner were entirely thrown away, and I abandoned it. Hogs gather corn in the field with little or no waste, provided the fields or lots in which they are fed are proportional in size to the number of hogs fed upon them, which should be in the proportion of 100 hogs to five or six acres of corn. The hogs should be regularly salted while feeding, and running water should be accessible at all times to them. By feeding in this way I find that my hogs improve more rapidly, and my lands increase in value yearly, although I have never put a shovelful of manure upon them.

58. Hogs ! !

(From the Brookville *American*, November 29, 1834.)

For the last three weeks our eyes have been greeted with scarce anything except *vast droves* of the *swinish multitude*. Within that time, from our own idea of things, and from the calculations of others, there must have passed through this place upwards of THIRTY THOUSAND HOGS; all wending their way to Cincinnati, the greatest hog market, we would venture to say, in the known world. All these hogs are from a small section of the State. We are told by the oldest settlers that there never before were as many hogs driven through this place in one year as have been in the last three weeks. Some days it seemed as if the vast arena of nature's storehouse was filled with hogs.

CHAPTER XI

DISPOSAL OF PUBLIC LANDS.

The first serious business of the pioneer was with the land office. Land offices were established at Vincennes, Jeffersonville, Brookville, Indianapolis, Crawfordsville, Terre Haute, Fort Wayne, Winamac, and Laporte. Besides these regular offices, auction sales were held at various places. It was necessary to attend to this business promptly, lest some one else "enter" the land. There were many mistakes that could be made in entering land and many a worthy pioneer lost his home through such errors. However, (on account of the excellent system of surveys in Indiana) there were not nearly so many errors made in entering land in Indiana as in Kentucky. The government was extremely easy and fair with its land buyers. Mistakes were corrected where possible. Money was returned where a correction could not be made. The land officer was a citizen of the neighborhood and always favored settlers over speculators. Women often made long trips to the land sales to buy their homesteads. In such case no speculator dared bid against her. As soon as she named the legal price the salesman usually closed the bidding before any one else could make a bid. Speculators or their agents at land sales were viewed with hostile eyes by the settlers.

59. How to "Enter" Land

(From Thwaites' *Early Western Travels*, IX, pp. 180-181; account by James Flint [1822].)

Mr. Flint came over from Scotland in 1818 with a party of emigrants. Like all travelers of that day he made a tour of the West. At Jeffersonville, where this letter was written, he stopped a month or so and studied the country. He was a careful observer.

The stranger who would go into the woods to make a selection of lands ought to take with him an extract from the land office map applying to the part of the country he intends to visit. Without this he cannot well distinguish entered from unentered grounds. He should also procure the names of the resident people, with the numbers and quarters of the sections they live on, not neglecting to carry

with him a pocket compass to enable him to follow the blazed lines marked out by the surveyor. *Blaze* is a word signifying a mark cut by a hatchet on the bark of a tree. It is more necessary for the explorer to be furnished thus, as he may expect to meet with settlers who will not be willing to direct him, but, on the contrary, tell him with the greatest effrontery that every neighboring quarter section is already taken up.

Squatters, a class of men who take possession without purchasing, are afraid of being turned out, or of having their pastures abridged by newcomers. Others, perhaps meditating an enlargement of their property so soon as funds will permit, wish to hold the adjoining lands in reserve for themselves, and not a few are jealous of the land-dealer, who is not an actual settler, whose grounds lie waste, waiting for that advance on the value of property which arises from an increasing population. The non-resident proprietor is (looked upon as) injurious to a neighborhood, in respect of his not bearing any part of the expense of making roads, while other people are under the necessity of making them through his lands for their own convenience. On excursions of this kind the prudent will always be cautious of explaining their views, particularly as to the spot chosen for the purchase, and without loss of time they should return to the land office and make entry.

60. "Squatters"

(From *A Pioneer History of Indiana*, by Col. William M. Cockrum [1907], p. 525.)

For a long time squatters had no rights under the law to protect their improvements. It was not until 1841 that the pre-emption law was passed to cure this injustice. Under it the squatter had a right to enter his lands at the legal price, and if a speculator bought them he was required to pay the squatter for improvements.

The first settlers who came to Indiana were here before the land was surveyed. They selected such places as pleased them and built their cabins with the intention of purchasing (of the government) the land when it was for sale. In most

cases the settlers had an understanding with each other as to the land each wanted and mutually agreed to protect each other in these rights.

Most of the settlers (later) secured (entered) the land which they had settled on, but there were cases where great injustice was done by those who were able and had the disposition to be mean. This meanness was always resented by the old pioneers in a way that those who purchased the homes of others were looked on with contempt.

A man named McCoy had squatted on a nice piece of land in the eastern part of Warrick county and had made substantial improvements, but up to that time had been unable to secure all the money needed to pay for the first forty acres of the quarter section which he wanted. His wife went a long way to an uncle of hers and borrowed the balance needed to make fifty dollars. The husband went to Vincennes to purchase the forty acres.

When he got there he found that a man living about two miles away had purchased the land that his improvements were on. He went home with the sad news to his wife. The neighbors found out the mean treatment that had been imposed on him, and a number of them went in a body and told the man that one of two things would have to be done. He had then and there to deed the forty acres to McCoy for the fifty dollars or take such a thrashing as he would never forget. They gave him two hours in which to decide what he would do.

The fellow was so avaricious that it was hard for him to give up the nice property he had so wrongfully entered. But his determined neighbors were so threatening that he made the deed. McCoy paid the fifty dollars and finally bought the quarter section. This fellow was treated with such contempt by his neighbors that he sold his property and moved to the Illinois country.

61. Land Speculators

(From *A Pioneer History of Indiana*, by Col. William M. Cockrum [1907], pp. 527-529.)

In the earlier days, land speculators had bought large tracts of land, thousands of acres, directly from the government, and had sold it at a good profit to the settlers. Under the lead of William H. Harrison, the first delegate in Congress from the Northwest Territory in 1799, the government decided to offer lands in half sections. This ruined the monopoly business of the big land companies. Their next plan was to send out agents who entered land that had been improved by squatters. This was stopped by the preëmption law. Their next scheme is shown by this selection.

Along in 1832 there was a flood of land warrants[22] and land scrip[23] which had been bought up by an eastern syndicate.[24] The syndicate had a large number of agents in the settling portions of Indiana and Illinois, selecting the land they wanted. There were usually quite a number of these agents together. If there were not a sufficient number of agents (for defense) they hired men to go with them so they would be in sufficient numbers to defend themselves. There was not thought to be much danger from Indians, although there was quite a stir in northwest Indiana and many reports about the Indians.

There was a neighborhood in western Montgomery county which had a fine body of land that fifteen or twenty men had settled on, and all of them had purchased part of the land that they wanted and built their cabins and cleared up a portion of the land, with a view of purchasing the rest of the land that each had selected.

It was found out there was a number of men (syndicate agents) who had been at Crawfordsville hunting for lands which were located in neighborhoods that were being settled. This news alarmed the men who had settled in the western part of Montgomery County, and they sent several

[22] Land warrants, certificates from the government giving the holders a claim to certain amounts of public lands. . .

[23] Land scrip, paper money of small denominations, whose value was guaranteed by that of the lands.

[24] Syndicate, a combination of capitalists.

parties to find out what they could about these agents and to keep a watch on their proceedings.

One of these spies learned of them (the agents) that they were intending to purchase a large body of land in the immediate vicinity of every settlement in that section of the country. He also learned they had already examined several pieces of land in the neighborhoods southeast of where he was located, and he further learned that in obedience to the instruction of their employers, every piece of land they recommended had to have their personal examination and they had to describe it so minutely as to timber, springs, branches, hills and hollows, that it could easily be located. The spy learned further that these agents intended to be in his neighborhood at a certain time a few days off. He agreed to show them the land in his part of the country, telling them he was well acquainted with all the land in that section. Hurrying home, he told the neighbors of the danger they were in. They got together and canvassed many plans of how to best get rid of these obnoxious agents. They sent to their surrounding neighbors and procured all the help they could and determined to give the agents a scare, or try it.

The day the agents went to the settlement they met their pretended friends, who were showing them the lands outside of their neighborhood. They had been some time engaged in going over the land, when behind the party several Indians were seen coming on their trail. This startled them. Soon on the north another party appeared, on the west another party—in all, thirty or forty full-dressed Indians. Giving a blood-curdling war-whoop, the Indians started for the agents, who made a rush for the south to get out, as they were surrounded on every other side. The guide, lying down on his horse, led the party. The Indians were shooting and whooping at a fearful rate, the balls whistling uncomfortably close around their heads. The Indians made it a point not to overtake them, but to keep up the running fight, and every now and then a party of Indians would dash around the side as if they intended to surround them. This running fight was kept up for several

hours, the guide leading them out of Montgomery county and down into Parke county. They kept up a good gait until they reached Terre Haute.

62. Land Sales at Crawfordsville

(From *Recollections of the Early Settlement of the Wabash Valley*, by Sanford Cox [1860], pp. 17-20.)

The first part of the extract which follows was taken by Mr. Cox from "an old schoolmaster's journal" of 1824. The paragraphs following this were written in 1860.

"Crawfordsville, Ind., Dec. 24, 1824.

"The land sales commenced here today, and the town is full of strangers. The eastern and southern portions of the State are strongly represented, as well as Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Pennsylvania.

"There is but little bidding against one another. The settlers, or 'squatters,' as they are called by speculators, have arranged matters among themselves to their general satisfaction. If, upon comparing numbers, it appears that two are after the same tract of land, one asks the other what he will take not to bid against him. If neither will consent to be bought off, they then retire and cast lots, and the lucky one enters the tract at Congress price—$1.25 per acre—and the other enters the second choice on his list.

"If a speculator makes a bid, or shows a disposition to take a settler's claim from him, he soon sees the whites of a score of eyes snapping at him, and at the first opportunity he crawfishes out of the crowd.

"The settlers tell foreign capitalists to hold on till they enter the tracts of land that they have settled upon, and that they may then pitch in—that there will be land enough—more than enough for them all.

"The land is sold in tiers of townships, beginning at the southeastern part of the district and continuing north until all has been offered at public sale. The private entries can be made at $1.25 per acre, of any that has been publicly offered. This rule, adopted by the officers, insures great regularity in the sale; but it will keep many here for sev-

eral days, who desire to purchase land in the northern portion of the district.

"A few days of public sale have sufficed to relieve hundreds of their cash, but they secured their land, which will serve as a basis for their future wealth and prosperity, if they and their families use proper industry and economy, sure as 'time's gentle progress makes a calf an ox.'

"It is a stirring, crowding time here, truly, and men are busy hunting up cousins and old acquaintances whom they have not seen for many long years. If men have ever been to the same mill, or voted at the same election precinct, though at different times, it is sufficient for them to scrape an acquaintance upon. But after all, there is a genuine backwoods, log-cabin hospitality, which is free from the affected cant and polished deception of conventional life.

"Society here at present seems almost entirely free from the taint of aristocracy—the only premonitory symptoms of that disease, most prevalent in old settled communities, were manifested last week, when John I. Foster bought a new pair of silver-plated spurs and T. N. Catterlin was seen walking up street with a pair of curiously embroidered gloves on his hands."

After the public sales the accessions to the population of Crawfordsville and the surrounding country were constant and rapid.

Fresh arrivals of movers were the constant topics of conversation. New log cabins widened the limits of the town, and spread over the circumjacent country.

The reader may be curious to know how the people spent their time, and what they followed for a livelihood in those early times in the dense forest that surrounded Crawfordsville.

I will answer for the schoolmaster, for I was there myself. We cleared land, rolled logs and burned brush, blazed out paths from one neighbor's cabin to another, and from one settlement to another—made and used hand mills and hominy mortars—hunted deer, turkeys, otter, and raccoons

—caught fish, dug ginseng, hunted bees, and the like, and—lived on the fat of the land.

We read of a land of "corn and wine" and another "flowing with milk and honey"; but I rather think, in a temporal point of view, taking into account the richness of the soil, timber, stone, wild game, and other advantages, that the Sugar creek country would come up to, if not surpass, any of them.

I once cut cord-wood at 31¼ cents per cord (and walked a mile and a half morning and night), where the first frame college[25] was built, near Nathaniel Dunn's, northwest of town.

Prof. Curry, the lawyer, would sometimes come down and help for an hour or two at a time, by way of amusement, as there was but little or no law business in the town or country at that time.

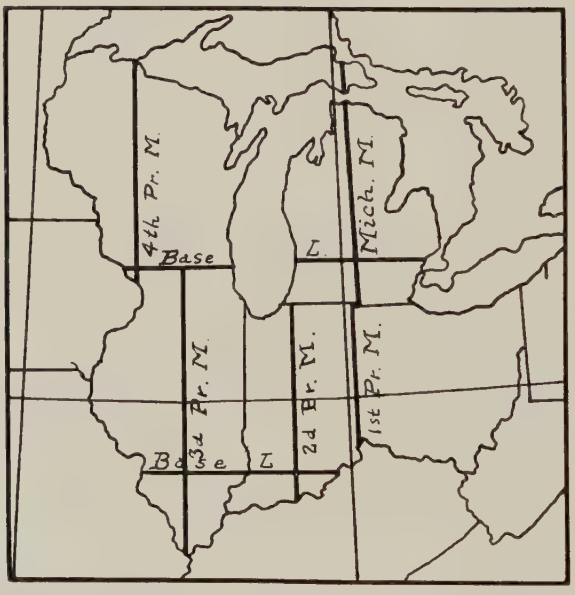
Reader, what would you think of going from six to eight miles to help roll logs, or raise a cabin? Or from ten to thirty miles to mill, and wait there three or four days and nights for your grist, as many had to do in the first settlement of this country? Such things were of frequent occurrence then, and there was but little grumbling about it. It was a grand sight to see the log heaps and brush piles burning in the night on a clearing of ten or fifteen acres—a Democratic torchlight procession, or a midnight march of the Sons of Malta, with their Grand Isacusus in the center, bearing the Grand Jewel of the Order, would be nowhere in comparison with the log heaps and brush piles in a blaze!

But it may be asked, had you any social amusements, or manly pastimes to recreate and enliven the dwellers in the wilderness? We had. In the social line we had our meetings and our singing schools, sugar boilings and weddings—which were as good as ever came off in any country, new or old—if our youngsters did not "trip the light fantastic toe" under a professor of the terpsichorean art, or expert French dancing-master, they had many a good hoe-down on puncheon floors, and were not annoyed by bad whiskey. And as for manly sports, requiring mettle and muscle, there were

[25] Wabash College, founded at Crawfordsville in 1832.

lots of wild hogs running in the cat-tail swamps on Lye creek and Mill creek, and among them many large boars, that Ossian's heroes and Homer's model soldiers such as Achilles, Hector, and Ajax would have delighted to have given chase to.

The boys and men of those days had quite as much sport, and made more money and health by their hunting excursions than our city gents do nowadays playing chess by telegraph, where the players are more than seventy miles apart.



Principal Meridian and Base Lines in the Old Northwest.

63. How the Public Lands Were Surveyed

(From *Niles' Register*, April 12, 1817.)

Captain Jared Mansfield, U. S. A., succeeded Rufus Putnam, the first Surveyor-General, in 1803. It was necessary for him to survey the Vincennes Indian Grant of 1795, confirmed in 1803.[26] But as the tract was surrounded by Indian lands, cut off from the other surveys and remote from the Ohio river, he was at a loss as to how to proceed. If he tried to survey the tract in conformance with the lines

[26] See map of Indian Cessions, p. 152.

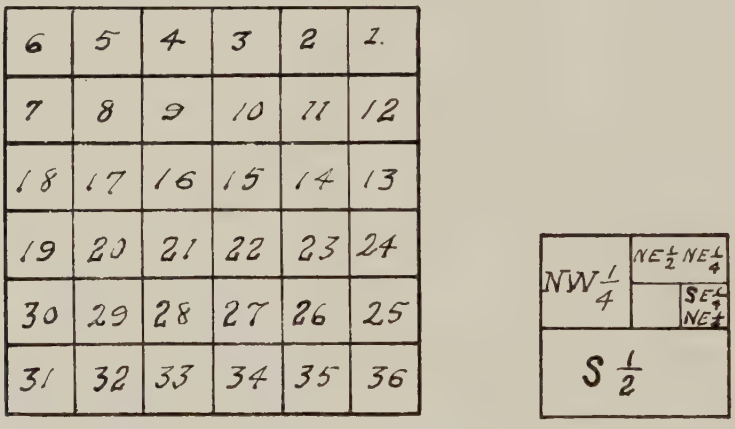
east of the Greenville Treaty line, he felt sure that when the lines were connected after the Indian title to the intervening land was secured there would be great confusion, and if he merely surveyed the tract as a unit he would destroy any uniformity of surveys in the Indiana Territory. He therefore decided to base the surveys upon great lines which could control all future surveys in that region. To this end he ran the Second Principal Meridian through the northeast corner of the cession. For a base line he used a line running from the westernmost corner of Clark's grant on the Ohio—the nearest surveyed land.

This was the beginning of the combination of principal meridians and base lines which have been used in all later surveys. Both had been used before—Mansfield perfected the system and applied his brilliant talents to the astronomical location of the important points from which surrounding surveys could be made. The Second Principal Meridian governed the surveys in Indiana and those in Illinois to the western boundary of the fourteenth range. West from that line to the Mississippi and Illinois rivers the surveys have been based on the Third Principal Meridian, which runs from the mouth of the Ohio river.

The north and south lines are run by the true meridian, and the east and west lines at right angles therefrom, as far as practicable, in closing. But as the east and west lines are made the closing lines of the sections or townships, they frequently vary a little from those points, being run from one section or township corner to another. The lines are well marked by having all those trees which fall in the line notched with two notches on each side where the line cuts, and all or most of the trees on each side of the line and near it blazed on two sides, diagonally or quartering towards the line.

At the section corners there are posts set, having as many notches cut on two sides of them as they are miles distant from the township boundary, where the sectional lines commenced. At the township corners the posts have six notches made on each of the four sides facing the lines. Wherever a tree falls exactly in the corner, it supplies the

place of a post, and is marked in the same manner. The places of the posts are perpetuated thus: At each corner the courses are taken to two trees in opposite directions as nearly as may be, and their distance from the post measured. These trees are called "bearing trees" [witness trees] and are blazed on the side next the post, and one notch made with an axe in the blaze. But in prairies, or other places where there are no trees within a convenient distance for bearings, a mound of earth is raised at each corner, not less than two and a half feet high, nor less than that in diameter at the base, in which the mound-posts are placed.



A "Congress Township" and a Section Subdivided.

At the section corners the numbers of each section, together with the numbers of the township and range, are marked with a marking iron (such as are used in mills and warehouses) on a bearing or other trees standing within the section and near to the corner, thus: A blaze large enough for the purpose is made on the tree, and on the blaze the letter R is made, with the number of the range annexed; below this the letter T, with the number of the township; and under that the number of the section, without any letter to denote it. To the number of the township the letter N or S is added, according as the township lies north or south of the base-line; and to the number of the range the letter E or

W as the range may be east or west of the principal meridian. By proper attention to these numbers and marks a purchaser is enabled to know the quarter and number of the section he wishes to enter, and the number of the township and range in which it lies. . . .

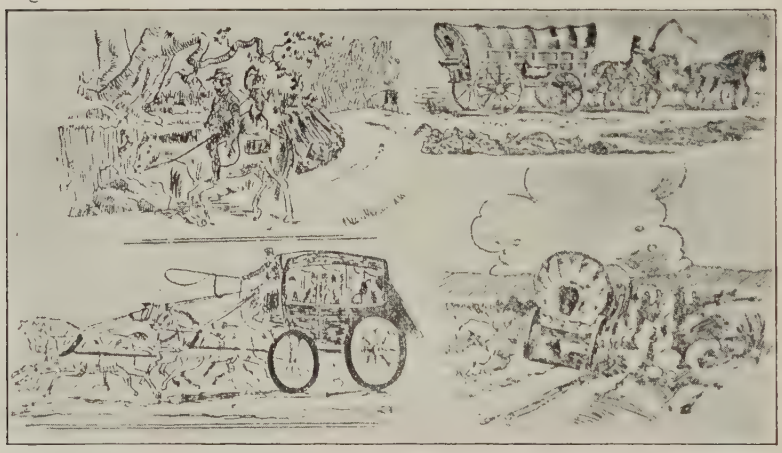
The quarter-section corners are established in the same manner that the section corners are, but no marks are made for the numbers of the section, township and range; "1-4 S" only is marked on the post.

The deputy surveyors are required to note particularly and to enter in their field books the courses and distances of all lines which they may run; the names and estimated diameters of all corner or bearing trees, and all those trees which fall in the lines, called station or line trees, together with the courses or distances of the bearing trees from their respective corners, with the proper letters and numbers marked on them; all rivers, creeks, springs and smaller streams of water, with their width and the course they run in crossing the line, and whether navigable, rapid, or otherwise; also the face of the country, whether level, hilly or mountainous; the kinds of timber and undergrowth with which the land may be covered, and the quality of the soil; all lakes, ponds, swamps, peat or turf grounds, coal beds, stone quarries; uncommon, natural, or artificial productions, such as remains of ancient fortifications, mounds, precipices, caves, etc., all rapids, cascades, or falls of water; minerals, ores, fossils, etc.; the true situation of all mines, salt licks, salt springs, and mill-sites which may come to their knowledge. From the returns of the surveys thus made a complete knowledge of the country may be obtained, and maps thereof drawn with the greatest accuracy. The field notes of the surveyors, together with the plats and descriptions, made out therefrom, are filed in the office of the surveyor-general of the United States, or of the principal surveyors for the territories of Mississippi, Illinois, and Missouri.

CHAPTER XII

TRANSPORTATION AND TRAVEL

The settlers paid very little attention to roads until they had opened their farms and had begun to raise more corn and other produce than they needed. The first problem in road-building was to reach a navigable stream. For this purpose State roads were opened into the interior from such towns as Madison, New Albany, Leavenworth, Troy, and Evansville. The farmers noted in the papers that corn on the seaboard was worth 50 cents per bushel while they could get only 15 cents. The great Whig party secured its support in the West by promising to build pikes or canals across the country so that the farmers could get to market.



Early Means of Transportation.

(From *History of Dubois County,* by GEO. R. WILSON [1910], p. 147. By permission of the author.)

64. Old Thoroughfares in Indiana

(From *Indiana Magazine of History,* III, pp. 12-20; article by GEORGE S. COTTMAN [1907].)

The first roads of Indiana, while somewhat remote from present interests, have yet some relation to the after history of the State, besides possessing a certain historic interest of their own. Of these primitive ways for travel the earliest were the Indian trails—narrow, winding routes

beaten by many feet traveling in single file, and akin to the paths made by animals.

If this system of Indian trails could be restored in a chart we would be surprised, no doubt, to find what a network it formed, reaching over the country in various directions. No such restoration would be possible now, however, for, though there are many allusions to them in our local histories, what information we have about these old trails is scattered, meager, and indefinite. About all we know is that the various tribes and bands of Indians occupied each its own territory, usually along the valleys of the principal rivers, and that they visited to and fro more or less for the purpose of counsel and other reasons. Between the tribes of this region little hostility is recorded, and there seems to have been considerable friendly intercourse and formal visiting among them. Following the rivers from town to town, and across from valley to valley, their paths can be traced. The Miami town of Ke-ki-on'-ga, where Fort Wayne now stands, was, from its command of the Wabash portage, the converging point of many trails. Little Turtle, in his speech to Anthony Wayne at the treaty of Greenville, refers to the place as "that gate through which all the good words of our chiefs had to pass, from the North to the South, and from the East to the West."

At the junction of Fall creek and White river several paths seem to have met, by reason of a good ford across the river that existed there. Such at least has been affirmed by the late J. H. B. Nowland, a very early pioneer of Indianapolis, who has told the writer of several trails—one from Vincennes, one from the falls of the Ohio, one from the Whitewater, and others from the upper Delaware towns on White river and the Pottawattomie and Miami towns on the Wabash, all of which converged at this point. The one westward from the Whitewater valley ran about where the Pennsylvania railroad now has its right-of-way. That from the Ohio falls paralleled the present Jeffersonville railroad. The latter route was traveled by all the Pottawattomies, Miamis and Delawares of the upper Wabash and White rivers in their excursions to the Kentucky hunting

grounds. After crossing the White river ford it sent off branches to the towns of those tribes.

One of the earliest wagon ways out of Indianapolis was the old Centerville road, which led to Wayne county before the coming of the National Road, and was laid out on the Whitewater trail above referred to. Mention may be found here and there of other roads that were similarly determined. The earliest pioneers were benefited directly by the aboriginal trails; for not only did they follow them from one place to another through the otherwise trackless wilderness in search of desirable regions, but their rude "traces" for subsequent ingress and egress were frequently only an improvement on the red man's narrow footpath.

Perhaps it is not venturing too much to say that they were at times an influence in the locating of white settlements. For instance, the first settlers on the spot where Indianapolis now stands were led hither by the Whitewater trail. When the commissioners appointed by the Legislature came to locate the capital, the presence of the squatters at the mouth of Fall creek was undoubtedly a factor in determining the choice of that spot; and so it might be possible to reason out a relation between this obscure path through the forest primeval and the exact location of the State's capital.

It was not until four years after Indiana had been admitted as a State that any definite system of roads was projected within her borders. Prior to that general laws had been framed touching the opening of highways. For with the first tides of immigration, of course, came the question of intercommunication. But they provided only for the opening of local roads on petition. In those first years there was little pressing need for other than local roads. Indiana was strung along the Ohio and the Wabash rivers, which were the generally used, natural highways. Versailles, Vernon and Brownstown, but a few miles back from the Ohio, were, until 1820, on the extreme frontier, the vast country on the north and west of them being an unbroken wilderness, and the principal centers were contiguous to one or the other of the two rivers named.

In 1820, however, there arose new reasons for extensive roadmaking. The great tract known as the "New Purchase," comprising all the central portion of the State and as far north as the upper Wabash, was thrown open to settlers in that year. Somewhere in the heart of this territory the seat of government was to be located at once, and it was obvious that the capital and the settlers who would people the newly acquired tract must have some way of reaching the older part of the country and the markets. This would seem to be the explanation of the sudden legislation on State roads that appears in the statutes at this time. In 1820 not less than twenty-six roads were projected, and as many sets of commissioners appointed to view the land and mark out the routes. These roads not only connected the older towns of the State, but extended into the interior. Five were to lead to the proposed capital, and one was from Lawrenceburg to Winchester, this latter being by a subsequent act extended to Fort Wayne. During the next ten years there was repeated and lengthy legislation on this subject of state roads, showing the great importance of highways in the early days of the new commonwealth. Many other roads were added to the original system, some were relocated, and there were various modifications. In the main, however, the first ideas were carried out, and on a road map of 1835, now existing, at least two-thirds of the State is pretty well crisscrossed with highways other than the local or country roads.

The revenue and labor for the opening and maintaining of these roads were derived from three sources. The first was known as the three per cent. fund, and was a gift from the general government. Out of the sales of the public lands five per cent. was set aside for the purposes of internal improvement. Of this two per cent. was to be spent by the United States on works of general benefit—such, for example, as the National Road—and the remaining three per cent. was given to the State for improvements within her borders. Into this fund there was paid altogether the sum of $575,547.75. A special agent was appointed for disbursing the fund.

Another source of revenue was derived from the "road tax" levied upon real estate. Farm lands were assessed "an amount equal to half the amount of State tax," and town lots "an amount equal to half the county tax." Non-resident land-owners were assessed an amount equal to half of both the State and the county tax. Such road tax the land-owner was entitled to pay by working on the road.

The third source of revenue was a labor requirement, which compelled all male inhabitants between the ages of twenty-one and fifty, except preachers and certain other persons, to work on the roads two days in each year, when called out, or pay an equivalent thereof. In the New Purchase, where the labor necessary to make roads was greater than farther south, the demand was for four days each year, but this provision was repealed in 1827.

65. The "Buffalo Trace"

(From *A History of Dubois County*, by George R. Wilson [1910], pp. 27-28.)

The "Buffalo Trace," now almost obliterated, was such an important factor in the settlement, not only of Dubois county, but of other counties in southern Indiana, that it deserves more than a passing notice.

Why the buffalo is seen upon the seal of the State of Indiana is easily understood when one recalls that buffaloes lived in countless numbers in Indiana. They made several paths through the State. One trail passed through Dubois county. Of this one we shall write. The old "Buffalo Trace" was so important in pioneer days that William Rector was employed to make a survey of the east end of it, which he did in July, 1805. The old trace from the prairies of Illinois to the blue grass regions of Kentucky crossed White river at Decker's ferry, northwest of Petersburg, entered Dubois county near the Miley schoolhouse, passed Fort McDonald, went on south of Hayville, thence east, near Ludlow schoolhouse, to Union Valley, and entered Orange county within a hundred yards of the Southern railroad track in Columbia township. It passed near French Lick and Paoli. In Dubois county the trace practically paral-

leled what is now called "Buckingham's Base Line." Milburn's spring, in Columbia township, and Fort McDonald, in Boone township, were camping grounds along this trace. This old "Buffalo Trace" is also known as the "Mud Holes," "Governor's Trace," "Kentucky Road," "Louisville Trace" and "Vincennes Trace," but the primary cause of the trail was the buffalo. Its trail was always near water or wet places.

The Old Indian Ford at Jasper.

(From *History of Dubois County*, by Geo. R. Wilson [1912], p. 159. By permission of the author.)

The buffalo wallows along this trace caused it to be called, by some, the "Mud Hole" trace. Today a small branch of Mill creek bears the name of "Mud Hole" creek. General Harrison changed the trace in some places, in 1801, and it is sometimes referred to as the "Governor's Trace." On one of his trips over this trace General Harrison lost his gold watch, which was found some years later.

David Sanford, the government surveyor, who surveyed town one, south, range five, west, in Dubois county, in 1805, located the "Mud Holes" at about one hundred rods east

of the northwest corner of section three, that is, south of where Fort McDonald stood, and near Sherritt's graveyard.

In 1801 a traveler along the "Buffalo Trace," through what is now Dubois county, would have noticed here and there big circular patches where the grass was greener, thicker, and higher than anywhere else around. Those curious circles of superior grass were due to a cause that will never be seen again. They were the existing reminders of the buffalo days. Those rank and verdant patches of grass marked spots where once common buffalo wallows were familiar and often welcome landmarks in the forest. Where a little stagnant water had collected, the ground being soft under the short grass, it was easy for the buffalo to make a mud puddle in which he could cool himself.

To accomplish this a male buffalo—always a male buffalo made the wallow—would drop on one knee, plunge his horn, and at last his head into the earth, and make an excavation into which the water slowly filtered. Then, throwing himself on his side as flat as he could, he rolled vigorously around, ripping up the ground with his horns and hump, sinking himself deeper and deeper, and gouging his wallow out larger until it was of dimensions to suit his purpose. The excavation would gradually fill with water until the buffalo was entirely immersed, the water and mud, mixed to the consistency of mortar, covering him from his head to the tip of his tail.

A buffalo wallow was usually about twelve feet in diameter, and from two to three feet deep, and a male buffalo would complete one in half an hour. Sometimes there would be fifty or a hundred waiting for the leader to get through with his bath so they could have a chance at it. He usually took his time in wallowing in the mud hole. When it suited him to come out, a frightful looking monster, dripping thick with ooze from his huge body, the male that had won the right to be next in rank entered the wallow for his bath.

Over the "Buffalo Trace," through Dubois county, many thousands of buffaloes passed annually. They crossed the Ohio river at the falls. From the Ohio river to

"Big Bone Lick" and the "Blue Licks," in Kentucky, these animals had beaten a path wide enough for a wagon road. In Dubois county the buffalo's presence was only transient. He was seen going or coming, and then not later than 1808. Towards the close of the eighteenth century a very cold winter, continuing several months, froze all vegetable growth, starved the noble animals, and the herds never regained their loss.

Their path made it easier for the pioneers to travel in the forests, and accounts for the settlement in this county first appearing in the northern part. Notice that the first white man's path into the country was not paralleled by rail until more than a century had passed away. The "Buffalo Trace" was trodden from time almost immemorial. In turn the buffalo, Indians, "coureurs du bois," priests. French salt hunters, pioneers, soldiers, settlers, governors, and mail carriers trod their weary way. Over this "Buffalo Trace" the government mails were first carried in Dubois county. The first mail was carried over it on foot by Mathias Mounts. George Teverbough, a noted pioneer hunter, also carried mail on foot over this trace once a week. One week he traveled from Louisville to Vincennes and reversed his steps the next week. Lieutenants of the "Shawnee Prophet" trod the "Buffalo Trace" before 1811, inciting the Piankishaw Indians against the whites. Pike county, as well as Dubois county, was first settled along this trace, Pike county at "White Oak Springs" and Dubois county at Sherritt's graveyard.

66. Two Improved Highways

(From *Internal Improvements in Early Indiana*, by Logan Esarey [1912], pp. 53-60.)

(The National Road)

As early as 1802 the subject of a national road had occupied Congress, and in the bill admitting Ohio five per cent. of the proceeds of the public land sales in that State was set aside as a fund for building roads by which emigrants might reach the West. Four years later a bill passed Congress for a survey of a road from Cumberland, Maryland,

to the Ohio. The route followed the old Braddock Trail nearly to the Battleground, and then turns to the west, striking the Ohio at Wheeling.

It is not usually realized by Americans that this road is the greatest wagon road in the world. It was surveyed eighty feet in width, the timber was then grubbed and the ground graded. Culverts and bridges were built of cut stone, and at last a track in the center, thirty to forty feet wide, was macadamized with ten inches of stone. Two six-horse teams could race abreast on this road. In 1818 it reached Wheeling, in 1833 Columbus, Ohio, and in 1852 Vandalia, Illinois. During its building it was the chief event in Ohio and Indiana. The author and promoter of this road was the Swiss, Gallatin, Jefferson's Secretary of the Treasury. Jefferson favored the project, but was so tender on the States' rights theory that, before work could begin, permission had to be secured from the sovereign States of Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania.

From six to twelve independent stage lines ran on this road, and a score of companies were in the transportation business. The schedule of the stage was thirty hours from Washington to Wheeling, forty-five hours to Columbus, sixty hours to Indianapolis, and seventy-five hours to Vandalia. Only thoroughbred Virginia horses were used on the best lines, and the sound of the bugle was as certain an indication of the time of day as the passing of passenger trains on the railroads at the present time. The coachman was a man of consequence along the route, almost an idol for the boys. To see him dash up to a post, throw the lines to the stable boys, tell the latest news from the East while teams were changing, then break away at a fifteen-mile clip, was enough to attract all the youngsters for a mile or two. The driver usually courted this admiration, and never missed a chance to take a boy on the seat with him—a favor the boy paid for with apples and cider, and remembered with pride during the rest of his life. A guild of wagoners soon grew up in the freight business. These men were well known from Baltimore to Columbus and thoroughly reliable.

Thirty-four different acts of Congress show how important the road was in a public way. Its cost was $6,824,-919, but it was never completed. It was surveyed and opened to Vandalia and St. Louis, but never macadamized beyond the western boundary of Indiana. Congress did not over-estimate its value. It was a powerful agent for union, and a material symbol of its power and usefulness. It bound the East and West together and brought them three days' travel nearer to each other. During the twenty years of its greatness a steady stream of "movers," with their covered wagons and droves of cattle, hogs, and sheep, poured into Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. For months at a time there was no moment in the daytime when a family wagon was not in sight. At night the road appeared like the picket line of an army. Having traveled over this road, the memory of it lingered long and came back especially vivid as one traveled over the corduroy or mud roads of early Indiana. Most of the settlers of central and eastern Indiana were familiar with "the old pike." Even yet the expression "hit the pike" reminds us of the time when to "hit the pike" meant to leave the country.

(The Michigan Road)

The treaty between the Pottawattomie Indians and United States commissioners, made October 16, 1826, on the Wabash near the mouth of the Mississinewa, in Miami County, ceded to the State of Indiana what was considered a sufficient amount of land to build a public highway from Lake Michigan to the Ohio. This road was to be one hundred feet wide, and to this right-of-way the Indians added the further gift of contiguous land for every mile. Where the contiguous land did not belong to the Indians—all south of the Wabash—Indiana was to select a section of unsold land for every mile of road.

By act of the Legislature, 1828, John I. Neely, of Gibson, Chester Elliott, of Warrick, and John McDonald, of Daviess, were appointed commissioners to lay down the road from Lake Michigan to Indianapolis. They were instructed to select the best natural harbor on the lake; or, in the ab-

sence of a good one, the best place to construct an artificial harbor. The route from Logansport to the lake offered considerable difficulty. The terms of the grant were for a direct route. This would lead through the Kankakee swamps, where nobody lived, and where it would be very costly to build a road. To avoid this the road would have to run from Logansport due north to the south bend of the St. Joseph river, thence west to the lake. The point where Michigan City now stands—the mouth of Trail Creek—was selected for the northern terminus. Then two complete sets of field notes and plats were made—one via South Bend, the other through the Kankakee flats. The party spent one hundred and thirty days in the northern forests, for which each person received about two hundred dollars. Extra hands were paid seventy-five cents per day and the surveyor-in-chief received two dollars. The road was divided into three sections. The first, from Madison to Indianapolis, was under the management of Daniel Kelso; the second reached Logansport and was under the superintendence of Horace Bassett; the last was managed by Polke himself. During 1832 lands were placed on sale at Laporte. Scrip was accepted in payment for all lands. The road was cleared one hundred feet wide; thirty feet was grubbed and graded. By 1836 it was clearly ascertained that this made a poor road. In the worst places logs were piled in crosswise and covered with sand. Many bridges were washed away every year by the streams. Although the road was used enormously north of Indianapolis, it was anything but satisfactory. It passed through fourteen counties and was used by the inhabitants of thirty-five in going to the capital. The Assembly at almost every session had to make an appropriation for repairs.

67. A Plank Road

(From *The Wabash, or Adventures of an English Gentleman's Family in the Interior of America*, by J. Richard Beste [1855], I, pp. 298-299.)

Mr. Beste and his family, consisting of his wife and eleven young children, came over from England in 1850. Like all visitors to America before the Civil War they had to make a tour of the

West. They reached Indianapolis by rail from Madison. After staying in the capital a month, they bought a team of horses and a spring wagon and started over the National Road for Terre Haute. At Terre Haute all were attacked by malaria. They were detained here for several months by sickness and the death of a small girl. They then decided to give up the trip to St. Louis and return by the Wabash and Erie canal. The two following selections are their description of two kinds of roads they passed over between Indianapolis and Terre Haute.

But we soon left him and his wagon behind, as we trotted lightly along this plank road. And very pleasant a plank road is to travel upon. It may be slippery in wet weather; but now it saved us from the dust which would have arisen from travel; and the saw boards or planks, about three inches thick, being nailed to sleepers at the two sides of the road, spanned it from side to side, and rose and sank under us with the elasticity of the floor of a ball-room. On each side of the plank track, between it and the worm fences that bounded the road, were holes and stumps and ditches and natural water courses that no wheels could venture amongst.

The road continued in a nearly straight direction through a pleasant country, in which cultivated spots amid the woods and prairies grew more and more rare. There was a good deal of traffic on the road; quite as much as would be seen on a turnpike in England; but it was confined entirely to rough-and-ready carriages or agricultural teams. All these went at a trot—more or less fast. Plough horses, in all this country, get over nearly five miles an hour—with less fatigue to themselves than our heavy English teams creep over two miles. We passed, also, several wagons loaded with emigrants, some with their bedding and articles of furniture. Our horses attracted considerable notice, as being better than those usually driven by emigrants; but in other respects, our equipage was entirely like those used in the country, and passed without the slightest regard. This was what we wished.

68. A Corduroy Road

(Same reference as above, pp. 311-312.)

After Mount Meridian (Putnam county), we found our road changed sadly for the worse. It is true that it is marked in all the maps as the "National Road" leading from east to west in an almost straight line—from Pittsburgh (Washington) to St. Louis: and it had been fenced in and laid down as such: but Congress, by subsequent decision, declared the making and maintaining of roads was not a national affair, but should be at the charge of each State that wanted them.

The condition of this repudiated road, now, therefore, depended upon the wants and the traffic of each township through which it passed. The tract of country after passing Mount Meridian was but thinly inhabited: the road was little used, and still less attention was given to keep it up. The water tables (drains) on each side were choked or washed away; water courses ran down the middle of it or furrowed it deep from side to side, or dug it into wide pits. Sometimes these had to be passed through almost on stepping stones; sometimes the rain-channels were bridged over by planks, so short that there was not an inch to spare at the side of each wheel. Sometimes, where the gravelly top soil was quite worn away, and a quicksandy bottom exposed beneath, a track, just wide enough for the wheels, was made by a corduroy road laid across the bog. I have already explained the construction of a plank road: the difference between it and a corduroy road is much the same as that between a log and a frame house.

A corduroy road is made of the unhewn boles of trees laid side by side on the earth. A slip is nailed across each end to keep them in their places: and the wheels, whether of carriages or wagon, fall from bole to bole with the regularity of the thumps and stops with which the wheels of a watch play into and arrest each other Sometimes, the hollow between prostrate trunks of trees is partially filled up with earth; and then of course, the jolts are less severe.

69. Some Early Stage Lines

The stagecoach comes into a new country almost on the heels of the first settlers. They rattle over the stony roads or are dragged through the mud. Early in the spring of 1820 a Mr. Foyles started a stage line from Vincennes to Louisville. The advertisement in the *Western Sun* of Vincennes stated that this was the first stage service started in Indiana. If it was the first on this road it was the first in the State. This stage left Vincennes at 6 a. m. Wednesday and arrived at Louisville at 1 p. m. Friday. Returning it left Louisville Saturday morning and reached Vincennes Monday evening. A branch line ran down to Evansville; and, beginning September 5, 1820, the Union line was opened from Vincennes to St. Louis. For more than twenty years stages made regular trips over this route. At present a stage from Paoli to New Albany runs over a part of this same route. It will soon be a century old. Part of the trip is now made in automobiles, a reminder that the day of the stagecoach is over.

(Madison and Indianapolis Mail Stage)

(From *Indiana Journal*, August 28, 1826. An advertisement.)

ARRIVAL & DEPARTURE

of the

MADISON AND INDIANAPOLIS MAIL STAGE

This stage will leave Indianapolis on every Thursday at 7 o'clock, A. M., arrive at Columbus on Friday at 5 o'clock P. M., leave Columbus on Saturday at 7 o'clock A. M., and arrive at Madison on Sunday at 5 o'clock P. M. Leave Madison on Thursday at 8 o'clock A. M. and arrive at Columbus on Friday at 5 o'clock P. M., leave Columbus on Saturday at 7 o'clock A. M., and arrive at Indianapolis on Sunday at 5 P. M.

The stages are in good order and well-attended. Every care will be taken to render passengers comfortable. Terms of conveyance, six and a fourth cents per mile for grown persons. Each person privileged to carry small packages not exceeding fifteen pounds.

☞ Persons wishing to take a passage on the stage will apply to Jordan Vigus, Indianapolis; Daniel Taylor, Franklin; John C. Hubbard, Columbus; William Hoit, Vernon; and John Irwin, Madison.

JOHN WILSON, Proprietor.

August, 1826.

(Stageline from Indianapolis to Dayton)

(From *Indiana Journal* August 4, 1832. An advertisement.)

Four-horse Stage Coach.

MAIL STAGES

Three Times a Week from Indianapolis to Dayton.

The public are informed that a line of stages is now in operation from Indianapolis to Dayton, passing through in two days and a half.

The stage leaves Indianapolis every Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday at 2 o'clock P. M. and arrives every Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday at 3 P. M.

This route connects with the line of stages from Cincinnati at Eaton, and passengers can go by this route from Indianapolis to Cincinnati in two days and a half.

P. BEERS.

July 10, 1832.

70. Slow Travel by Stage

(From *Indiana Magazine of History*, III, p. 23; article by E. I. Lewis [1907].)

On a Wednesday noon, in 1837, Thomas Goodwin, the well-known veteran Methodist preacher, of Indianapolis, left Brookville for Greencastle to enter old Asbury University. It had been raining. The old four-horse stage lumbered along at a slow rate and reached Bulltown, seventeen miles from Brookville, that night at 7 o'clock. Goodwin put up for the night. The next morning he found a butcher's wagon, without springs, seat or cover—in place of the stagecoach—waiting at the door for him, and in a rainstorm that had set the corduroy afloat, the start was made for Indianapolis. The fifty miles to Indianapolis was one great quagmire and at 8 o'clock that night, when the "stage" was still six miles from the capital, an axle gave way. The driver took Goodwin's trunk ahead of him on the "off" horse, and the contracting agent, with the mail in front of him and his passenger on behind, rode the "nigh" horse to Indianapolis, arriving at midnight and too late to catch the West stage. Goodwin had a day's lay over, in which to inspect the new State House and the largest city he had ever seen.

At 10 o'clock that night he climbed on the nine-seated St. Louis limited stage and started for Putnamville. The road was macadamized as far as Eagle creek, but there the bogs were encountered again, and the stage came to a standstill. The eight male passengers were ordered out and sent to the nearby rail fence to get pries. They extricated the stage from the mudhole and were ready to get aboard, when the driver announced that they had better carry those rails on down the road, for they would need them again. Plainfield, fourteen miles out, was reached in time for breakfast, and Putnamville at 4 o'clock. Goodwin reached Greencastle at 9 o'clock the next Sunday morning, having covered one hundred and twenty-four miles in a little less than four full days, traveling two nights, at a total cost of $8 or $9, fare, and boarding and lodging.

71. An Old Time Western Tavern

(From Thwaites' *Early Western Travels*, IX, pp. 161-162; account by JAMES FLINT [1819]. Copyright. By permission of the Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland.)

This tavern was in Jeffersonville, a town then seventeen years old. It was crowded at the time with land-buyers.

A small degree of aversion to frivolous detail does not prevent me from describing a back-woods tavern. Like its owner, it commonly makes a conspicuous figure in its neighborhood. It is a log, a frame, or a brick house, frequently with a wooden piazza in front. From the top of a

Log Tavern, Indiana.

(Reproduced by permission, from THWAITES' *Early Western Travels*. Copyright, the Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland.)

tall post, the sign-board is suspended. On it, a Washington, a Montgomery, a Wayne, a Pike, or a Jackson, is usually portrayed, in a style that might not be easily deciphered except for the name attached. On the top of the house is a small bell, which is twice rung before meals. Immediately after the second peal, travellers and boarders assemble around the table, where they commence eating without preface.

In such promiscuous parties, the governor of a State, or a general of the militia, may be seen side by side with

the wagoner. The larger towns having taverns of different qualities, and different rates of charges, a distinction of company is the natural consequence. We breakfast and sup on coffee or tea, accompanied with plenty of beef, bacon, chickens, and eggs. The hostess (or host if he is unmarried) takes her seat at the head of the table, and dispenses the tea. One or two hired people (or slaves, in slave-keeping parts of the country) wait at table.

At dinner, wheaten and Indian corn breads, beef, pork, venison, wild turkey, geese, and poultry, are staple articles; with a profusion of vegetables, such as cucumbers, onions, cabbages, beans, and preserved fruits. Lodging in taverns has not generally all the convenience that could be wished for. It is common to see several beds in the same room, and these are simple bedsteads without hangings. There are no bells in the bed-rooms, and other apartments; nor are menials accustomed to move at the signal of the stranger. Water is rarely to be met with in bedrooms; washing is, of course, performed under a shed behind the house, or at the pump.

A full house is always the apology for causing two strangers to sleep in the same bed; the propriety of the custom will always be admitted by the person who arrives latest. It has been my lot to sleep with a diversity of personages, I do believe, from the driver of the stage coach, to men of considerable name. The noted cutaneous disease [itch] is certainly not prevalent; if it was, the beds of taverns, which, like burying grounds, lay all on a level, would soon make the disease as prevalent in this country as in some others in the old world.

If Europeans and others, who indulge in censorious remarks on western taverns and tavern-keepers, would make reasonable allowances for the thinly-settled state of the country, the high price of labor, and the great number of travellers, their criticisms might be somewhat softened. The man who cannot enjoy a placid temper under deprivation of a part of the comforts of a more advanced state of society, is surely to be pitied for having business in the backwoods of America.

72. A Bad Tavern

(From *The Wabash*, by J. R. Beste [1855], I, pp. 303-312.)

The country became more wild; the road more broken; yet onward we toiled. Dark fir woods covered the little we could see of the country; and day was closing in as the longed-for Long's House loomed in sight. It was a single house. My children hurried out of the wagon, and into a neat parlor on the ground floor, where was a bed in a recess.

"On the table," writes Louise, [Mr. Beste's daughter] "lay several books of fashions, magazines, and other books, which I looked over. I had just begun to interest myself in a German ghost story, when a young woman with long ringlets [curls] came in and, taking the book from me, said 'I wish you'd let those books alone, and not go spoiling them that way.' So saying, she left the room, slamming the door after her. At that moment, our youngest brother, who had been asleep on the lap of one of our sisters, woke up and began crying for some tea, he was so thirsty. Mamma was trying to pacify him, when papa came into the room with the landlady."

I had, in fact, driven my wagon to the side of the road, and followed Mr. Long as he led my horses into the large barn at the bottom of his farmyard. Here I had had to consult with him how many ears of Indian corn the horses ought to have with their oats; for it seemed to be considered necessary that they should have some, and to be dangerous to give them too many. The ears were to be paid for at so much each. Mr. Long was an Irishman, who had emigrated many years before; he had married an American, by whom he had a grown-up daughter; he was very civil, but, apparently, melancholy and timid. This I could account for when I became acquainted with his wife and daughter. For, when I now accompanied her into the little room where all my family were congregated, and we asked her to show us our bedrooms, she drily answered that she couldn't spare us any.

"Where, then, are we to sleep?" I asked.

"Oh, you can sleep here, can't you?" she replied.

"What! father, mother, and eleven children?"

"Well, now, if you can't sleep here, I calculate that you must sleep in the wagon."

I had already discovered that, to get even money's worth in these countries, it was necessary to adopt a system of canvassing; to treat every one as one would an unwilling or hostile voter in an English election. Fortunately, we had had experience in such matters; and drawing the cross-grained old woman aside, my wife and I began to butter and coax her with soft sawder, as if we hoped to get her plump [vote] for us. The infernal hag at last so far relented as to place one other, a large double-bedded room, at our disposal. We hurried some of our children into it, to secure it, while others went out into the wagons to fetch in their carpet-bag and dressing-cases, afraid to ask the woman of the house to assist them, lest she should take the room from them again. We now begged to have tea.

"But what do you want tea for?"

"Because," I said, "we have had nothing to eat since two o'clock, and the children are very hungry."

"Well, now, you should have come earlier; for we have all finished this long time, and you would not have us fix it up again, would you?"

Again we had recourse to the "butter" and "soft sawder"; and again, but with greater difficulty, we persuaded mother and daughter to give us what we needed. They boiled the kettle and spread the cloth in another room; whining through their noses and talking at us during the whole time. Once, I unluckily said a few words in praise of their meek husband and father, who wisely stayed with the horses in the stable; my praise only turned their talk against all emigrants and Irishmen.

Meanwhile, Morrison arrived with the luggage wagon and silently drew it up beside the road. He then unharnessed his horses and tied them to a paling; and the first words he spoke to any one, were addressed to the landlord who had come out to greet him:—

"Well, colonel, good evening. Can you oblige me with a few oats and a score of corn heads for these horses?"

"Will you not put them in the stable?" I asked.

"What would be the good? It is a fine warm night. Why should I pay for stable room?"

Our six girls, with their two baby brothers, now took possession of the room which our tactics had won from the she-dragons, Mother and Daughter Long. Our three elder boys went out to pass the night amid the hay in the bottom of our wagon; and I and my wife were left to our parlor downstairs.

"There were two large beds in our room," writes Lucy; "and we took off one of the mattresses and laid it on the floor for our elder sisters, Catherine and Ellen, and our little Isabel. Agnes and Louise took one of the beds, and I had the other for myself and two baby brothers. I was awakened about twenty times during the night, by first one baby kicking me on one side and then the other on the other side. Sometimes they would throw themselves across me; sometimes one of them would kick me in the face in his restless sleep. I had not much rest or sleep that night; but poor Ellen was worse off than I. Each time I woke, she was either tossing about the bed or walking up and down the room, with the toothache, afraid of disturbing Catherine. It was with joy we heard a clock strike six, and we all got up immediately, tired as we were. But here a new difficulty arose, there was neither basin, jug, water, nor towels in the room." We asked our kind hostess to give us some, and she asked, in her usual querulous tone:—

"But what do you want them for?"

"To wash ourselves with."

"Well, then, you can't have them, for we haven't any."

"But what are we to do?"

"You can go down to the yard and you'll find a pump and a towel."

"We did not relish the idea," continues Lucy; "so Ellen dressed herself and went down, and found the daughter of the old woman, and represented to her how she had been suffering all night after a fatiguing day; and how unpleasant it would be to begin another day without making any ablutions. After talking to her thus for a long time—but

with the greatest politeness—she succeeded in obtaining from her a small tin pie-dish and a towel; she then went to the pump, and filled the dish with water, and brought her prize up to us. Imagine what a splendid washing we had in the pie-dish!"

This morning Mrs. Long and her daughter positively refused to give us any breakfast. "It was too much trouble." "There were too many of us." "She had something else to do." "She did not care for our money." And "there was a good hotel one mile further on."

The last motive encouraged us to let her have her own way; and we left her. I forgot all the woes that I imprecated on her head; but my feelings are now calmed down and as, no doubt, the two women have worried their husband and father to death, I now only wish that the daughter may have married some sturdy German emigrant who beats both her and her mother once a week, and compels them to wash themselves. The libellers! Why, according to their showing, American women (they themselves were American born) in the station of farmers' wives, know no other ablutions than what they administer to themselves at the pump in the yard! Can this be true?

73. Flatboating Days: Building a Flatboat

(From *A Pioneer History of Indiana*, by Col. William M. Cockrum [1907], pp. 508-510.)

The heyday of flatboating in Indiana was during the period from 1830 to 1860. Before 1820 the boatmen usually had to walk back from New Orleans or row a boat against the stream. After that date they could return on the steamboats. New Orleans was the wonderland of the West. A trip there then meant as much as a trip to Europe now.

There is scarcely a State in the Mississippi Valley so well situated for this trade as Indiana. The Ohio, the Whitewater, the Wabash to Huntington, the White as far up as Muncie, and Columbus, with the literally hundreds of their tributaries were the thoroughfares for these unmanageable boats. It was customary for the boatmen to gather into little fleets of ten or a dozen and go down the Mississippi together.

Many prosperous farmers loaded their own boats. In other cases a boat would be loaded with the produce of a whole neighborhood. Boating was a profession with some men. The boatmen began as soon as Spring opened by cutting the fine big poplars in the forest for gunwales. These were felled before the sap rose in the spring. As soon as they seasoned they were hauled to the landing and the boat built. The boats were not loaded usually till the first of March. This was a busy time. As soon as the water was right all the hands and teams in the neighborhood were summoned to the landing or port and the work began. Everything was rushed. The women came and cooked for the men so they could eat right on the ground and lose no time. Chickens, geese, turkeys, venison, pork, hogs, cattle, whiskey, corn, meal, flour, stoves, lumber, all were stowed away in the boat and sent to New Orleans. As soon as the last wagon load was aboard the lines were cut and the boat and boatmen floated away. The loaders repaired to the largest nearby house or barn and enjoyed a good frolic, after which the whole neighborhood waited patiently for the return of the boatmen.

To make one of these boats was quite an undertaking. The first thing to do was to secure two gunwales. They were usually made out of large poplar trees and were from sixty to eighty feet in length. A fine large, straight tree was selected, and after it was cut down, two faces of it were hewn, leaving it about twenty-four inches thick. Then it was turned down on large logs and split in halves, hewn down to from twelve to fifteen inches in thickness, thus making both the gunwales out of one tree. The two ends were sloped from six to eight feet, so that when the bottom was on, it had a boat shape, that would run much faster in the water. The gunwales were then hauled to the boat-yard and placed on rollers. The distance apart which was wanted for the width of the boat was usually from fourteen to sixteen feet. Strong sills or girders were framed into the gunwales every eight or ten feet and securely fastened there by strong pins. Small girders or sleepers, to receive the bottom of the boat, were pinned into the cross sills or girders every eighteen inches and even with the bottom of the gunwales. The bottom was made of one and a half inch lumber, the length to reach from outside to outside of

gunwales, where it was securely nailed or pinned and then calked.

The old Indiana flatboat builders used hemp for calking, driving it into the cracks between the edges of the planks with a calking chisel made for the purpose. When this was done, another bottom of inch lumber was made over this that held the calking in place and made the bottom stronger. When the bottom was finished, it was ready for launching. This was done by having large auger holes in the round logs the bottom rested on and turning them with hand spikes. The ground was always sloping toward the river and it did not require much turning until the logs would roll down the slope and carry the boat into the water.

The boat having been made bottom upward had to be turned. A large amount of mud and dirt was piled on the edge of the bottom, which was intended to sink it. Then a check line was fastened to the farthest edge and near the middle the line was carried over a large limb or fork of a tree and two or three yoke of oxen hitched to it. When everything was ready, the boat was turned right side up. It was then full of water, which had to be bailed out. The upper frame work for the body of the boat was made very securely and well braced and the siding was nailed on. Strong joists were put on top of the frame work from side to side to hold the decking. A center girder ran lengthwise of the boat and this rested on a post every six or eight feet. This girder was a little higher than the outer walls, so that the water would run off the deck.

A strong post was fastened in a framework made on the false bottom which came up through the decking about three feet near each end of the boat. Holes were bored in these check posts, so that it could be turned around with long wooden spikes. The check rope was securely fastened to these posts and one end of it was carried to the bank and fastened. By using the spikes the check post would take up the slack and the boat could be securely landed as near the bank as wanted.

There were three long oars; the steering oar had a wide blade on the end and was fastened to a post on the back

of the boat. This oar was used as a rudder in guiding the direction of the boat. The other two oars were used as sweeps to propel the boat and to pull her out of eddies. This crudely fashioned boat would carry a large amount of produce. The pork was usually packed in the boat in bulk; flour, wheat and corn were stored on raised floors so as to keep them dry. On small rivers when the water was at flood tide, two hundred thousand pounds of pork, one thousand bushels of corn and many other articles of produce would be carried.

The pioneers made their location where there was plenty of good spring water, but at a later date they had two objects in selecting their homes; first to be near a mill or a place where there was a good mill-site; second to be not far from a river where a flatboat could be loaded with produce. The money paid for the produce to load the boats brought great prosperity to the country. On the lower Mississippi, where the great sugar plantations were, there was a great demand for this provision. A boat would tie to the bank near one of these immense plantations and would sell the owner a half boat-load of meat, corn and flour.

It took one of these boats a month to run out of the Wabash down to New Orleans. They would sell their load of produce and then sell the boat. These old boatmen were a jolly, generous, light-hearted set of men, and would often lash their boats together and float for several days and nights in that way on the lower Mississippi.

74. Indiana Flatboats at New Orleans

(From the Indianapolis *Journal*, Aug. 1, 1834; article by JOHN MATTHEWS.)

In the spring of 1829, I was standing on the levee at New Orleans, amid the crowded hundreds who throng that place every day at that season of the year. I marked the astonishment of the numerous persons at the amazing quantity of flatboats from Indiana, and amongst others, two foreign gentlemen whose conversation I chanced to overhear. One of them said to the other, "Indiana must be a very large State, or she could never send so many boats."

Little did they think that all those boats were from a very small portion, perhaps less than a tenth part of our State. The great number of Indiana boats was the common topic of the boatmen as well as of strangers. All seemed to agree that one-half of the boats then at New Orleans were from Indiana!—And I thought that one-fourth of that number were out of White river.

The following article from the New Orleans *Picayune,* copied by the Logansport *Herald,* October 1, 1839, shows how the Hoosier flatboatman was regarded in New Orleans.

He is frank, free, and generous—of a noble nature, and his utter unbelief in deception and chicanery, too often make him the dupe of the dishonest and the victim of the vicious. We *do* love to see a Hoosier roll along the levee with the proceeds of the plunder of his flatboat in his pocket. It is the wages of industry—of labor performed at the impulse of his own free will; and no lordly ecclesiastic or titled layman dares claim a cent of it. He feels the pride of his place and would not barter his situation for the empty popularity, or the enviable notoriety which is often the recompense of the statesman, or of him who embarks on the troubled waters of public life. He feels that on his return to his home he is master as it were of "all he surveys." He can, sitting round the bright and blazing wood fire, relate city scenes or adventures of travel to his credulous neighbors, and although he may not do it with the elegance of a Willis or the fidelity of an Irving, he does it in language understood by his audience, and in accents which never fail to interest. He knows there is no taskmaster to say when he shall work and when rest—himself is sole arbiter in the case. He knows that he may aid at the "log rolling," join the "apple be," frolic, go to the "corn hoeing," "corn husking," or "coon hunt" of his neighbors, or indulge in any other amusement or occupation which his fancy may dictate. To use an independent, though not very elegant expression, he knows full well that when he gets home he may do just as he "d——n pleases." But let us take another view of him on the levee. See with

what pity he regards those who are confined to the unchanging monotony of a city life, and observe how he despises uniformity of dress. He has just donned a new blue dresscoat with silk linings and flowered gilt buttons. His new pants look rather short for the present fashion; but this is easy to account for. They were of stocking fit or French cut at the instep, and thinking they pressed rather closely to be comfortable, he has curtailed them of some six inches of their fair proportions. He carries a dozen new shirts—some colored and some of white or linen in his hand, but he glories in still sporting the same unpolished peg boots, and the woolen, round topped, wide leafed hat in which he set out from home. The Hoosier says, or rather seems to say—

'A life in the woods for me.'

and his happy and independent life attests the wisdom of his choice.

75. A Ferry-Boat "Ad"

(From *Indiana Journal*, June 7, 1825.)

In the days before bridges there were necessarily far more ferries than at present. Every county had licensed ferrymen. On the Louisville-Vincennes stage road there were two well-known ferries, one over Driftwood at Houghton's or Mount Pleasant, the other over White river at Maysville. The ferryman was usually a tavern-keeper as well. The following advertisement shows the importance of the business in the early period of our history.

NEW FERRY

THE subscriber informs his friends and the public, that, having obtained authority from the Board of Justices of Morgan County, he has established a FERRY on White River, about a mile below the Bluffs, and at the place where the road from Franklin to Crawfordsville crosses the river. His boat is new, strong, and well-built, and the landing on either side is excellent, so that travellers and others can cross with the utmost safety and convenience.

The strictest attention will be paid to those who may favor him with a call.

Benjamin Mills.

76. A Steamboat Trip on the Wabash

(From *Recollections of the Early Settlement of the Wabash Valley*, by Sanford C. Cox [1860], pp. 141-144.)

The pioneers had great hopes that many of the interior streams of Indiana could be made navigable for small steamboats. The early newspapers are full of schemes for navigating these streams. The State at one time undertook to clear them of bars and drifts. Merchants and townbuilders offered masters of small steamers large rewards if they would run their boats far up the streams so they might be called navigable.

Little serious effort was ever spent on any of the minor streams, but greater hopes were built on the possibilities of White river and the Wabash. It was confidently believed that White river could be opened to the year-round navigation of boats of large tonnage. During the session of 1825 Alexander Ralston was appointed to examine the obstructions in West fork of White river from Sample's mill, in Randolph county, to its junction with the East fork, and the latter from the junction of Blue river and Sugar creek in the southeast corner of Johnson county to its mouth, and to report to the next Legislature. Much spasmodic and ineffective labor was spent on these streams, but the recurring freshets kept the rivers full of drifts and uprooted trees. The journals of the Legislature contain numerous petitions to break up drifts that had interrupted navigation. These streams formed the main outlet for the surplus farm products of their valleys. Flatboats were built, loaded in convenient pools, and, when the water reached the proper stage, were floated down to the Wabash and Ohio, then either reshipped or taken on to New Orleans. Hundreds of these went down the Wabash every year.

Upstream navigation was well-nigh impossible, but was occasionally resorted to when roads were impassable. It was difficult to get along the shore with a tow line, so the only way to propel a boat upstream was with sharp poles set against the bottom. This plan was used most on the Upper Wabash from Lafayette to Logansport and Peru. Steamboats rarely went above Lafayette, and for several years an extensive commerce in salt and manufactured goods was carried on between that place and upstream towns by means of pole-boats. For this purpose they used a flat-bottomed boat thirty to forty feet long, with four foot-guards, along which six or eight men walked and pushed with spike poles set against the bottom. In this manner three or four tons could be driven eight to ten miles per day.

There were many attempts in the early years of Indiana to pilot steamboats up to the upper Wabash towns. The best water usually came in March. In 1821 Mr. Linton, a trader from Terre Haute, had a steamer run to that town, which they estimated to be three hundred miles from the Ohio. A merchant of Lafayette, named Elston, freighted a steamer to that town as early as 1825. On March 24, 1830, Captain John Moon, of Ripley, Ohio, ran the "Paragon" to the mouth of Rock creek, about twelve miles below Logansport. They reported good water—six and one-half feet—on the bar below Logansport. These reports, and the fact that boats could be loaded anywhere along the river for the New Orleans market, brought a rush of settlers.

During the June freshet in 1834, a little steamer, called the "Republican," advertised that she would leave the wharf at Lafayette for Logansport on a given day. A few of us concluded to take a pleasure trip on the "Republican" and be on the pioneer steamboat that would land at Logansport, a thriving town situated at the confluence of the Wabash and Eel rivers, in the heart of a beautiful and fertile region of country. At the hour appointed the "Republican" left the landing at Lafayette under a good head of steam, and "walked the waters like a thing of life." We soon passed Cedar Bluffs, Davis' Ferry, the mouths of Wild Cat and Tippecanoe, and began to anticipate a quick and successful trip. But soon after passing the Delphi landing, the boat stuck fast upon a sand-bar, which detained us for several hours.

Another and another obstruction was met with every few miles, which were overcome with much difficulty, labor, and delay. At each successive sand-bar the most of the boat's crew, and many of the passengers got out into the water and lifted at the boat, or pulled upon a large rope that was extended to the shore—an important auxiliary to steam power to propel the vessel over these obstructions. Night overtook us stuck fast upon the bottom of the river below Tipton's port.

"Tired nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep," reinvigorated all hands for the labor of the following day, which was spent in a similar manner to the afternoon of

the day before, in lifting in the water and pulling at the capstan. At length we arrived at Georgetown Rapids, about seven miles below Logansport, which we were informed was the only shoal water we would have before reaching our destination.

Here extraordinary efforts were made to ascend the rapids. Col. Pollard and Job B. Eldridge, Esq., of Logansport, who had goods on board, and were both laboring in the water and at the capstan, were particularly anxious that Captain Towe would reach that place, and his boat have the honor and advantage of being the first steamer that had ascended as high as that point, and receive a bonus of several hundred dollars, that had been offered as a premium to the captain of the first steamer that should land at their wharf.

Several days and nights were spent in fruitless attempts to get over the rapids. All hands, except the women, and a few others were frequently in the water up to their chins, for hours together, endeavoring to lift the boat off the bar. The water fell rapidly, and prevented the boat from either ascending farther up, or returning down the river. While at this place we were visited by several companies of well dressed and fine looking Miami and Pottawattomie Indians, of all ages and sexes, who would sit for hours on the bank admiring the boat, which they greatly desired to see in motion, under a full head of steam. After four days and nights ineffectual effort to proceed, the boat was abandoned by all except the captain and a part of his crew.

Two or three weeks afterwards over a dozen yoke of large oxen were brought down from Logansport, and the "Republican" was hauled over the ripples and sand-bars to Logansport, and the citizens of that place and the surrounding country had the luxury of a steamboat arrival on the 4th of July, and Captain Towe had the (doubtful) honor of being the commander of the first steamboat that visited Logansport; for it cost him his boat, which bilged soon after its arrival in port, and its hull, years

afterwards, might be seen lying sunk to the bottom of the Wabash near its confluence with the waters of Eel river.

During the next summer there was another June freshet in the Wabash, and the steamboat "Science" was advertised for a trip to Logansport, Peru, and Chief Godfroy's Village above the mouth of the Mississinewa. The unusually high stage of the river gave fine promise of a successful trip, and some seventy or eighty of the citizens of Lafayette, a majority of whom were ladies, went on board for a pleasure trip up the Wabash. At Delphi and other points along the river, considerable accessions were made to our company. The boat reached Logansport without any difficulty. There was a large increase of passengers from this point. The Tiptons, Lasselles, Durets, Polks, Johnsons, and many other of the old settlers of the town turned out, many of them with their entire families, for a steamboat excursion, to visit the neighboring towns of Peru, and their aboriginal neighbors, and valuable customers at Godfroy's Village.

The boat left the wharf at Logansport under a full head of steam, which was considered necessary to carry her over the rapids a short distance above town. Our gallant boat failed to make the ripple—and after puffing and snorting for about two hours without gaining over forty feet, she dropped back to the foot of the rapids, where several hundred of the passengers went ashore to walk round the rapids, and preparations were made for an extra effort to ascend the rapids. Rosin, tar, and sides of bacon were freely cast into the fire, to create more steam, and another longer and stronger effort was made to get over the rapids, but in vain. Several old men, and invalids, and quite a number of old ladies remained on board the boat.

On this second attempt to get over the rapids, all of us who remained on the boat were in great danger of losing our lives. By some means the boat became unmanageable, and darted in a backward and lateral direction toward an island, swift as the running current could carry it. On seeing this sudden change in the course of the boat, the captain, mate, and several of the boat's crew leaped over-

board with a large cable in their hands, on witnessing which some of the passengers cried, "We are lost!" The women shrieked and clung to each other and their male friends in knots in different parts of the ladies' cabin.

I remember saying, "no danger, no danger," as I pressed to the door of the ladies' saloon, from which I intended to spring out into the river; but on opening, I found three female acquaintances clinging to my arms and coat skirts, declaring they would go with me, if I left the boat. Quick as electricity the thought flashed through my mind that it would be impossible for me to swim ashore with so many holding fast to me; and just at that moment the keel of the boat near the middle struck upon a stone in the bed of the river, which turned the boat out into the stream, and she darted like an arrow past the island, upon which she would have been dashed to pieces, had she not, providentially, hit upon the stone, to which circumstance the captain attributed the saving of his boat, and perhaps the lives of a majority of those on board at that time.

After thus narrowly escaping the destruction of his boat, the captain deemed it prudent to drop down to Logansport again, and lighten the boat. Over two hundred barrels of flour and salt were taken off the boat, which laid that night at the landing at Logansport—and one hundred or more of the citizens of Lafayette and Delphi shared the hospitality of their neighbors at Logansport. After all the hotels and boarding houses were filled to overflowing, private houses were thrown open to accommodate those who could not get lodging on the boat, and the next morning scores were willing to bear witness to the kindness and hospitality of the citizens of Logansport.

77. First Steamboat on White River

(From *Indiana Magazine of History*, II, pp. 95-96; account by John Scott [about 1875].)

In 1829, I continued on the steamboat, "Victory," running up and down the Ohio river until near the last of August; then the "Victory" laid up to repair. I then went aboard of the steamboat "Traveler," William Sanders,

master, bound for New Orleans. Yellow fever was raging in New Orleans at this time. After our safe return from New Orleans, I asked Captain Sanders for my discharge; he would not hear of it, and went up to Louisville—our boat was lying at Shippingport. When he returned he said: "I have got a full load to go up White river to Spencer." White river empties into the Wabash river near Mt. Carmel, though on the opposite side of the river. Spencer is in Indiana. So we loaded the boat with salt. Neither of us was ever up White river, but we went on our way up the Wabash to Mt. Carmel, then up the White river. White river is a small stream and very crooked; we went over mill-dams, for the water was high, and we finally arrived at Spencer. The steamboat "Traveler" was the first steamboat that ever turned a wheel on White river; William Sanders, master.

The water commenced falling so we had to hurry out our load of salt, and go out of the river as soon as possible. Captain Sanders said we would run down the river about thirty miles, land some passengers, and stay there all night, as we had told him we could not run in the night. It was Christopher's first watch. We went down White river and landed the passengers, sometime in the fore part of the night. The Captain then said, "We will go on tonight." Christopher said nothing, and away we went. I told Christopher if he could stand it, I could. So my partner stood watch [pilot] until twelve o'clock and then called me up. When I took hold of the wheel I do not think I was ever in such a bad fix in my life, for a man that is a pilot can generally see the river all the way ahead of him. However, I told my partner that I would go it blind. If there was ever any time in my life when I longed for the light of day that was the time. So we continued on down until I heard the chickens crow; then I knew it was not long until daylight. The first thing I knew we went into the Wabash river, then I was all right. The Wabash, after White river, appeared to be as wide as the Mississippi and we went on our way rejoicing to Louisville, without accident.

CHAPTER XIII

TRAVEL STORIES

Travel in "the West" from 1800 to 1830 had the same attraction for eastern people as traveling among the western ranches and Rocky mountains has at present. No foreigner thought of "doing" America without crossing the Alleghenies. There were two main roads by which the travelers came west. Most of them came up the Hudson and Mohawk rivers to Lake Erie. From Cleveland or Toledo they crossed Ohio State to Cincinnati. Thence they went by stage to Frankfort or down the Ohio river to Madison or Louisville. The Wabash country had a great reputation even in Europe. An early Presbyterian missionary wrote back to Connecticut that the Wabash came near being his ideal of Paradise. From the Ohio river the travelers reached the Wabash valley either by stage or by the Wabash boats. The boats ran for only a few months in the spring. If the travellers came by stage they usually started from Madison or Lawrenceburg and came to Indianapolis, whence they took stage for Terre Haute, Lafayette or Logansport. At a later date they came by the Wabash and Erie canal either from Toledo or Evansville. Some of the wealthier travellers bought teams at Louisville, or Cincinnati and drove through, passing on across Illinois, and selling their teams at St. Louis. The roads and taverns were a continual surprise to these travellers, many of whom were used to the roads and taverns, and especially the servants, of Europe. Their comments often give us a sidelight not to be had from the old settlers themselves, to whom the manners and customs of the tavern and stage were common everyday affairs, not worth mentioning.

78. From the Ohio to the New Purchase

(From *The New Purchase*, by Baynard R. Hall [1855], pp. 46-52.)

Baynard R. Hall came to Indiana before 1823 and settled near Gosport. In 1823 he became the first principal of the Indiana State Seminary. He was a graduate of Union College and of Princeton Theological Seminary. He soon entered into the pioneer life of Indiana and became one of the best marksmen with the rifle in the neighborhood. His salary as principal of Indiana Seminary

was $250 per year of ten months. This was considered very high. He remained seven and one-half years at Bloomington. His book, *The New Purchase*, is the best description of pioneer life available. In it under the designation "Mr. C." (or Mr. Carlton) he conceals his own identity.

"Who could have dreamed, my dear," said Mrs. C. to her husband, "these forests, so picturesque when seen from the Ohio, concealed such roads?"

Mr. C. made no reply; although the phenomenon was certainly very remarkable. In fact, his idea about the Muses was passing in review—and he thought, maybe after all, it was something else that had echoed the flute notes. The lady's query, however, and the gentleman's silence occurred about thirty miles due north of the Ohio river, in a very new State of the far west. They were seated in a two-horse Yankee cart—a kind of mongrel dearborn—amid what was now called their "plunder"—with a hired driver on the front seat, and intending to find, if possible, a certain spot in a very uncertain part of the New Purchase—about one hundred and twenty miles in the interior, and beyond Shining river.[27] This was the second day in the elementary lessons of the forest travelling; in which, however, they had been sufficiently fortunate as to get a taste of buttermilk land"—"spouty land"—"mash land"—"rooty and snaggy land"—of mud holes, ordinary and extraordinary—of quicksands—and "corduroys" woven single and double twill—and even fords with and without bottom.

The autumn is decidedly preferable for travelling on the virgin soil of native forests One may go then mostly by land and find the roads fewer and shorter; but in the early spring, branches—small creeks—are brim full, and they hold a great deal; concealed fountains bubble up in a thousand places where none were supposed to lurk; creeks turn to rivers, and rivers to lakes, and lakes to bigger ones; and as if this was too little water, out come the mole rivers that have burrowed under the earth, and which, when so unexpectedly found, are styled out there—"lost rivers!" And

[27] White River.

every district of a dozen miles square has a lost river. Travelling by land becomes of course travelling by water, or by both, mixed, viz., mud and water. Nor is it possible, if one would avoid drowning or suffocation, to keep the law and follow the blazed road; but he tacks first to the right and then to the left, often making both losing tacks; and all this, not to find a road but a place where there is no road—mud thick enough to bear, or that has at least some bottom.

Genuine Hoosiers, Corn-crackers, all that sort of geniuses—lose comparatively little time in this species of navigation; for such know instinctively where it is proper to quit the submerged road of the legislature. And so we, at last, in utter despair of finding a royal road to the New Purchase, did enter souse into the most ill-looking, dark-coloured morasses, enlivened by streams of purer mud crossing at right angles, and usually much deeper than we cared to discover.

The first night we had stayed at a "public" tavern; yet, while the tavern was of brick, candor forces me to record that affairs so much resembled the hardware and crockery in their streaked and greasy state after Messrs. Brown & Co. had cleaned them, that we were rejoiced—prematurely, however,—when morning allowed us, half-refreshed, to resume our land tacking. But more than once afterwards did we sigh for the comforts of the Brick Tavern, with its splendid sign of the sun rising and setting between two partitions of paint intended for hills; and which sun looked so much like spreading rays, that a friend soberly asked us afterwards if we didn't "put up the first night at the sign of the Fan?"

This chapter opens up after sunset on our second day, and we inquired with much anxiety at a miserable cabin, how far it was to the next tavern, and were answered—"A smart bit yet—maybe more nor three miles by the blaze, but the most powerfulest road!" Since early morning we had, with incessant driving, done nearly twenty miles; if then we had, in a bad road, done by daylight about one and a half miles per hour, how were we likely to do

three miles in the dark, and over what a native styled—the "most powerfulest road"? Hence, as the lady of the cabin seemed kind, and more than once expressed compassion for "my womin body"—so she called Mrs. C.;—and as she "allowed" we had better stop where we were, we with a sudden and very respectful remembrance of the Rising or Setting Fan Tavern, agreed to halt. And so!—at last—we were going really and actually to pass a night in a veritable, rity-dity cabin!—in a vast forest too!—and far enough from all the incumbrances of eastern civilization!

"And did you not thrill, Mr. Carlton?"

I rather think, kind reader, I did; at least I felt some sort of a shiver; especially as the gloom of the frightful shades increased; and the deafening clangor of innumerable rude frogs in the mires and on the trees arose; and the whirl and hum and buzz of strange, savage insects and reptiles, and of winged and unwinged bugs, began and increased and grew still louder; and vapours damp, chilly and fetid ascended and came down; and the only field in sight was a few yards of "clearing," stuck with trunks of "deadened" trees and great stumps blackened with the fires! And I think the thrill, or whatever it was, grew more and more intense on turning towards the onward road, and finding a suspicion in my mind that it only led to the endless repetition of the agreeable night scene around us—ah! ha!—maybe to—Then came retrospective visions of friends in the far East—till—"what?"—I hardly know what—till something, however, like a wish came, that it were as easy to float up the Ohio as down. Heyho! Nor was the cabin a fac-simile of those built in dreams and novels and magazines. Mine were of bark, and as neat as a little girl's baby house! This had, indeed, bark enough about, but still not put up poetically. It was in truth a barbarous rectangle of unhewed and unbarked logs, and bound together by a gigantic dove-tailing called "notching." The roof was of thick, rickety shingles, called "clapboards," which when clapped on were held down by longitudinal poles kept apart by shorter pieces placed between

them perpendicularly. The interstices of the log-wall were "chinked"—the "chinking" being large chips and small slabs dipping like strata of rocks in geology; and then on the chinking was the "daubing"—a quantity sufficient of yellow clay, ferociously splashed in by the hand of the architect, and then left to harden at its leisure. Rain and frost had here, however, caused mud daubing to disappear; so that from without could be clearly discerned through the wall, the light of fire and candle, and from within, the light of sun, moon, and stars—a fair and harmless tit for tat.

The chimney was outside the cabin and a short distance from it. This article was built as boys in rainy weather make on the kitchen hearth stick houses of light wood;—for it consisted of layers of little logs reposing on one another at their corners and topped off when high enough with flagstones. It was, moreover, daubed, and so admirably as to look like a mud stack! That, however, was, as I afterwards found, inartistical—the daubing of chimneys correctly being a very nice task, although just as dirty as political daubing.

The inside cabin had one room below and one loft above —to which, however, was no visible ascent. I think the folks climbed up at the corner. The room contained principally beds, the other furniture being a table, "stick chairs," and some stools with from two to three legs apiece. Crockery and calabashes shared the mantel with two dangerous looking rifles and powder horns. The iron was shifted for itself about the fireplace, where awkward feet feeling for the fire or to escape it, pushed kettle against pot and skillet against dutch oven.

What French cook committed suicide because something was not done "to a turn"? Ample poetic justice may be done to his wicked ghost by some smart writer, by chaining him with an iambic or two to the jamb of that cabin hearth —there forever to be witness of its cookery. There came first the pettish outcries of two matron hens dangled along to a hasty execution; then notes of preparation sung out by the tea-kettle; then was jerked into position the dutch oven straddling with three short legs over the burning

coals; and lastly the skillet began sputtering forth its boiling lard, or grease of some description. The instruments ready, the hostess aided by a little barefooted daughter, whose white hair was wisped at the top of the head with a string and horn comb, the hostess put into the oven balls of wet corn meal, and then slapped on the lid red hot and covered with coals, with a look and motion equal to this sentence—"Get out of that! till you're done." Then the two fowls, but a moment since kicking and screeching at being killed, were doused into the skillet in hot oil, where they moved around dismembered, as if indignant now at being fried.

We travellers shifted quarters repeatedly during these solemn operations, sometimes to get less heat, sometimes more, and sometimes to escape the fumes direct; but usually, to get out of the way. That, however, being impracticable, we at length sat extempore, and were kicked and jostled accordingly. In the meanwhile our landlady—in whom was much curiosity, a little reverence, and a misty idea that her guests were great folks, and towards whom as aristocrats it was republican to feel enmity—our landlady maintained at intervals a very lively talk, as for example:

"From Loo'ville, I allow?"

"No—from Philadelphia."

A sudden pause—a turn to look at us more narrowly, while she still affectionately patted some wet meal into shape for the oven.

"Well!—now!—I wonder!—hem! Come to enter land, 'spose—powerful bottom on the Shining—heavy timber, though. He's your old man, mam?"

Mrs. C. assented. The hostess then stooped to deposit the perfect ball, and continued:

"Our wooden country's mighty rough, I allow, for some folks—right hard to git gals here, mam,—folks has to be thar own niggers, mam—what mought your name be?"

Mrs. C. told the lady, and then in a timid and piteous sort of tone inquired if girls could not be hired by the year? To this the landlady replied at first with a stare—then with a smile—and then added:

"Well! sort a allow not—most time, mam, you'll have to work your own ash-hopper"—"Nan"—name of little flax head—"Nan, sort a turn them thare chickens."

And thus the cabin lady kept on doing up her small stock of English into Hoosierisms and other figures; now, with the question direct—now, the question implied: then with a soliloquy—then an apostrophe: and all the time cleaning and cutting up chickens, making pones, and working and wriggling among pots, skillets and people's limbs and feet, with an adroitness and grace gained by practice only; and all this, without upsetting anything, scalding any body, or even spilling any food—excepting, maybe a little grease, flour and salt. Nor did she lose time by dropping down curtsey fashion to inspect the progress of things baked or fried: but she bent over as if she had hinges in the hips, according to nature doubtless, but contrary to the *Lady's Book;* although the backward motion made to balance the head projected beyond the base, did render garments short by nature still shorter, as grammarians would say, by position.

Corn-bread takes its own time to bake. Hence it was late when the good woman, having placed the "chicken fixins' " on a large dinner-plate, and poured over them the last drop of unabsorbed and unevaporated oil, set all on the table, and then, giving her heated and perspiring face a last wipe with the corner of her tow-linen apron, and also giving her thumb and finger a rub on the same cleanser, she sung out the ordinary summons:

"Well, come, sit up."

This sit-up we instantly performed, while she stood up to pour out the tea, complimenting all the time its quality, saying—" 'Tisn't nun of your spice-wood or yarb stuff, but the rele gineine store tea." Nanny remained near the dutch oven to keep us supplied with red-hot pones, or corn-balls—and hard enough to do execution from cannon. The teacups used, held a scant pint; and to do exact justice to each cup, the mistress held the teacup in one hand and the water-pot in the other, pouring from both at once till the cup was brim-full of the mixture:—an admir-

able system of impartiality, and if the pots have spouts of equal diameters, the very way to make precisely "half and half." But sorry am I to say, that on the present occasion, the water-pot had the best and easiest delivery.

"And could you eat, Mr. Carlton?"

How could we avoid it, Mr. Nice? Besides, we were most vulgarly hungry. And the consequence was, that, at the arrival of the woodman and his two sons, other corn-bread was baked, and, for want of chicken, bacon was fried.

79. Traveling the Circuit

(From *Early Indiana Trials and Sketches*, by Senator O. H. Smith [1857], pp. 168-169.)

The "Circuit" was the circuit of courts of which there were seven in the State. The "president" judge was appointed by the General Assembly. The associate judges were elected by the different counties and served also as county commissioners. The president judge and the "great" lawyers traveled together from county to county trying "causes." The people flocked to the courts to hear the "great" lawyers plead. Their arguments had very little law in them but they would declaim till red in the face about liberty, justice, national honor, the constitution, and the glories of the Revolutionary fathers. It is said Governor James Brown Ray could be heard a mile when "pleading." The courts were often held out of doors.

The fall term of the Circuit Court, 1825, found Judge Eggleston and myself well mounted, once more on the Circuit. The Judge was upon his pacing Indian pony, the same that I afterward rode through an electioneering Congressional campaign; I then rode my "Gray Fox." We were joined at Centerville by James Rariden, mounted on "Old Gray," one of the finest animals I have ever seen. Our Court was to be held on the next Monday at Fort Wayne. We reached Winchester late in the evening and took lodgings at the hotel of Paul W. Way.

After early breakfast we were once more upon our horses, with one hundred miles through the wilderness before us. There were two Indian paths that led to Fort Wayne, the one by chief Francis Godfroy's on the Sala-

monia river, the other in a more easterly direction, crossing the Mississinewa higher up and striking the "Quaker trace" from Richmond to Fort Wayne, south of the head waters of the Wabash river. After a moment's consultation, Mr. Rariden, who was our guide, turned the head of "Old Gray" to the eastern path, and off we started, at a brisk travelling gait in high spirits. The day passed away; it was very hot, and there was no water to be had for ourselves or horses. About one o'clock we came to the Wabash river, nearly dried up, but there was grass upon the bank for our horses, and we dismounted, took off the saddles, blankets and saddle-bags, when the question arose, should we hold the horses while they grazed, tie them to bushes, spancel them, or turn them loose? We agreed that the latter was the best for the horses and the easiest for us, but I raised the question of safety, and brought up the old adage, "Safe bind, safe find." Mr. Rariden.—"You could not drive Old Gray away from me." Judge Eggleston.—"My Indian pony will never leave me." I made no promises for my "Gray Fox." The bridles were taken off, and the horses turned loose to graze. A moment later, Old Gray stuck up his head, turned to the path we had just come, and bounded off at a full gallop, swarming with flies, followed by the pacing pony of the Judge, at his highest speed. Fox lingered behind, but soon became infected with the bad example of his associates, and away they all went, leaving us sitting under the shade of a tree that stood for years afterward on the bank of the Wabash. Our horses were, a week afterward, taken up at Fort Defiance, in Ohio, and brought to us at Winchester on our return. It took us but a moment to decide what to do. Ten miles would take us to Thompson's on Townsend's Prairie. Our saddles and blankets were hung up above the reach of the wolves. Each took his saddle-bags on his back, and started at a quickstep —Rariden in the lead, Judge Eggleston in the center, and I brought up the rear. The heat was intense. None of us had been much used to walking.

Near night we reached the prairie worn down with heat and fatigue. The thunders were roaring and the lightnings

flashing from the black clouds in the west. A storm was coming up on the wings of a hurricane, and ten minutes after we arrived at Mr. Thompson's it broke upon us in all its fury, and continued raining in torrents during the night. We were in a low, one story cabin, about twenty feet square, no floor above, with a clapboard roof. Supper, to us, dinner, was soon ready. Three articles of diet were on the plain walnut table, corn-dodgers, boiled squirrels, and sassafras tea. To us it was sumptuous and thankfully received. Supper over, we soon turned in, and such a night of sweet sleep I never had before or since. The next morning our saddles and blankets were brought to us from the Wabash. The landlord provided us with ponies and we set forward at full speed, and arrived at Fort Wayne that night.

80. Travel on the Old National Road

(From *Indiana Magazine of History*, III, pp. 76-78; article by Benjamin S. Parker [1903].)

This road at first ran from Cumberland, Maryland, to the Ohio river at Wheeling, and was called the Cumberland Road. Later is was decided to extend it to St. Louis by way of Columbus, Indianapolis, and Vandalia, the three State capitals. The railroads overtook it at Terre Haute and it was completed no further. It reached Wheeling in 1818, Columbus (Ohio) in 1833, Indianapolis in 1834, and was opened—i. e., trees removed but road not built—to Vandalia in 1852. The schedule of the mail stage from Washington, D. C., was thirty hours to Wheeling, forty-five to Columbus, sixty to Indianapolis, and seventy-five to Vandalia. See selection number 66.

From morning till night there was a continual rumble of wheels, and, when the rush was greatest, there was never a minute that wagons were not in sight, and as a rule, one company of wagons was closely followed by another.

Many families occupied two or more of the big road wagons then in use, with household goods and their implements, while extra horses, colts, cattle, sheep and sometimes hogs were led or driven behind. Thus, when five or ten families were moving in company, the procession of

wagons, men, women, children and stock was quite lengthy and imposing. The younger women often drove the teams, while the men and boys walked by turns, to drive and look after the stock; and now and then there would be an old-fashioned carriage, set upon high wheels to go safely over stumps and through streams. The older women and little children occupied these, and went bobbing up and down on the great leather springs which were the fashion sixty years ago.

But everybody did not travel in that way. Single families, occupying only a single one or two-horse wagon or cart, frequently passed along, seeming as confident and hopeful as the others; while even the resolute family, the members of which carried their worldly possessions upon their backs or pushed them forward in hand-wagons, was not an unfamiliar spectacle to the little boys who watched by the way.

The wagons, horses and other belongings of the movers were fair indications, not only of their worldly condition and intelligence, but also of the sections from whence they came. The great Pennsylvania wagons, with their elaborately panelled beds, running up high in front and rear, were also used by the better-to-do Virginians and Carolinians, with this difference, that the Pennsylvania wagons were very large and often drawn by four or six fine horses, well-matched for size and color, while the Virginians and Carolinians seldom drove more than two horses. A company of these well-to-do movers with their great wagons, large, well-groomed horses in heavy harness, glittering with brass-headed rivets, rings and other ornaments, with bows of melodious bells, either above the points of the hames or upon the heavy backbands, and with great housings of bear-skin covering the shoulders and red plumes nodding from the headgear, was a sight that the small boy put down in his book of memory, never to be forgotten.

Very different from these were the little Southern carts, drawn by the little, bony Southern horses. It is a matter of tradition that numbers of these little Carolina wagons and

carts were wrought of the tough young oak timber that grew upon the old fields of the South, and that the wood was so tenacious of fiber and the vehicles so well constructed by the rural wagon-makers, that they stood up through the journey over the mountains and along the roughest of roads without the aid of so much as an iron nail, and without tires or any kind of metal brace. The feet of the horses or mules that drew them were also guiltless of iron, and the children in the villages and upon the farms were quick to discover the arrival of a new Carolina family by the tracks of the tireless wheels and shoeless horses.

With the tinkling of the bells, the rumbling of the wheels, the noise of the animals, and the chatter of the people as they went forward, the little boy who had gone to the road from his lonesome home in the woods was captivated and carried away into the great active world. But the greatest wonder and delight of all was the stage coach, radiant in new paint and drawn by its four matched horses in their showy harness, and filled inside and on top with well-dressed people. I think yet that there has never been a more graceful or handsome turnout than one of these fine old stage-coaches drawn by a splendid team of matched horses, and driven by such drivers as used to handle the ribbons between Richmond and Indianapolis. We could hear the driver playing his bugle as he approached the little town, and it all seemed too grand and fine to be other than a dream.

81. Along the Wabash and Erie Canal

(From *The Wabash*, by J. Richard Beste [1855], II, pp. 191-196.)

For an account of Mr. Beste's travels, see introduction to selection 67.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, we stepped from the little quay at Terre Haute on board the Indiana canal boat. Three horses were harnessed to a rope, about fifty yards ahead of the boat; they started at a moderate trot; and the town, where we had tarried so long, was soon lost to our sight. No other passengers were on board: and we

wandered over the vessel, well pleased with the promise it gave us of tolerable accommodation. The captain, a very young man, was civil and attentive to our wants: and told us that tea would be served at seven o'clock, which there, on that day, was the precise hour of sunset.

The construction of the canal boat was—in miniature—much the same as that of the lake and river steamers. There was no hold or under-deck; but, on the deck at the stern, were raised the kitchen, steward's room, and offices; in the center of the boat, was the large saloon—the sitting room of all by day, the sleeping room of male passengers by night—adjoining it was the ladies' saloon; beyond which again, was a small cabin containing only four berths. This cabin was separated by a doorway and curtain from the ladies' saloon, and on the other side opened upon the bow of the vessel. In it, was a looking-glass, a hand basin, two towels, a comb and a brush, for the use of the ladies.

It was a rule in the boats that no gentlemen should go into the ladies' saloon without express invitation from the ladies. Consequently, the third little room was sacred to the female sex unless entered from the bow, in which case a male occupant would cut off the ladies from their wash-house. Dr. Read had, however, declared that it was necessary that I should have this small room, in order that I might be secure from the draughts and night air that would be let into the men's saloon at night: and the canal boat agents at Terre Haute had contracted to secure the same for me throughout the length of the passage. Dr. Read had particularly insisted on this, fearing that the slightest chill would produce a return of the illness from which I was, in truth, scarcely convalescent.

A flat roof spread over the whole of the saloons; and on it was piled the luggage; and here passengers walked up and down or sat to enjoy the view.

The view, however, as yet "was nought:" the banks were low; and thick woods, in which were only partial clearings, shut us in on both sides. I have omitted to mention that the climate of Terre Haute had, of late, been rendered

much more salubrious than it formerly was by the flooding of a large wood. Somewhere about here, there had been a marshy valley covered with a magnificent timber; but reeking also, with a miasma that poisoned all those around. By the advice of Dr. Read, the waters of the Wabash had been let into the hollow, and the whole valley turned into a lake, flooding the timber as it stood. Fancy such a waste of timber in "the old country" within a short distance of the water carriage! There it still stood, rotting away; and, it was asserted that the pestilential vapor no longer arose from this "drained bog," as an Irish emigrant described it to me.

Our children had wondered where they were to sleep, as there were no visible berths amid the red moreen curtains that hung round the ladies' saloon, to give it an air of comfort in this August weather; they dreaded to have to pass four nights on the floor, as they had done at Mrs. Long's hotel; but they said they were now more used to hardships than they had then been; and they, also, drew comparative comfort from seeing a washhand basin and two towels, instead of that amiable American woman's small tin pie-dish. The steward, however, soon solved their doubts by hooking-up some shelves to the wall, and laying mattresses and sheets upon them.

We were summoned to tea; but, after the good living of the Prairie House, all complained of the bad tea and coffee, of the hot heavy corn bread, and of the raw beefsteak.

"After tea, we all began," writes Agnes, "a most murderous attack upon the mosquitoes that swarmed on the windows and inside our berths, in expectation of feasting upon us as soon as we should go to bed. But those on whom we made war, were soon replaced by others; and the more we killed, the more they seemed to come to be killed, like Mrs. Bond's ducks: it was as though they would defy us to exterminate the race. At last, we gave up the task as hopeless, and resigned ourselves, as well as we could, to pass a sleepless night."

CHAPTER XIV

PIONEER SOCIETY

The life of the Hoosier pioneers was not all hardship and deprivation. They had many pleasures and amusements to relieve their hard lot. Of course there were no theaters, Sunday excursions or league baseball games, or other more genteel amusements to which we are accustomed today, but there was no lack of wholesome fun and frolic. Above all there was about it a hearty and jovial spirit that is absent in our modern commercialized merry-making. Our fathers lived an isolated life in sparsely settled communities; so, any neighborhood social event was anticipated with a delight and glee that was almost childish in its nature. Social pleasures, too, were largely connected with the neighborhood tasks of the settlers. If logs were to be rolled, the neighbors assembled to roll them; if a cabin was to be built, the pioneers came for miles around to assist. There were corn-huskings, wool-shearings, apple-parings, sugar-boilings, quilting-bees, and hog-killings.

82. The Hoosier's Nest

(From Coggeshall, *The Poets and Poetry of the West*, p. 84; poem by John Finley [1830].)

I'm told, in riding somewhere West,
A stranger found a Hoosier's nest,
In other words, a Buckeye cabin,
Just big enough to hold Queen Mab in.
Its situation low, but airy,
Was on the borders of a prairie;
And fearing he might be benighted,
He hailed the house, and then alighted.
The Hoosier met him at the door,
Their salutations soon were o'er.
He took the stranger's horse aside,
And to a sturdy sapling tied;
Then, having stripped the saddle off,
He fed him in a sugar-trough.

The stranger stooped to enter in,
The entrance closing with a pin;
And manifested strong desire
To sit down by the log-heap fire,
Where half a dozen Hoosieroons,
With mush and milk, tin-cups and spoons,
White heads, bare feet and dirty faces,
Seemed much inclined to keep their places;
But madam, anxious to display
Her rough but undisputed sway,
Her offspring to the ladder led,
And cuffed the youngsters up to bed.

Invited shortly to partake,
Of venison, milk, and johnny-cake;
The stranger made a hearty meal,
And glances round the room would steal.
One side was lined with divers garments,
The other, spread with skins of varmints;
Dried pumpkins overhead were strung,
Where venison hams in plenty hung;
Two rifles placed above the door,
Three dogs lay stretched upon the floor—
In short, the domicile was rife
With specimens of Hoosier life.
The host, who center'd his affections
On game, and range and quarter sections,
Discoursed his weary guest for hours,
Till Somnus' all-composing powers,
Of sublunary cares bereft 'em;
And then I came away, and left 'em.

82a. Some Hoosier Characteristics

(From *Indiana University Alumni Quarterly*, I, 283-286; address by David Demaree Banta [1891].)

The following view of the leading characteristics of the pioneer Hoosier stock was given in an address at Indiana University in 1891. Judge Banta was then at an advanced age and had lived through the pioneer times which he describes:

Without going into an extended discussion of what, at this late and let us hope better day, may be regarded in the light of characteristics of the people of Indiana in the time of the early history of our State, it will aid you, I trust, to a somewhat better understanding of the men and events of the times to keep in mind one or two of the most prominent characteristics of the Indianians of the period.

I believe if I were asked to give a name to what I conceived to be the most prominent characteristic of the Indiana man of that time I should say, *Pugnacity*. It is true this is a characteristic he had in common with all other Western men, but it was *his* characteristic nevertheless, and he possessed it in a high degree.

Next to his pugnacious spirit came a characteristic which for want of a better name may be called a *spirit of intensity*. Men felt more than they thought. More than is the case to-day they were given to act upon impulse rather than from reason. They were more emotional and were easier to be moved by the orator than is the case now. They felt more intensely than we do. They were more apt to act under the inspiration of the "hurrah," than are we. There was more of the "nobly wild and extravagant" in the character of that day than this. Those were the days when the river hero was "half horse and half alligator"; when the country hero was a "six-horse-team-with-a-bull-dog-under-the-wagon." It was a day when a militia brigadier-general could empty a barrel of whiskey and a half barrel of sugar into a public well and receive the plaudits of the battalion.

It was this intense, impetuous, extravagant spirit which drove the State not long after this time into that disastrous internal improvements system, the evil effects of which have scarcely yet disappeared.

After these characteristics, I would mention patriotism, sectarianism and orthodoxy, partisanship and sensitiveness. The Indianian was intensely and pugnaciously patriotic, sectarian and orthodox, partisan and sensitive.

Most of these characteristics belonged to him in common with all other Western people, but not all. He was sensitive to criticism from outsiders as was no other people in all the

Mississippi Valley. Why? Well, he got more of it. There was a time in the history of our State when it was the fashion to "poke fun" at Indiana, and everybody did it. Why so? Taken all in all, it may be assumed that the early settlers of Indiana were the poorest class of men, in so far as money was concerned, that ever settled any State in the Valley—a circumstance, however, not to be mentioned to their discredit. A large per cent of them had been impoverished by the Revolutionary War, or were the descendants of those who had been so impoverished. A still larger per cent emigrated to the State to escape the curse of slavery.

Of all the Western States, Indiana presented the greatest natural obstacles to the homemaker. Its forests were not excelled in any State, while the generally swampy condition of the country made it a peculiarly difficult one in which to make farms and found prosperous settlements. Add to these drawbacks the scourge of the autumnal sickness which prevailed from the Wabash to the Big Miami, and we see abundant reason why the State was kept back in the march of progress. It was no reflection upon the people of Indiana that their development in material wealth was slow; that they had bad roads, poor schools, and the "fever and ague."

But because of these and kindred misfortunes Indiana (dare I say it, even yet, and even here?)—Indiana became a by-word. Indiana, her people, her roads, her sickness, her poverty, her fever and ague, was made the target for all the weak newspaper criticisms and stupid jokes of the entire country.

Almost from the foundation of the first American settlement within the Indiana border, the defamation began. Lawrenceburg and vicinity were settled mainly with men from Maine, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, but not long is it before we find these representatives of the cultured East engaged in a war of epithets with their Kentucky neighbors on the south side of the Ohio. The Kentuckians screamed "Hoosier," the Indianians shouted back "Algerine." The latter word has been forgotten—absorbed in "Corn Cracker," possibly—but "Hoosier" has stuck. Who knows its

genesis? No one, nor its meaning. It came from without—that seems certain; and was used at first as an epithet of reproach. It did not need to have a meaning in the beginning—nay, it served the better purpose without a meaning; for it was enough to cry "Hoosier!" "Hoosier!" to make the Indianians, from the Ohio to the outermost verge of the settlements, grit their teeth and curse their tormentors. Of course it hurt. No man—no men—will endure to be made game of. Jeer at, jibe at, laugh at, poke fun at the best man in your town, and you will soon have him fighting or crying.

There came a time when we no longer cared, but it was long after 1830. The truth is, our State and our people and their ways continued to be the fruitful themes of jests and criticisms till the war. Till that period the Ohio people looked disdainfully across the border at us, and even the wretched Suckers, our brethren on the West, turned up their noses at us; while as for the Kentuckians—well, how unctuously they could give us their African pronunciation of "Hoosiah!"

As late as 1854 the natural and necessary effect of all this odious criticism was to develop that sensitive characteristic of which I have before spoken. It is a characteristic the influence of which I am told is still felt in some of the staid and out-of-the-way places of southern and central Indiana, but I think this is scarcely true. But at and before and for some time after 1830, its influence was felt in every neighborhood. I can best describe the Indiana people of that period as standing huddled, "snouts out," on the defensive. All newcomers were suspected, all friendly critics were snubbed. Foreign teachers were received with misgiving, and there was a strong undercurrent of belief that a college under the control of such teachers would in some way become inimical to the best interests of the State.

83. Social Gatherings in Pioneer Times

(From *Indiana Magazine of History*, X, No. 2; article by Frederick Vogel [1912].)

The pioneer himself could fell the trees of his farm, cut them into proper lengths, clear away the brush and limbs, but in order to roll the logs into heaps for burning, he was compelled to call in his neighbors. On the appointed day they all came, they and their wives and children, the men to pile the logs and the women to cook for the feast that always followed the work. Log-rollings, at first sight, do not suggest fun and pleasure, yet they were eagerly looked forward to, especially by the young people. Such undertakings meant much hard work, even excessive work; nevertheless the toil itself was turned into sport and play. When the last log was in position feasting and enjoyment began.

Usually the men were divided into two divisions, and the clearing was apportioned so as to give each division relatively the same amount of work. Each chose an experienced man as leader and, when once begun, the contest never flagged. The section which first disposed of the last log was declared the winner. This was no little honor, for the victory would be discussed in other settlements and praises of the heroes sung far and wide. As great individual rivalry occurred among the younger men, some amazing feats of strength were performed. A favorite test was to determine which of two men could outlift the other, each lifting at one end of a log with a handspike. After the work was done the log heaps were fired, and a hundred bonfires reddened the sky. A more beautiful sight can scarcely be pictured.

Log rollings were especially frequented by candidates and politicians. Here they had an opportunity to present their claims and defend themselves against trivial or unfounded charges. But such seekers were required to show their mettle. Sometimes rival candidates were assigned as leaders of opposing sections of workers. Then work proceeded under the highest stress. In fact some enterprising farmers, it is said, made a practice of deferring their

log rollings until campaign time (some kind of election was held every year), about a month preceding the election, in order to reap the benefit of the labor and enthusiasm of the various candidates.

After the hard day's work, the boys and young men were still equal to foot races, wrestling matches, pole-vaulting, tug-of-war, lap-jacket, and other feats of skill on which the young fellows prided themselves Pitching quoits was also a favorite pastime on such occasions.

The husking of corn was an important work and was a neighborhood affair. Both sexes participated. They usually assembled in a large barn which was arranged for the occasion where they sat in a circle and played "brogue it about" while they worked. Each gentleman selected a lady partner when the husking began, and under the zest of frolic the work progressed with surprising rapidity. When a lady found a red ear she was entitled to a kiss from every gentleman present; when a gentleman found one he was entitled to kiss every lady present. After the corn was all husked a good supper was served. Then, after the old folks had left, the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing and games.

Of equal importance was the quilting-bee where the women had their gossip. In the afternoon, ladies for miles around gathered at the appointed home to manufacture warm quilts, often of curious pattern and design. Such meetings were busy news exchanges, for the women could gossip as they worked. As soon as the quilt was "got off" the entertainment began. In the evening the men came and the time was spent by the young people in games and dancing.

Bounteous feasting always accompanied the hard labor of neighborhood gatherings. A meal of venison, roast turkey, fried chicken, hominy, ham and eggs, potatoes, wild hog, steaming cornbread, hot biscuits, gingerbread, preserves, jellies, tarts, pies, and good milk and butter, all set on a large table about which the workers gathered, could not fail to satisfy the appetite of an epicure. Good cider was always at hand to moisten thirsty tongues. Total

abstinence was not in fashion in those days, and the farmer who did not supply his hands with liquor was considered stingy indeed. A jug of whiskey was considered necessary for any undertaking of importance. The beverage was home-made and often of such strength that it was likely to sour or freeze.

84. The Shooting-Match

(From *The New Purchase*, by Baynard R. Hall [1855], pp. 104-113.)

Glenville and myself were once, on some mercantile affairs, traveling in an adjoining county, when we came suddenly on a party preparing to shoot at a mark; and from the energy of words and gestures it was plain enough a prize of unusual importance was proposed. We halted a moment, and found the stake to be a half-barrel of whiskey. If ever, then and there was to be sharp-shooting; and without question, then and there was present every chap in the settlement who could split a bullet on his knife-blade or take the rag off the bush.

"Glenville," I said, seized with a sudden whim, "lend me fifty cents; I mean to shoot."

"Nonsense! Carlton; you can't win here; and if you could, what does the president of a temperance society want with a barrel of whiskey?"

"John, if I can find a gun here anything like my own, I can win. And although I have never before won or lost a penny, I shall risk half a dollar now for the fun of the thing, and to have the satisfaction of knocking yonder barrel in the head and letting out the stuff into the branch here."

After some further discussion Glenville acquiesced, and we drew near the party; where, dismounting, I made the following speech and proposal:

"Well, gentlemen, I think I can outshoot any man on the ground, if you will let us come in and any neighbor here will allow me to shoot his gun, in case I can find one to my notion; and here is my fifty cents for the chance. But, gentlemen and fellow-citizens, I intend to be right out and out like a backwoodsman; and so you must all know we

are cold water men, and don't believe in whiskey; and so, in case we win, the barrel is, you know, ours, and then I shall knock the article in the head. But then we are willing to pay either in money or temperance tracts the amount of treat every gentleman will get if any body else wins."

To this a fine, hardy-looking farmer, apparently some sixty years old, and evidently the patriarch of the settlement, replied:

"Well, stranger, come on; you're a powerful honest man anyhow; and here's my hand to it; if you win, which will be sort a tough on you, though, you may knock the stingo in the head, and stranger, you kin have this here gun of mine, or Long Jake's there; or any one you have a notion on. How do you shoot?"

"Offhand, neighbor; any allowance?"

"Yes; one hundred yards with a rest; eighty-five yards offhand."

"Agreed."

"Agreed."

More than thirty persons were assembled, out of whom had been selected seven as the best marksmen; but these, induced by the novelty, having good-naturedly admitted me, we were now eight. Of the eight, five preferred to shoot with a rest; but the old Achates, the sapling woodman—Tall Jake—that had stepped off the distances, and myself, were to fire offhand. All the rifles were spontaneously offered for the stranger's use. I chose, however, Tall Jake's; for although about a pound too heavy, it sighted like my own, and went as easy on the triggers, and carried one hundred and eighty balls to the pound—only five more than mine, which carried one hundred and seventy-five.

Auditors and spectators now formed the double lines, standing, stooping, and lying in very picturesque attitudes some fifteen feet each side the range of the firing, and that away down towards the target tree; behind which several chaps, as usual, planted themselves to announce, at each crack, the result of the shot.

Well, the firing at length began. I have no distinct recollection of every shot. Now and then, a central ball

was announced, and that followed by two others a full inch or may be an inch and an eighth even, from the center, and once, where two successive balls were within the diamond, the third, by some mischance, struck on the very edge of the grand circle. Balls, too, were sometimes planted in three different corners of the paper—very good separate shots—yet proving want of a steady and artistical sighting, or even a little experimenting with the edges of the hind sight; which was owing, doubtless, to drawing the bead to the edge, and not the bottom.

A smart young fellow having made two very fair shots, boasted so grandly of his new rifle, that a grave, middle-aged hunter offered to bet a pound of lead, that if the young chap would allow him, after the gun rested for the shot, to rub his hand from the lock to the muzzle, he would so bewitch the rifle that she would miss the big tree. This was all agreed to; and then, such as knew how to bewitch rifles rapidly retreated to our rear, and such as did not were beckoned and called till they came. All ready, the young man on the ground, and his rifle on its rest, our conjuror ran his hand slowly along the barrel, and pausing an instant at the muzzle, and uttering an incantation, and then going behind the marksman, he bade him fire when he liked. This he did; and marvelous enough it was—the ball not only missed the shingle, but struck nowhere in the tree! Great was the astonishment and mortification of the youth; but we magnanimously allowed him a shot extra and without witchcraft, his countenance brightened, and especially when his ball now spoiled the inner edge of his diamond.

Perhaps you are curious and wish to learn how to bewitch a rifle? I will tell you on one condition:—all the spectators when a rifle is bewitched must be made to come to the rear of the firing party. Here is the recipe: let the rifle doctor conceal in his hand a bullet small enough for the purpose, and on rubbing as far as the muzzle, let him as adroitly as possible deposit said bullet just within the said muzzle—safely betting any number of pounds of lead, that whatever else the marksman may hit, he cannot hit his shingle. (N. B. See that the rifle to be bewitched has no

triggers set, and is not on cock; otherwise two tartars of a very unpleasant character may be caught by the rifle doctor.)

One man only took to his stomach—the technical term was to fire on his—hem!—but as his long-rest turned a little at the third shot, the unerring bullet, following the guidance of the barrel, stuck itself plumb outside the circumference named, and thus nullifying one true central ball, and one in the lower interior point or angle of his diamond. Another man was still more unfortunate. After two most excellent shots, his gun hanging fire at the third, he bawled out,'' No shot''! which being a notification before the shot could be examined and reported, entitled him to another trial; but alas! the ball thus tabooed had grazed the center! Again his gun hung fire; but now he did not veto; and his bullet was found sticking in the tree an honest foot above the top of his shingle!

And now we, who fired offhand, and thereby professed to be ''crack'' shots—yet most marksmen make a noise here—we began to make ready. We higgled a little as to who should lead off; not to show politeness as well-bred folks in entering rooms and carriages, but because all were the least bit, however, cowed, and each wished to see what his neighbor could do first. When that kind of spirit comes crawling over a body in rifle-shooting, it must be banished in an instant. The effect in oratory may be a very good speech—unless you stump—but in our art, it is always a very bad shot. Our noble art demands calmness and the most imperturbable self-possession; and that, at the beginning, the middle, the ending of the exercises. And so I said:—

''Well, gentlemen, if you want to see where to plant your balls, I'm the one, I think, to show you''—

''Why no, stranger,''—replied the old Achates—''I allow that aint fair nither, to let you lead off. We're all neighborlike here, and 'tis only right you should see what we kin do fust. I sort a suppose maybe it will save you the trouble of shootin' anyhow. So come, Long Jake, crack away and I'll foller—and arter, you, stranger, may shoot or jist as you like best.''

"Agreed, grandaddie," responded Long Jake, "so here goes." And then Jake, after returning from the old beech, where he had put up his target, and with firmness and grace stepped onto the line. Two things and only two gave me hope, viz.: he shut his left eye and held on the diamond without rising or falling perpendicularly to do it: but then he held that rifle as if it were the true horizon—and then—click—snap—but no report. Lucky snap for me! I knew it must have been a central ball; but still better for me—Jake was embarrassed a little. Shaking out the damp powder he primed afresh, and again began his aim. Now, however, a very slight vibration seemed to glimmer on his barrel, and when he did fire, I was not disappointed nor greatly displeased at the cry from the fellow that leaped from behind the target tree—"rite hand corner, grazing the dimind!" Again Jake loaded, raised his piece, and fired at first sight, and the cry now came—"center!" This increased my neighbor's confidence, and happily lessened his carefulness; for sighting, as he himself afterwards confessed, "leetle bit coarsish like," the cry now was—"line shot, scant quarter 'bove center!"

"Come, grandaddie," said Jake to the old gentleman as he walked up to the line from adjusting his shingle, "you must do a little better nor that, or maybe we'll lose our stingo, for I know by the way this stranger here handles my rifle, he's naterally a hard chap to beat."

This speech was occasioned by my handling the gun, taking aim, setting triggers, etc., in order to get better acquainted with the piece; which experiments resulted in a secret and hearty wish for my own gun.

"Well, Jake, I allow yours kin be beat a bit," replied our veteran, taking his position on the line. At a glance towards his "toot en sembell," Mr. Carlton, too, allowed he had met his match—and, perhaps even with his own gun. How grand the calmness as if in no battle! How alive muscle and feature—as if in the midst of enemies! There he is dropping his bead—ay, his eyes both wide awake, and he raised the piece till that bead dims on the lower point of his diamond—a flash—and from the tree—"center!" He

was soon again ready, and at his second flash, came the cry—"upper edge, fust hole!" and that cry was answered along the gradually narrowing crowded lines, by the whole company—"hurraw for grandaddie—hurraw-aw!" His third shot, brought from the tree—"lee-e-tle tor'ds rite of corner of dimind—jeest grazed center!" and was answered by—"grandaddie for ever, hurraw-aw-aw—!"

"Carlton," maliciously whispered Glenville, "the stingo is safe—anti-temperance beats!"

I felt honor demanded, however, a trial; and so requesting Glenville to fix as I should direct my target, I stood on the line of firing, sighting several times with open pan and no priming; until the mark exactly suited, when I cried out —"stand clear!" And now, supposing Jake's rifle sighted like my own, and threw its ball a little above its bead—as indeed is best—I drew up as usual, with rapidity, and let fly just as the bead caught the lower tip of my diamond, the report instantly returned, being—"inside lower pint of dimind, scant quarter, b'low centre!"

"Blame close, stranger," said the old hero, "but I allow you'll have to mend it to beat me."

"Praise from you, my old friend, is worth something—I'll try my best to satisfy you."

Jake's rifle was now understood; she sent balls exactly where she was aimed, and not as mine, and most good rifles, an eighth of an inch above. Making, therefore, my front sight a hair thicker and fuller in the hind sight, and coming full on the lower angle of my diamond—"Center" was echoed from the tree and along the lines—"hurraw-aw! for the stranger!"

"You're most powerful good at it," said the old gentleman, "but my line's a leetle the shortest yet."

"Well, my good old friend, here goes to make yours a little the longest"—and away, along between the unflinching lines of excited spectators, whistled my third and last ball, bringing back the cry—"lee-e-tle b'low the centre—broke in first hole!" But, while all rushed to the examination and measurements, confined to our two shingles, no exultation burst forth, it being doubtful, or, as the hunters

said, "a sort of dub'us whether the stingo was grandaddie's, or the stranger's." In a few moments, however, and by the most honorable and exact measurements, it was decided that the old Achates had "the shorter string by near about half the bredth of his bullit!" And then such uproar rose of mingled hurraws—screams—shrieks—yells—and outeries! an uproar none but true honest-hearted far westers, unadulterated by foreign or domestic scum, ever did or can make.

The hurricane over, the victor mounting a log made the following speech:

"Well, naburs, it's my sentimental opinyin this stranger's acted up, clean up, to the notch, and is most powerful clever. And I think if he'd fired his own gun as how he mought a come out even, and made up the leetle matter of diff'runce closest of any other chap, young or old, in these 'ere diggins—and so, says I, let's have three cheers for the stranger, and three more for his friend."

Oh! dear reader! could you have heard the old, dark woods ring then!—I struggled hard, you may be sure; but what was the use, the tears would come!

We both made replies to the compliment; and in concluding,—for I mounted the log last—I touched on the wish we really had to do good, and that nothing was better for hardy, brave, and noble woodsmen, than temperance.

"Well, stranger, both on you," replied that very grand old man, "you shan't be disa'p'inted. You depended on our honor—and so, says I, if these 'ere naburs here aint no objection, let them that want to, first take a suck of stingo for a treat, and then, says I, let's all load up and crack away at the cask, and I'll have fust shot."

"Agreed! Agreed! hurraw for grandaddie Tomsin! hurraw for the strangers!—hurraw for the temperance society!—load up, boys, load up!—nobody wants a suck—crack away, grandaddie—crack away, we're all ready!" And crack went old Brave's rifle—crack long Jake's—crack the brave Gyas, and the brave Cleanthus—and crack every rifle in the company: and there rolled the wounded half-barrel, pouring his own death-dealing contents through its

perforated heads and sides, till soon the stingo was all absorbed in the moist earth of the forest.

Glenville and I now "gathered horse and put out" highly pleased with the events: and a few weeks after we were still more pleased, at hearing that all the company at the prize-shooting that day had become members of the temperance society. If, therefore, any old-fashioned temperance society wishes champions to shoot, provided "grandaddie Tomsin" will be one, I know where can be found another.

85. The Shooting-Match: The Terms

(From *Indiana Magazine of History*, X; article by Frederick Vogel [1912].)

To pioneer people and early settlers the rifle was perhaps the most indispensable weapon. With it they procured their meat from the forest, defended their homes from wild men and wild animals, preserved their live stock from prowling enemies, and saved their cornfields from the depredations of squirrels and bears. To be a sure shot was a matter of no little importance. Nothing did more to promote good markmanship than the shooting-match. But it served also a larger purpose. It was a day of recreation and amusement when friends gathered for social intercourse, to crack jokes, spin yarns, and talk of former experiences. Often these matches virtually became political meetings where candidates made their stump speeches and read their certificates.[28]

They were usually held on Saturday, and every fellow in the community who could "split a bullet on his knife blade" or "take the rag off the bush" came to display his skill and try his luck. The prizes were beeves, hogs, turkeys, venison, and on some occasions a quantity of meal, or half a barrel of whiskey was the reward of skill. Often a live turkey or goose itself furnished the target. Each participant was charged his proportionate share of the value of the thing offered, the charge depending, of course, upon the number of participants. Or, if the number of participants

[28] Certificate, in this sense, means a testimonial to good character.

was not equal to the number of chances at an arbitrary price, the owner of the prize took the remaining chances and shot for himself.

A level place in the woods was selected for a range and a roughly outlined rectangle cleared of bushes and twigs. Along the sides the spectators formed, standing, stooping, or lying in characteristic attitudes. A large tree at one end often served as a target. From this trunk were measured off in a straight line towards the other end of the rectangle two distances for shooting, eighty-five and one-hundred yard lines. On the former the marksmen who fired offhand[29] stood; at the one-hundred yard line rests were placed by those who preferred to shoot in that fashion.

Each man prepared for himself a separate target which was a poplar shingle having near the center a spot blackened with powder or charcoal as a ground. On this ground a piece of white paper, about an inch square with a diamond shaped hole in the center, was tacked. The point of intersection of the diagonals of the diamond was the true center of the target and from this as a center was described a circle with a four-inch radius. Each participant was allowed three shots. If any one of them struck beyond the circumference, even by a hair's breadth, all the other shots, even if in the center, did not count. The unhappy marksman lost. But if all three struck within the circle they were measured by a line from the center of the diamond to the nearest edge of the bullet hole; however, if a ball grazed the center, the line was drawn from the center of the diamond to the middle of the bullet hole; then the three lengths were added and estimated as one. The man showing the shortest length won the prize. This was called line shooting. The most scrupulous exactness was always observed in determining distances so that there might be no appearance of cheating.

Each man placed his own target against the tree and fired his three shots in succession. On an average it required about fifteen minutes for firing. One or two fellows stood behind the target tree to announce the result. This seems dangerous, yet accidents rarely happen. On one

[29] Offhand, i. e., without resting his gun on a log or chunk for taking aim.

occasion, however, one man who peeped out to learn the cause of delay in the shooting was unluckily killed. On another occasion an old man was standing behind the tree, awaiting the report. At the flash of the gun he fell dead from behind the tree. The tree was hollow—a mere shell at the place where he stood—and the bullet had passed through it into his body. Practical jokers were always present making fun for the company. They "hoodooed" the crack shot and bewitched the rifle of a prospective prize-winner.

86. The Shooting-Match: The Weapons

(From *A Pioneer History of Indiana*, by Col. William M. Cockrum [1907], pp. 493-494.)

The men who in this day have high-priced guns and use them only a few weeks in the hunting season can form no idea how the old pioneer hunters regarded their guns, keeping them at all times in perfect order and ready for use at any moment. When in the cabins, the guns were hung in a crotch over the door or on the side of a joist, with the point of a deer's horn for a rack. They did not have the percussion caps at that time to fire the powder, but had a gun-flint, which was fitted between two plates in the end of the hammer of the gun-lock and securely fastened there. When the trigger that threw the hammer was touched the hammer or flint, in coming down, struck against an upright piece of hardened steel which was fastened to the lid of the pan which covered the powder and threw the pan open. The sparks made by the flint coming in contact with the hardened steel fell in the powder in the pan, which was connected with the powder in the gun-barrel through a touch-hole, and thus fired the gun. In damp weather the powder in the pan would become a little damp and the gun would make long fire,[30] as it was termed, so the old hunters became adepts at holding their guns very steady, always prepared for the long fire.

The pioneers learned to shoot with great accuracy with these old flint-lock guns. Eight times out of ten they would

[30] Make long fire, i. e., take some time for the gun to discharge, after the trigger was pulled.

shoot out a panther's eye at sixty and eighty yards away. When powder and lead became more plentiful the hunters would practice shooting at a mark, both with a rest, i. e., lying down and resting the gun on a log or chunk, or standing up and shooting offhand. They made a target by taking a board and blackening a spot on it with wet powder; then two marks, which crossed each other in the black spot, were made with a knife. Then taking a small piece of paper about two inches square, cutting a square out of the center about one-half inch in size, they tacked it on the board so that the cross would be in the center of the small square. It was not considered a very difficult feat for a marksman to shoot out the center five times out of ten, eighty-five yards offhand or one hundred with the rest.

87. The Militia Muster

(From *Indiana Magazine of History*, X, number 3; article by Frederick Vogel [1912].)

The regimental muster was held in October (under the law of 1828) and the company muster in April. Every member was compelled under penalty to attend the company musters. The noncommissioned officers were not required to attend the regimental muster. The State was organized like an old Roman military camp. There were two or more divisions, with two brigades to each division. Each county usually constituted a regiment and each division of the county a company. Every able-bodied man was a militiaman. Specially drilled bodies of young men organized themselves and were called "rifles," such as the "Jay County Rifles," the "Bedford Blues," and other fancy names. As danger from the Indians grew less the militia drill was abandoned. By 1840 it had lost its vigor and by 1860 had almost disappeared. The following selections recall the old customs.

In the county town was held the general muster, which was a meeting of the militia of the county for the purpose of instruction and drill. It was held late in the summer after the crops had been "laid by." All persons subject to military duty were notified to attend and take their places in the companies and regiments to which they were assigned. The militiamen were not uniformed, but came

in their ordinary clothing. Their weapons were of no particular pattern—rifles, shotguns, carbines, and muskets—and with them they awkwardly went through the manual of arms. This military force was often styled the "cornstalk" militia, because it is said they carried cornstalks in place of guns. This doubtless is untrue, but sometimes they wore corntassels in their hats, or caps, which fact may have given rise to the sobriquet.

88. The "Cornstalk Militia"

(From *Sketches of My Own Times*, by Senator David Turpie [1903], pp. 31-32. Copyrighted by the Bobbs-Merrill Company and used by their special permission.)

The general muster was a meeting at the county town of the militia of the county for the purpose of instruction in battalion and brigade drill and other maneuvers. It was held in the late summertime, after the crops had been laid by. All persons subject to military duty were notified to attend and take their places in the companies and regiments to which they had been assigned. There was always present a large number of spectators. The militiamen were not uniformed, but usually came in their ordinary clothing; their weapons were of no particular pattern—rifles, shotguns, yagers,[31] carbines,[32] and muskets—with which they went through the manual of arms.

This military force has been sometimes called the *cornstalk militia*. I never saw any of the men carrying cornstalks for weapons. Some of them wore corntassels in their hats or caps; this may have given rise to that sobriquet. Of course, such a motley array presented, either at rest or on the march, an untoward and disorderly appearance. It brought to mind Falstaff's review of his recruits: "Well, I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat."

The crowd of spectators chaffed the soldiery in a friendly but humorous style. Some of the older men among

[31] Yager, the long hunting-rifle of the time; from the German, jäger, a huntsman.

[32] Carbine, a short, light rifle often used formerly by cavalry or mounted infantry.

the bystanders, who had seen actual service, joined in the sport and criticized the awkward gait and movement of those in the ranks. It was evident that this form of military service was fast going to decay. The last time I recollect seeing these exercises all the companies and regiments of the brigade were marched into a large field, where, either from some error from the commanding officer or from some misunderstanding, the whole body became mingled together in such inextricable confusion that we heard the captains order the men to take to the fence, which they climbed over, formed on the outside and went to headquarters, where they disbanded. As no rations were furnished, a very vigorous assault was made, after parade drill, upon the booths and wagons provided with refreshments. These hungry warriors were, however, quite peaceable; no violence occurred; each provided his own commissary,[33] purchased his meal and commenced his journey homeward.

89. A Muster on the Wea Plains

(From *Recollections of the Early Settlement of the Wabash Valley*, by Sanford C. Cox [1860], pp. 35-36.)

[We will describe the] manner of conducting a militia muster, held by Capt. P. H. W., on the south side of the Wea prairie in early times. The captain was a stout built, muscular man, who stood six feet four in his boots, and weighed over two hundred pounds. When dressed in his uniform—a blue hunting-shirt, fastened with a wide red sash, with epaulettes on each shoulder, his large sword fastened by his thigh and tall plume waving in the wind—he looked like another William Wallace, or Roderick Dhu[34] unsheathing his claymore in defense of his country. His company consisted of about seventy men, who had reluctantly turned out to muster, to avoid paying a fine, some with guns, some with sticks, and others carrying cornstalks. The captain, who had been but recently elected, understood his business better than his men supposed he did. He intended to give them

[33] Commissary, food supplies for a military campaign.

[34] William Wallace, a character in Scottish history, mentioned in Porter's *Scottish Chiefs*; Roderick Dhu is a Scottish clansman in Scott's *Lady of the Lake*.

a thorough drilling and show them that he understood the maneuvers of the military art as well as he did farming or fox-hunting—the latter of which was one of his favorite amusements.

After forming a hollow square, marching and countermarching, and putting them through several other evolutions, according to Scott's tactics, he commanded his men to "form a line." They partially complied, but the line was crooked. He took his sword and passed it along in front of his men, straightening the line. By the time he passed from one end of the line to the other, on casting his eye back he discovered the line presented a zigzag and unmilitary appearance—some of the men leaning on their guns, some on their sticks, a yard in advance of the line, and others as far in the rear. The captain's dander rose. He threw his cocked hat, feather and all, on the ground, took off his red sash and hunting shirt and threw them with his sword upon his hat. He then rolled up his sleeves, and shouted with the voice of a Stentor:[35] "Gentlemen! form a line, and keep it, or I will thrash the whole company!" Instantly the whole line was as straight as an arrow. The captain was satisfied, put on his clothes again, and never had any more trouble in drilling the company.

90. A Social Experiment: Father Rapp at New Harmony

(From *Memorable Days in America*, by W. Faux [1823], pp. 265-267.)

From 1810 to 1840 many novel social experiments were tried out all over this country. Most of them were attempts to divide up the burdens of work more evenly and give the poor a better chance. At least a dozen of these experiments were tried in Indiana. The most famous were the two at New Harmony.

In 1814 the Society of Germans from Economy, Pennsylvania, purchased a large tract of land on the Wabash at New Harmony. They were a simple-minded peasant folk, a model of industry and good order. After prospering for ten years, Frederick Rapp, the founder and high priest, sold out and moved back to Pennsylvania. The Rappite company disbanded only a few years ago.

[35] A character mentioned in Homer's *Iliad* noted for his loud voice.

Sunday, 21st [November, 1819]—At Harmony till ten o'clock, when we were told, "we must then depart, or stay until after the morning service," which commences at ten o'clock. At the moment the bells began chiming the people, one and all, from every quarter, hurry into their fine church like frightened doves to their windows; the street leading to the temple is filled in a moment, and in less than ten minutes all this large congregation, 1,000 men, women, and children, all who can walk or ride, are in the church, the males entering in at the side, the females at the tower, and are separately seated. Then enters the old high priest, Mr. Rapp, of about eighty, straight and active as his adopted son Frederick, who walks behind him. The old man's wife and daughters enter with the crowd, from his fine house, which looks as if the people who built it for him thought nothing too good for him. The people are never seen in idle groups; all is moving industry; no kind of idling; no time for it. Religious service takes place three times every day. They must be in the chains of superstition, though Rapp professes to govern them only by the Bible, and they certainly seem the perfection of obedience and morality. People who have left them say that Rapp preaches that if they quit the society they will be damned, for his way is the only way to Heaven. He does much by signs, and by an impressive manner, stretching out his arms, which, he says, is the arm of God, and that they must obey it; and that when he dies his spirit will descend upon his son Fred. The people appear saturnine [stupid] and neither very cleanly nor very dirty. They are dressed much alike and look rather shabby, just as working folk in general look. None are genteel. The women are intentionally disfigured and made as ugly as it is possible for art to make them, having their hair combed straight up behind and before, so that the temples are bared, and a little skull-cap, or black crepe bandage [is drawn] across the crown and tied under the chin. This forms their only headdress.

I rode around the town, which will soon be the best and first [foremost] in the western country. At present the

dwellings, with the exception of Rapp's, and the stores and taverns are all log houses, with a cow-house and other conveniences. One [house] is given to each family, and a fine cow and nice garden; other necessaries are shared in common. Their horses, cattle, sheep, are all in one stable; herds and flocks are folded every night in comfortable sheds, particularly an immensely large flock of merino sheep; and so secured from the wolves. They have a fine vineyard in the vale, and on the hills around, which are as beautiful as if formed by art to adorn the town. Not a spot but bears the most luxuriant vines, from which they make excellent wine. Their orchards, too, are of uncommon size and fertility; and in a large pleasure garden is a curious labyrinth, out of which none but those who formed it, or are well acquainted with it, can find their way.

Their granary is superb and large, and the barns and farm yards are singularly capacious, as well as their cloth and other manufactories. It is the wise policy of this people to buy nothing which it is possible for them to make or raise, and their industry and ingenuity are irresistible. They have much to sell at their own price of almost everything domestic or foreign. They cannot make shoes half as fast as they could sell them. It is not doubted but that they are immensely rich, beginning in Pennsylvania with only $4,000, and being now worth $100,000. They keep no accounts, and all business is done and everything possessed in Frederick Rapp's name. They have been in this Harmony for five years only; they bought a huge territory of the richest land, which is all paid for, and keep an immense quantity in high cultivation, and continue to buy out bordering settlers, thus ever enlarging their boundaries. An American widower, with ten children, joined them some time ago, in distress for his children; all are well off now.

They work very gently, but constantly. At eleven I left Harmony, wishing to see more of this singular community. Rapp came hither [to this country] a poor, unlettered weaver from Germany.

91. Robert Owen and New Harmony

(From *Indiana University Alumni Quarterly*, 1, pp. 151-152; address by Judge David Demaree Banta [1890].)

Robert Owen was born in Wales in 1771. He received a meager schooling and served an apprenticeship in a draper's shop. Later he settled in Manchester, England, and became at nineteen the successful manager of a cotton mill which employed five hundred persons. In 1800, he became the manager and part owner of the cotton mills at New Lanark, Scotland, having married the daughter of the proprietor, David Dale.

At New Lanark, Owen became interested in schemes for bettering the lives of the people who worked in his mills. Many of these people lived miserable lives in poor surroundings, where vice and disease were common. Owen by personal effort improved their houses, and trained them in habits of thrift, order, and cleanliness. He was most successful, however, in the education of the children, to which he devoted much attention. "For twenty-nine years," he wrote, "we did without magistrates or lawyers; without a single legal punishment; without any known poor rates; without intemperance or religious animosities [hatred]; we reduced the hours of labor, educated well all the children from infancy, greatly improved the condition of the adults, diminished their daily labor, paid interest on capital, and cleared upwards of £300,000 of profit."

Owen taught that people should live together in communities or settlements, of about twelve hundred persons each, all living in one large building in the form of a square, with common kitchen and dining-room. Each family should have its own private apartments, however, and the entire care of the children till the age of three. After that the children should be brought up by the community. The land should be held and tilled in common, the other work of the community being divided among the members according to their abilities.

To try out his plans, Robert Owen, in 1824, came to America and bought the lands, buildings, and stock of the Rappites at New Harmony, paying $182,000. Here he drew together many persons who held his views, many of them people of great talents. His community, however, did not prove a success, for the people could not all agree in carrying out the plans of the great leader. At different times, bands of dissatisfied followers withdrew from New Harmony and set up independent communities. In 1828, Robert

Owen left New Harmony and returned to England. We will let Judge Banta tell about some of the great men who dwelt in Robert Owen's community.

We cannot afford to ignore the one place in the State where was to be seen a great light. It was at New Harmony, in Posey county on the Wabash. There Robert Owen, a canny Scotchman, having succeeded by purchase to the possessions of the Rappites, had begun his socialistic experiment in 1825, the very year the State Seminary was opened; and although before the first regular college classes were formed in Indiana College the sanguine reformer saw that his experiment was doomed to failure, nevertheless New Harmony was already radiant with scientific thought and work. It is a story that reads like enchantment. The Owens—father and three sons, each of the latter to become prominently identified with the history of the State. David Dale Owen, the eldest, early in 1828 established a geological laboratory in New Harmony and ultimately was appointed United States Geologist for the Northwest, and served at one time or another as State Geologist for three States, Indiana, Kentucky, and Arkansas. New Harmony was headquarters for all his geological surveys. Robert Dale Owen, literarian and politician, began his career in Indiana in the same year as editor of the New Harmony *Gazette* and in 1827 published *Pocahontas—A Drama,* the first distinctively literary work by an Indiana author. For over thirty years he was closely identified with the political and legislative history of the State. He was a member of the commission that framed the Indiana code of 1852—a code remarkable for its literary excellence and for the radical changes made in the law as to the property rights of married women, for both of which he is entitled to credit beyond any other man.

There were others at New Harmony who were already (in 1828) renowned or were to become renowned. There was Frances Wright, who in that year delivered her first public address in New Harmony—the first public address, I have no doubt, given in the State by a woman, if not the first in the northwest. Thomas Say, the eminent naturalist

from Philadelphia, was also there busily engaged on his afterwards justly celebrated work on conchology, and publishing from time to time learned papers on entomology, which have since been given to the world in two octavo volumes. William Maclure, geologist and publicist, was there also. He was one of the founders of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences, and in after years with a benevolence unexampled in Indiana history gave a large fortune to the establishing of libraries in every county of the State for the benefit of the common people. And Lesseur, the French naturalist, who had been among the earliest to study the strange forms of animal life in New Holland (near Australia), was at this very time "working on the description and figures of the Wabash fishes" with headquarters at New Harmony. And so, too, was Amphlett there, writing the text to accompany the publication of Michaux's *Sylvia Americana*. Dr. Richard Owen, who was yet in his teens, writes that "in 1828 and subsequently I saw him at this work."

Others might be mentioned as residents of New Harmony in 1828, who by their scientific investigations added to the fame of the place. There was Joseph Neef, a former coadjutor of Pestalozzi, and an author of books on education. "He was at the head of the New Harmony Education Society." And also Dr. Gerald Troost, a German geologist who subsequently made a geological survey of Tennessee, and became president of the Tennessee University.

What a community of workers to be sure! Their very presence made a university—an unchartered, unendowed world's university! How very much darker all the rest of the State must have seemed by contrast with that New Harmony light.

Outside of the work of the Harmony folk, not a book had been written and published in the State excepting the laws and other things published by public authority, and excepting now and then a political pamphlet. It was to be two years before John Finley was to write the "Hoosier's Nest," the earliest poem to survive to our times; and it was to be two years before Judge Blackford was to publish the first volume of his series of Blackford's Reports.

CHAPTER XV

HUNTING STORIES

The skill and daring displayed in the preceding period against the Indians was exercised during the period from 1816 to 1836 in hunting wild animals. There were bears, deer, wolves, wildcats, turkeys, and abundance of smaller game. The daredevil hunted wildcats and bears, the marksman tried his skill on deer and wild turkeys. He prided himself on shooting the heads off of squirrels and turkeys.

Venison hams and bear meat were marketable. Furs and hides brought in a great deal of ready money. Above all these, though, hunting was deemed a manly sport which all enjoyed according to their leisure. It was a proud day for the boy when he could take out his father's long rifle and join in the chase.

92. Adventures with Wild Hogs

(From *Recollections of the Early Settlement of the Wabash Valley*, by Sanford C. Cox (1860), pp. 40-42.)

Mr. Cox came from Wayne county, where his father had been one of the first settlers, by way of Andersontown, Noblesville, and Crawfordsville, before any of these towns were settled. After attending the land sales at Crawfordsville, he moved up into the Wabash bottoms. He was personally acquainted with the early settlers of Tippecanoe and Cass counties. Wea creek, mentioned in the second extract below, runs north across the Wea prairie south of Lafayette and empties into the Wabash three miles below the city of Lafayette.

On a balmy evening in June, 1835, I strolled from the cabin of my brother-in-law, where I was stopping for the night, to enjoy a moonlight ramble through the verdant valley that surrounded his humble mansion. The house stood about midway between the Wabash river and the Indian Creek hills, which lifted their elevated heads several hundred feet above the bottom lands beneath. With difficulty I climbed to the top of one of the peaks of this romantic range of hills.

The scene which surrounded me was sublime and picturesque beyond description. Before me, in the distance lay the Wabash river, rolling its silver current along the northern edge of the Wea plain, which was besprinkled with garlands of wild flowers of every rich and variegated tint. Hawthorn and wild plum bushes, overspread with wild honeysuckle and grapevine arbors, grew in clusters along the river banks, as if in love with its placid, laughing waters that flashed and flamed in the soft moonlight. I stood spellbound, gazing upon the lovely prospect and listening to the many voices that came floating over the prairie and river for miles distant, then reverberating and dying away in echoes amidst the surrounding hills. The talk and laughter of children, bleating of sheep, barking of dogs, and gabbling of geese, for three or four miles off, came echoing around me with a clear, distinct and witching cadence.

While thus enchanted with the lovely scenery which surrounded me, and just as I repeated in an audible voice

> If there is an Elysium on earth
> It is this—it is this.

a fox darted through the thicket, down a dark ravine, barking as it went. In a few moments back it came at full speed and passed over the hill where I stood. I heard a confused crackling of bushes, rattling of stones, and gnashing of teeth, with a loud "boo-boo-oh!" from the ravine the fox had just left. Instantly I felt the peril of my position—my hair stood on end, as the fearful truth flashed upon my mind that the fox had started up a gang of wild hogs. I ran a few yards and sprang upon a large log, which at first seemed to promise me safety, but which I soon abandoned when I discovered that I could be approached from the upper side of the hill, where the log rose but a few feet from the ground. I sprang off and ran for an oak tree that stood on the very summit of the hill, gathering from the ground as I ran a sugar tree limb as thick as my arm and about eight feet long.

On reaching the tree I found I could not climb it. Instantly I threw my back against the trunk of the tree and

faced my dreadful adversaries, which by this time were close upon me. I waved my club and yelled and screamed through very fright. They made a furious onslaught—my waving bludgeon and violent gestures repelled them; they renewed the attack again and again—my whirling, well-aimed club beat back the foremost. A panorama of terrors passed through my mind. But Harpies, Furies, and the Gorgon terrors of the fabled Medusa's head, encircled with hissing snakes, would be desirable compared with the horrible thought of being devoured alive by a gang of furious wild hogs, which would, probably, in a few seconds, rend me into a thousand pieces, crush every bone and consume every vestige of my mutilated body and every shred of my garments, so that none would ever know when or how I left the world. A superhuman strength seemed to nerve my arm as I applied my bludgeon, and yelled and halloed at the top of my voice, which echoed wildly among the surrounding hills.

During a slight pause in the combat I heard my brother-in-law's voice, as he ran to the rescue, crying, "What's the matter? What's the matter?" By the time he reached the foot of the hill my bristly adversaries, hearing his voice in the rear, showed signs of retreating; but one old sow, who appeared to be leader of the gang, and had in her several of the devils or evil spirits that entered into her ancestors in the time of our Savior, was for keeping up the siege, which she actually did, until my brother-in-law got within a few yards with his gun. Then she turned her head to one side, listened, heard his footfalls as he ascended the hill, then raised her head, snorted a retreat, and, with her devil-possessed comrades, darted off down the dark ravine, and I felt as if an Andes had been lifted from my breast.

93. Snake-Killing on the Big Wea

(From *Recollections of the Early Settlement of the Wabash Valley*, by Sanford C. Cox [1860], pp. 78-80.)

There was another subtle and dangerous enemy to the early inhabitants that legislative enactments could not reach, and the most cautious vigilance of the settler could

not guard against. The "snake in the grass," in all its fearful varieties, was not only common, but exceedingly numerous in the country. Besides the rattlesnake, viper, adder, and bloodsnake, there were a great many large blue and green snakes in the prairie districts, quite saucy and pugnacious, that delighted to give chase to newcomers and frighten them by their hostile attitudes and convolutions. If you would retreat they would chase you like a regular black racer;[36] but if you would turn and give them battle, they would immediately retreat with all possible speed, glide off into the grass and wait for a "greener customer" to pass along. Then suddenly they would again dart out at him as if they were boa-constrictors, determined to take their prey. These snakes were harmless, but served to put people on their guard for their more dangerous and venomous relatives, whose poisonous fangs were greatly dreaded by all.

William Robinson, Esq., during the early settlement on the Little Wea, was bitten by a rattlesnake, and although every remedy within reach of his friends was applied, he died of the wound. William Key, who lived in Wabash township, west of Lafayette, was also bitten by a rattlesnake, and was cured by the immediate and constant application of the usual antidote[37] in such cases.

Many persons, in different sections of the country, and a still larger number of cattle and horses, during every summer, suffered from the poisonous fangs of these venomous reptiles, which infested every portion of the country. Early in the spring and late in the fall certain localities seemed to teem with these scaly monsters, while other places became comparatively free from them. This induced the belief that they took up their winter quarters near those places where they assembled late in the fall. Strict search was instituted, and in the spring of 1827-28 two snake dens were discovered in the vicinity of Lafayette—one in a deep ravine about half a mile west of Lafayette, where the road

[36] Black racer, a kind of snake common in an early day, which swiftly and fearlessly pursued a fleeing person.

[37] The "antidote," in common use at the time, for rattlesnake bite, was whiskey, no doubt.

ascends the hill going to Kingston, and the other on the north side of the Big Wea creek, near Bear's spring, about one-half mile northeast of Foreman's mill.

As soon as it was certainly known that these dens existed, word was sent through the different neighborhoods for the citizens to meet (on certain days mentioned in the notice) at these dens with mattocks, spades and crowbars. If the clefts in the rock were such that the snakes could be dug out, the assembled people went to work, and after breaking through their subterranean citadel, brought out scores of torpid rattlesnakes, "bruised their heads" into a pumice, and left them to be devoured by the hogs. Some of the fattest were taken home and gallons of oil extracted from their carcasses; and their glittering skins carefully saved to cure rheumatism and other chronic disorders, for which they were deemed a wonderful specific. If the digging process was found to be impracticable, stakes were driven into the ground close to each other, three or four feet high, enclosing a sufficient area around the hole to admit of a large egress of the reptile tribe beneath. One end of a long pole was placed on a line of picketing, while the other end of this horizontal shaft or lever formed a right angle with another short perpendicular shaft, the lower end of which was placed immediately over the hole in such a manner that, upon hoisting the other end of the lever, by pulling on a long grapevine attached to the end of the same, this sharpened perpendicular shaft was thrust into the hole, stopping it as completely as a cob would a jug.

After thus setting their trap, the snake hunters left with the understanding that all hands were to meet at the den the next warm, sunny day, after the garter snakes were first seen on the sunny side of the hills. At the time appointed the inhabitants for many miles around met at the selected place. If the weather had been sufficiently warm and balmy to draw out a large number of snakes to bask in the sun, the grapevine was pulled, the lever sprung, the hole stopped, and the snakes belabored with hoop poles and bludgeons prepared for the purpose, and thus hundreds were entrapped and killed in one day.

A few years of snake-killing in this wholesale manner comparatively rid the country of these dangerous serpents; and it is only once in a great while that one of these large black and yellow rattlesnakes is now to be seen.

94. Bear-Catching near Pride's Fort

(From *A Pioneer History of Indiana*, by Col. William M. Cockrum [1907], pp. 181-182.)

Woolsey Pride's Fort near Petersburg had been the home of many of the newcomers to that section for some time and the provisions had run low. There were vast

Bear Trap.

From Thwaites' *Early Western Travels*. By special permission of Arthur H. Clark Company, Ceveland.

numbers of bears, deer and turkeys in the woods and if it were safe to hunt them, a day or so would have replenished their larders, so it was decided that three men would go out and kill some game. Paul Tislow, Henry Miley, and Woolsey Pride got everything in readiness and early the next morning started, Tislow and Miley taking a bear trap with them, as they knew of a place on Pride's creek where there was always plenty of bear signs. They intended to set the trap and go back the next morning. They were fairly successful, having killed three deer and a half-dozen turkeys. Hanging up two deer in the woods, they took one deer and the turkeys home with them, after having set their bear trap and baited it.

Early the next morning the three men went out again. Pride took his horse to bring the deer back on, while Tislow and Miley went to the bear trap. When near it they saw a large bear run away and a small one in the trap fast by its hind foot. They concluded, as it was only a cub weighing not more than one hundred pounds, they would take it alive with them to the fort to show to the women and children. They were making preparations to tie it when it made a great outcry and the old mother bear came rushing out after their dog and at them full drive. They had not time to get their guns or in any way defend themselves before she was on them, knocking Tislow down and attempting to tear him to pieces. Miley struck at the bear's head with his tomahawk, but hit a glancing blow, not severely disabling it, but somewhat addling it, so that it turned partly around and off of Tislow, who did not need any invitation, but in a moment was up, and running to a tree, climbed it to a safe distance. This left Miley and the dog with the infuriated bear, which kept turning around to get hold of the canine. Miley followed its motions by holding to its shaggy coat. He made several passes at it with his hatchet, but hadn't hurt the animal much. The dog was doing all that it could to help him, but had it not been for the hold he had on the long hair on the hindquarters of the bear it would have torn him to pieces. Having hold of it, he would govern himself by the bear's motions. When he had time to do anything he halloed to Tislow to come down and help him, but Tislow had been there before and was badly bitten, his clothing was torn in shreds and he didn't want any more of it.

When Miley was almost worn out two large dogs that had followed Pride came rushing into the conflict, thus releasing him from his perilous position. As soon as Miley loosed his hold he ran to a tree and climbed it, leaving the dogs and bear to fight it out. The great noise made by the men and dogs was heard by Pride and he was seen coming at full speed on his horse, but when he got near the battle there was such a mixup of dogs and bear that he could not shoot without danger of killing a dog. Finally he got a

chance and shot the bear through the middle of the shoulder, disabling both its forelegs. Then jumping from his horse, he finished it with his tomahawk.

95. Adventure with a Panther

(From *A Pioneer History of Indiana*, by Col. William M. Cockrum [1907], pp. 464-465.)

In 1806 a family of five persons connected with the Burr expedition located in what is now Perry County, Indiana, five or six miles north of Flint Island. It consisted of two large boys, a grown daughter, the mother and father. Through the misrepresentations of Aaron Burr and his aides, these people had been induced to leave a good home in Virginia and go on the ill-fated expedition with the assurance that great wealth and fame would accrue to them for their portion of the gains. These people had come down the Ohio in a boat. When they arrived at Louisville they learned that Burr and his followers were being hunted by the government as traitors to their country. They floated on down the Ohio until they came to the mouth of Oil creek (Perry County), then ran as far up the creek as they could and sunk their boat. Taking their plunder, they went some distance farther into the wilderness, where they selected a place which suited their fancy and built their cabins with a brave determination to start the battle of life over again. Joseph Bowers, the head of the family, and his eldest son, James, hunted most of the time, killing much game. They had located at a point which was some distance from any of the traveling traces that the Indians used, and began to feel hopeful they would have no trouble with them.

On one of their hunting excursions the two men had located a patch of hazel brush which was covered over with a thick matting of grapevines loaded with fine large grapes. The daughter and the younger brother accompanied the two hunters, intending to gather the fruit, and in the evening when the hunters returned they were to carry it home. They had not been long gathering grapes before they saw a large animal slipping through the brush, coming toward them. The boy, sixteen years old, had armed himself with an Indian tomahawk. They tried to slip away in the direc-

tion of their home, but got only a short distance when they heard the awful scream of the vicious animal as it came bounding after them. Mary Bowers had heard that a panther would not attack a human as long as one faced it and kept his eyes on the panther's eyes. This she attempted to do, at the same time walking backwards, with the animal slowly following her, patting its tail on the ground at each step. In her excitement she was not cautious of her steps and was tripped by a vine, when the vicious animal bounded upon her prostrate body and tore her into pieces with its terrible claws. The young boy rushed at the beast with his tomahawk and sank the blade into its head, but was unable to pull it out of its skull. The panther caught both of his arms with his fore claws and in its dying agony tore the flesh from his legs with its hind claws. Mr. Bowers and his son were a mile away when they heard the scream of the panther. They ran as fast as they could to the point where the children were left. Here they found Mary dead and the arms of Joseph still in the clutches of the dead panther. It was many months before he was able to walk again.

96. Wolf Tales of the Forest

(From *A Pioneer History of Indiana*, by Col. William M. Cockrum [1907], pp. 499-500.)

The sneaking, snarling wolves were the most despised of animals by the old hunters. They were treacherous and cowardly and wherever seen they were in such numbers as to have a decided advantage. They seldom attacked an animal larger than a deer or a calf, but when hungry they would attack a cow and kill her.

A farmer who lived on the headwaters of Pigeon creek, in Warrick County, Indiana, once turned his horse out to graze at night. Next morning he found the bones of the animal only a little way from his stable.

Often when following a wounded deer the hunter would find a dozen or more wolves had cut in on the trail ahead of him. They were such a menace to life and property that the hunters induced the county commissioners to offer a reward for each scalp, big or little. This soon thinned them out and provided a source of revenue to the hunters. Many

of them would take ten or fifteen scalps on a single hunt. Early in the forties Jacob W. Hargrove found a wolf's den in the hollow of a large tree in western Pike County near the Patoka river. There were six puppies in the den. He had watched several days for a chance to kill the old ones, but could never see them. He went to the den one evening and marked the puppies' ears with his mark. That night the old wolves moved them and the next day the two old ones were killed on Smith's fork of Pigeon creek, at least ten miles, as the bird flies, from their den on the Patoka river. They were killed by Jacob Skelton and his son John. The two men found the puppies, scalped them and took the six scalps to Princeton, where they received six dollars for them. They then went to the recorder's office, found the marks of Mr. Hargrove recorded, took out one dollar for their trouble and sent five dollars to him for the scalps of the six puppies which he had marked.

David Bilderback and Peter Ferguson, who lived in Monroe township, Pike County, went to a wolf's den which they knew of, intending to kill the puppies and get the reward then offered for them. Bilderback stationed himself beside a tree at the entrance of the den to shoot the old wolves should they be attracted by the cries of their puppies. Ferguson entered the den and began the work of killing the puppies and cutting off their ears. The old wolves came at him in a terrible fury, having heard the puppies' cries, but no shot was heard, and Ferguson barely escaped with his life. He rushed for his gun, which was standing against a tree, and saw Bilderback up a sapling calling to the wolves, "Be gone! Be gone!" They drove the old wolves away without killing either of them. Ferguson finished scalping the puppies and received the reward.

97. An Old-Time Grist Mill

(From Thwaites' *Early Western Travels*, VIII, p. 270; account by Estwick Evans [1819]. Copyright. By permission of Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland.)

In speaking of mills, I may advert to one which I saw in Indiana, and which excited some interest. As I was one

day passing through a wood, near a small log building, I heard a singular noise in the latter, and had the curiosity to look in. There was here a gristmill moved by a horse and attended by a little boy about nine years of age. The horse draws upon a staple fixed in a post; but making no progress, he pushes back with his feet the platform upon

Tunnel Mill, near Vernon, Indiana, erected about 1830. Operated at first by huge overshot wheel, later by turbine.

which he stands, and which is of a circular form. Through the center of this platform there is a post fixed in the ground. The walking of the horse sets the machinery in motion. The cogs, the wallower, the trunnelhead and the stones operated pretty much in the usual way. The Lilliputian miller displayed all the airs and importance so common to the managers of such noisy establishments.

CHAPTER XVI

RELIGIOUS LIFE OF THE PIONEERS

There were two bitterly hostile classes in our pioneer society. One of these was made up largely of criminals from the east, and others, of criminal tendencies, who found the restraints of the law disagreeable. The other class was made up of clean, conscientious persons who came west for economic reasons, or in some cases to escape vicious customs in the old society. These two classes had many a furious bout. The first had its headquarters in the tavern, the second gathered round the church. Every camp-meeting had its gang of rowdies who delighted in hectoring the preachers. On the other hand every circuit rider had a chip on his shoulder for the tavern bully. They were sworn enemies. The early churches had a great work to do and it is greatly to their credit and to our gain that they did it well.

98. Building the Meeting House

(From *Making a Neighborhood*, by Judge David D. Banta [1881], pp. 17-18.)

And yet these men were going to build a meeting house. How poor in purse and yet how immeasurably rich in faith and hope they were! Here was their home; here their children, born and unborn, were to grow to manhood and womanhood and a meeting house was a necessity to them, more of a necessity than a mill or a store, and there was but one way to get one—*build it!* And so the work was begun. Contrary to what so often happens nowadays, there was no controversy over the location of that meeting house nor over the style of architecture to be adopted, nor over the proposed cost.

I doubt if there ever was a meeting house built that occasioned less bickering among the builders, or for that matter brought more joy to them when finished than the old Shiloh one. No money was spent for an eligible site. I have heard my mother say that my father selected this beautiful knoll on which this house stands and yonder dead

are buried very soon after arriving at his new home and set it apart for the purposes to which it has since been consecrated. Nor was any money spent for materials save the little it took to buy a few pounds of nails, and the glass for the windows. I do not suppose any subscription paper was handed around to raise even that little money. I do not know, but I think it probable that deerskins and venison saddles were bartered for those few pounds of nails and the glass for the windows. The men of Shiloh were skillful with the chopping ax, the broad ax, the maul and wedge, the

McKendrie M. E. Church, near Brookville, Ind.

frow and whip-saw, and the woods was full of tall and straight-boled beeches, maples and ash trees with a fair sprinkling of straight-grained white oaks and poplars. All the men of Shiloh had to do in order to have a meeting house was to go into the forest and cut, hew, split, rive, whip-saw and build—and they did it. They paid the price and the house was theirs.

We have no written record of the time when the work was begun. Our fathers were more expert with the handspike than with the pen. "It was very warm weather," says

one, and "it was after the crops were laid by," says another. The last hoeing had been given to the corn patches and the little wheat fields had been reaped with the sickle and the straw put in the shock and mayhap the grain flailed out before the work was begun.

Be this as it may, Jesse Young, Sr., Serrill Winchester, Gideon Drake, Jacob Banta, Jesse Young, Jr., Joseph Young and perhaps others not now remembered felled the trees and cut and scored the logs. James W. Young, then a lad of sixteen, writes, "I helped line them." Josiah Drake, still younger, says, "I helped pick the trash off the new site." John Young and Thomas W. Titus hewed the logs. John Harrell, then a young man and making his home in the neighborhood, says, "I put in five or six days at whatever came handiest."

When the day for raising the house came round a "general invitation was sent out," and volunteer help came from all quarters, from Indian creek, Scott's creek, Hopewell and Peter Vandiver's neighborhood. That man was considered a mean one indeed who would refuse muscular aid on such an occasion. Serrill Winchester carried up the northeast corner of the new house, Joseph Young the northwest, Thomas W. Titus the southwest and John Young the southeast. This was the first hewed log house erected in the neighborhood and by all odds the most imposing edifice in it, and in addition it was the *meeting* house and so extra care was taken in notching down the corners to close-fitting joints.

The clapboard roof was nailed on, which was not a common thing done in Shiloh nor anywhere else in central Indiana in those days.

Jesse Young, Jr., and Thomas W. Titus "whip-sawed" the planks used for flooring and ceiling, for the doors and door and window casing and the communion table. Some of that lumber, I am told, has been worked into the floor of this house which has taken the place of that log one. John Young says, "the log church was about 25 feet wide by 30 feet long," but it seems to me its length must have been

greater by five feet than that. It was located a little to the south of the one that has taken its place and like it, its greater length was north and south. A double door was in the middle of each side and one window flanked each side of the doors and two small windows were cut high up in the south end and a little to each side of the pulpit. In the north end was the fireplace, with its clay hearth, and clay jambs well beaten in, the whole surmounted by a mud and stick chimney, the handiwork of Serrill Winchester.

The pulpit was a boxlike structure standing on four square posts and made of riven oak boards smoothly shaven with a drawing knife. The preacher mounted to his perch in that primitive pulpit on steps made by laying upon each other in right order logs that had been sawed out to make places for doors and windows. The seats were rough whip-sawed planks laid on log trestles. The ceiling was made by laying loose planks on the joist. In after years this ceiling was properly done and plain though comfortable seats were made. The communion table, a plain deal table made of whip-sawed lumber, when set for sacramental purposes, extended from the pulpit more than half way down the aisle. When used it was covered by a clean white cloth and around it all the communicants were seated. When not in use it stood at the south end of the church on the outside. In a few years its use was discontinued altogether.

It evidently did not take very long to build that house, for I find from the record that on the 30th day of July of the year of building, "The congregation of Shiloh met pursuant to notice at the meeting house." I think it probable the work was begun after the middle of the month and no doubt the "notice" was given before the roof was on. Doubtless the first meeting was held in a house without a chimney, without doors and windows, with unchinked and undaubed cracks, without pulpit and with unlaid floor. Be this as it may, Monfort preached and Joseph Young was elected to the eldership.

99. Some Pioneer Preachers

(John M. Dickey)

(From *Early Presbyterianism in Indiana,* by Hanford A. Edson, pp. 65-67.)

Mr. John M. Dickey engaged to return to the Washington congregation, and accordingly, in May, 1815, still a licentiate under the care of Muhlenburg Presbytery, he set out for his home in the wilderness with his wife and their infant daughter. The family and all their earthly goods were carried on the backs of two horses. His library consisted of a Bible, Buck's *Theological Dictionary,* Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress,* and Fisher's *Catechism.* When the ferriage across the Ohio was paid they had a single shilling left.

Now began the self-denials and struggles of pioneer life. It was impossible to expect a comfortable support from the feeble congregation. There was little money in the neighborhood. Taxes were partly paid in raccoon skins, fox skins, and "wolf scalps." People lived on what they could raise from the small clearings, by barter, and by hunting. Indians still occasioned annoyance and anxiety. Corn was pounded in mortars or rubbed on tin graters. Wheat flour was seldom seen. Fruit was rare except the wild plums, grapes, gooseberries, and pawpaws. Mr. Dickey, therefore, aided the support of his family by farming on a small scale, teaching a singing-class, and writing deeds, wills, and advertisements. He also surveyed land, and sometimes taught school. Much of this work was done gratuitously, but it secured the friendship of the people. His average salary, including money and gifts, of which he kept a record even to the minutest detail for the first sixteen years, was eighty dollars. In some way he secured forty acres of land, to which he subsequently added eighty acres. Twenty or thirty acres he cleared, chiefly by his own labor. With his neighbors' help he built his first house in the woods. It was a small log cabin—the floor of slabs split and hewed from oak and poplar trees; the windows small, greased paper serving instead of glass; the chimney partly of stone and partly of sticks, and daubed with clay. In later years he

erected a schoolhouse on his farm, and made sash with his own hands for the small glass then in use. He was "handy" with tools, and fashioned the woodwork of his plows and other farming implements. Often would less skillful neighbors work for him in the field, while he "stalked" their plows, or made them a harrow or rake. He also had a set of shoemaker's tools, mending the shoes of his family and often those of his neighbors. He could himself cut out and make a neat shoe, but "never liked the work, and avoided it if possible." Music he read with great facility, supplying the lack of books with his pen, several of these manuscript volumes being carefully kept by his children. He was not unaccustomed, on several occasions, to compose both music and hymns for the use of the congregation. Under his management the winter singing school became a prominent and happy feature in the wilderness.

Preaching every Sabbath, and often during the week, he was compelled to do much of his studying while at work on the farm, or as he rode on horseback from place to place. The family were too poor to afford a lamp or candles, and often, after a day of manual labor, Mr. Dickey would gather pine knots, having kindled a bright fire, would sit on the hearth and write the plan of a sermon. His best opportunities for meditation, however, came while riding to his preaching stations, through the forests, and along the quiet roads. With his Bible, hymn-book, and Confession of Faith in the saddlebags, and a Testament and small Concordance in his pocket ready for use, he pursued careful investigations of important themes.

His son says:

"On a pony that had learned to avoid the mud by going close to the rail fence, I have seen him riding for miles, and at every corner lifting his leg and drawing it up on the saddle to avoid the rails, too much absorbed in thought to observe what the pony or himself was doing. Occasionally returning to consciousness of things about him, he would rein the horse out into the road; but the beast, preferring the harder ground, would soon go back to the fence,

and creep so close to the sharp corners that the process of leglifting would begin again and go steadily on for another hour.

At one time, returning from a preaching-tour to find the family entirely out of meal and flour, he remounted his horse, went to the mill several miles distant, procured a supply, and with the sack on the horse's back started homeward. But becoming engaged in meditation, the sack fell off without his notice. The hungry children, who had made several meals of potatoes, saw with dismay that he was returning without the supplies, and, calling their mother, met him as he rode up to the gate. A single question was enough to reveal the state of the case, and wheeling about, half-amused and half-ashamed, he hurried back to find the sack at the roadside. He often said that to think closely he must be on his horse. There was no subject engaging the attention of the world which he did not ponder as thoroughly as opportunities allowed. He was well informed on questions of public policy, and sometimes addressed communications to those in power, always urging that "righteousness exalteth a nation." These communications were kindly received and often elicited respectful replies.

A Brother of the Baptist "Persuasion"

(From *Sketches of My Own Times*, by David Turpie [1903], pp. 9-12. Copyright 1903. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

There were several double log cabins in our neighborhood. One of these was the home of a Kentuckian, a man of some means, who had sold his possessions in his native state, bought a large tract of land in our country, and had been living on it some years. His double cabin was built of hewn timber, the yard around it was filled with choice shrubs and fruit trees brought from the old "settlements over the river," by which words he always described the country of his former home. The sides and ends of his house were bordered all round by a broad strip of sand and gravel. This kept the house dry and afforded no nesting for the numerous insects, winged and wingless, which

in warm weather were troublesome. The gates and fences of the house-lot were of plank, its walks were well laid out and covered with gravel. He lived near Sugar Creek, sometimes called Big Sugar, and made good use of its long-accumulated deposits. The space between the two cabins in such a house was known as the entry, and was wide and roomy. The entry in this house was roofed with clapboards, and its floor was of clay and gravel beaten down hard and smooth. It was open at both ends; you could stand or sit in it, in the hottest day of summer, and yet feel a cool and refreshing draft of air in its shade.

The owner of this mansion was a typical pioneer, stalwart, and wise, full of activity and enterprise, fond of his farm and well skilled in its management. He was withal a religious man, strictly such in precept and practice, and, as he phrased it, of the Baptist persuasion. When the Baptist minister came, as he did once a month, to preach in the neighborhood, the meeting was held at this house, and the double log cabin was a very good place for that purpose. There were at that time no church buildings in the country and we at that time seldom went to town on Sunday. The crowd assembled at the house named at the time appointed, of which notice had been given. The preacher took his place in the middle of the entry; before him was set a small stand on which to lay his Bible and hymn-book. The women were seated in the rooms on one side of the entry, the windows and doors being open, and the men in the same way on the other side. Separate seating of the sexes at church was rigidly observed at the time, and indeed for many years afterwards, both in town and country. All the children sat together in the entry just in front of the minister, but one or two of the elders sat with them as monitors.

Service began by reading a chapter, followed by prayer. The hymn was then lined out, and a person somewhat acquainted with music led in the singing; the audience joined in with vigor and evident satisfaction. The parts, bass and treble, were carried in the exercise, for the winter singing school was already an established institution, and the singing-master a well known public character. Then came the

reading of the text and the sermon, or, as it was more commonly called, the discourse, which lasted always an hour, sometimes longer.

During the whole service there was the utmost decorum; no chatting either aloud or in undertone; even whispering was regarded such a breach of good manners that it seldom was indulged in.

The discourse was listened to with special interest. The service was plain; the place where it was held abounded in flowers, but there was no bouquet on the preacher's stand, none on his person, nor were any flowers worn by the hearers. This extreme simplicity in religious exercise was not due to any lack of respect or regard; it was rather due to an excess of reverence for the sacred character of the time and place—an over-anxiety to avoid anything which might even appear to be out of harmony with the propriety of the occasion. Reverence seemed to be a natural trait of the hardy backwoodsmen—it fitted them like a garment and was deeply imprinted upon the hearts and minds of their children.

At the close of the sermon another hymn was sung, followed by a brief prayer and benediction. As soon as meeting broke, to use the vernacular of those days, the people crowded round the minister to exchange greetings; many also shook hands with their host, thanking him for the opportunity of hearing the Word, and hoping that the family had not been too much put out by the presence of such a large congregation. The host modestly disclaimed the thanks, said all were more than welcome, and heartily invited them to come again. As the people went homeward they talked by the way about the meeting, the singing, but chiefly about the discourse, which usually became the theme of conversation in the neighborhood for many days afterward.

(Elijah Goodwin)

(From the *Life of Elijah Goodwin*, by Elijah Goodwin [1880], pp. 90-92.)

There was no thought among our people at this time of supporting a preacher for his services. It was expected that every preacher would support himself and family, and

preach all he could, simply as a Christian duty. It was in view of this arrangement that I built my house. I could see nothing before me but hard work on the farm through the week, and Sunday preach without any remuneration, besides attending two and three day meetings frequently. By the time my crop was laid by, I was very much wearied with my mental and physical labor, and I told some of the brethren that I must preach less, or work less; that I had been travelling from ten to twenty miles on Sunday and preaching two or three times, holding prayer-meetings of nights during the week, and then working in the field from 4:30 o'clock A. M. to 7:30 P. M., which was more than any one man could long endure.

When my crop was laid by, I went to work on my house. I hewed my puncheons for the floor, put them down and chinked and daubed the cracks, built my "cat-and-clay" chimney, and moved into it on the 1st of September, 1829, and was ready for gathering my crop by the time it was ready. And at the approach of winter, the brethren persuaded me to take a school for the winter, which I did, and I succeeded so well that the neighborhood built a school-house for me, and I continued to teach during the next spring and summer. During this time I had, by special invitation, made arrangements for preaching once a month at the "Yankee Settlement," four miles from Mt. Vernon, the county seat of Posey county, Indiana, and eighteen miles from home. I have preached there in the winter season, on Sunday and Sunday nights, slept a few hours, then risen at 1 A. M., got a bite to eat and started for home eighteen miles, and be in my school in time. In those days teaching school was not simply a day of six hours but we put in a full day, from 7 o'clock A. M. to 6 P. M., in the summer, and in the winter from daylight till dark, giving the children just time enough after daylight to reach the school-house, and we let them out just in time to reach home before dark.

The people in this community were generally poor, or at least they did not handle much money; so I had to take my pay for teaching in anything they had to spare. On

Saturday before the third Sunday in May, 1830, I was chosen pastor of the church at Union; so I held a two-days' meeting every month with this church. According to the order which we had adopted in this church, we had a monthly church-meeting on Saturday, preaching Saturday at 11 o'clock A. M., and at night, and on Sunday at the same hours.

The duty of the pastor was to fill these appointments, or have it done, and preside at the business meetings. He was also expected to visit the sick and look after delinquent members; all of which had to be done without any pecuniary consideration. Nothing was promised me, and, of course, I was not disappointed when I received nothing.

100. Quarterly-Meeting Penitence

(From *Recollections of the Early Settlement of the Wabash Valley*, by Sanford C. Cox [1860], pp. 80-82.)

The first quarterly meeting of the Methodist Episcopal church held in Lafayette, met in a log cabin, long afterward used by Eli Huntsinger as a wheelwright shop, which stood on the corner of Mississippi and Ferry streets, within a few yards of the chapel of the western charge of the Methodist church.

James Armstrong was a circuit rider, and John Strange presiding elder. The district then embraced western Indiana, which extended from the Ohio river northward to the lakes, and the circuit was scarcely less extensive.

These able and beloved ministers of the gospel, with a self-sacrificing devotion to the spiritual interests of their flocks, made it a point never to fail to meet their congregations, however small in point of numbers, when it was possible to prevent [avoid] it. The circuit rider had published the time and place of the quarterly meeting for more than a month, and many of the Methodists and other denominations scattered through the country, had assembled with the few church members who resided in Lafayette, to worship the Almighty, and cultivate and strengthen the bonds of society. Besides public preaching, and the transaction of the business of the quarterly conference, a Love

Feast was held, according to the usages of society, and the Lord's Supper was administered in a solemn and appropriate manner.

Armstrong, who was an eloquent and popular preacher, beloved by all who knew him, addressed the meeting with happy effect; and Strange, a man with surpassing personal beauty, piety and eloquence, conducted the service of the Eucharist.[38]

While Strange was addressing the communicants bowed around the altar, and in the most soothing and encouraging language pointed them to the Christ as the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world," a group of giddy, thoughtless young men sat near the door, whose looks and actions denoted a spirit of levity wholly incompatible with the solemn ceremonies transpiring before them. Strange for a while seemed to take no notice of their whispering and throwing hazelnut hulls over the floor, but continued to address the communicants in the most gentle and touching manner; and then he started up suddenly, as if waking from a reverie, and said: "Did I say that Christ was the lamb of God?—He is to the humble, penitent believer; but to you," (pointing back with his long, bony finger toward the young men near the door,) "to you, sinner, arouse Him, and He is the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, and by the slightest exertion of His omnific finger, could dash you deeper into damnation than a sunbeam could fly in a million of ages!" The effect was electrical. The transition from the gentle and pathetic to the stern and terrible, was so sudden and unexpected, that one of the young men said he felt his hair instantly raise on end, and that he was going with the velocity of thought toward the doleful regions so eloquently and fearfully alluded to in this impromptu and brilliant flash of rhetoric, which equalled the most sublime flights of Bridaine, Bascom, or Simpson.

Armstrong, Strange, and the most of those who were present at that quarterly meeting, have passed to that "bourne from whence no traveler returns." A few only of those who partook of the Eucharist on that occasion lin-

[38] Eucharist, communion, Lord's Supper.

ger among us. The young gentleman who was the leader of the disturbers near the door that evening, and felt he was flying through space to pandemonium swifter than Milton's "Archangel Ruined" ever did, still lives in Lafayette, and is now a worthy and exemplary member of the church. When I see his gray head, as he moves around town, with his hair standing *à la Jackson,*[39] I secretly wonder whether it is natural for his hair to resemble the "fretful porcupine," or whether it was not caused by the electric shock of Strange's potent eloquence.

101. An Old-Time Camp Meeting

(From Thwaites' *Early Western Travels*, IX, pp. 257-263; account by James Flint.)

I lately returned from visiting the camp meeting of Wesleyan Methodists, where I remained about twenty-four hours. On approaching the scene of action, the number of horses tied to the fences and trees, and the traveling wagons standing in the environs, convinced me of the great magnitude of the assemblage. Immediately round the meeting a considerable number of tents was irregularly disposed. Some of them were log cabins that seemed to have served several campaigns, but most of them were constructed of poles, covered over with coarse tow cloth.

These tents are for the accommodation of the people who attend the worship for several days, or for a week together. I had no sooner got a sight of the area within, than I was struck with surprise, my feet were for a moment involuntarily arrested while I gazed on a preacher vociferating from a high rostrum, raised between two trees, and an agitated crowd immediately before him, that were making a loud noise, and the most singular gesticulations which can be imagined. On advancing a few paces, I discovered that the turmoil was chiefly confined within a small inclosure of about thirty feet square, in front of the orator, and that the ground occupied by the congregation was laid with felled trees for seats. A rail fence divided it into two parts, one for females, and the other for males. It was my

[39] *À la Jackson*, after the fashion of Andrew Jackson, who wore his hair combed almost upright in front.

misfortune to enter by the wrong side, and I was politely informed of my mistake by Colonel P——, of my acquaintance, who, it appeared, had undertaken the duty of keeping the males apart from the females. The inclosure already mentioned was for the reception of those who undergo religious awakenings, and was filled by both sexes, who were exercising violently, shouting, screaming, clapping of hands, leaping, jerking, falling and swooning. The preacher could not be distinctly heard, great as his exertions were; certainly had it not been for his elevated position, his voice would have been entirely blended with the clamors below. I took my stand close by the fence, for the purpose of noting down exclamations uttered by the exercised, but found myself unable to pick up anything like a distinct paragraph. Borrowing an idea from the Greek mythology, to have a distinct perception of sounds, poured from such a multitude of bellowing mouths, would require the ear of Jove. I had to content myself with such vociferations as "glory, glory, power, Jesus Christ," with groans and woes unutterable.

In the afternoon a short cessation was allowed for dinner, and those deeply affected were removed to tents and laid on the ground. This new arrangement made a striking change in the camp, the bustle being removed from the center and distributed along the outskirts of the preaching ground. Separate tents, in which one or more persons were laid, were surrounded by females who sung melodiously. It is truly delightful to hear these sweet singing people. Some of their tunes, it is true, did not convey, through my prejudiced ears, the solemn impressions that become religious worship, for I recognized several of the airs associated with the sentimental songs of my native land. In one instance a tent was dismantled of its tow cloth covering, which discovered a female almost motionless. After a choir of girls around her had sung for a few minutes, two men stood over her, and simultaneously joined in prayer. One of them, gifted with a loud and clear voice, drowned the other totally, and actually prayed him down.

After dinner another orator took his place. The inclosure was again filled with the penitent, or with others wishing to become so, and a vast congregation arranged themselves on their seats in the rear. A most pathetic prayer was poured forth, and a profound silence reigned over all the camp, except the fenced inclosure, from whence a low hollow murmuring sound issued. Now and then, "Amen" was articulated in a pitiful and indistinct tone of voice. You have seen a menagerie of wild animals on a journey, and have perhaps heard the king of beasts and other powerful quadrupeds, excited to grumbling by the jolting of the wagon. Probably you will call this a rude simile; but it is the most accurate that I can think of.

Sermon commenced. The preacher announced his determination of discontinuing his labours in this part of the world, and leaving his dear brethren for ever. He addressed the old men present, telling them that they and he must soon be removed from this mortal state of existence, and that the melancholy reflection arose in his mind,—"What will become of the church when we are dead and gone?" A loud response of groaning and howling was sounded by the aged in the inclosure, and throughout the congregation. He next noticed that he saw a multitude of young men before him, and, addressing himself to them, said, "I trust in God, that many of you will be now converted, and will become the preachers and the pious Christians of after days." The clamour now thickened, for young and old shouted together. Turning his eyes toward the female side of the fence, he continued, "And you, my dear sisters." What he had further to say to the future "mothers of the church," could not be heard, for the burst of acclamation, on their part, completely prevented his voice from being heard, on which account he withdrew, and a tune was struck up and sung with grand enthusiasm. The worship now proceeded with a new energy; the prompter in the pulpit had succeeded in giving it an impulse, and the music was sufficient to preserve emotion. The inclosure was so much crowded that its inmates had not the liberty of lateral motion, but were literally hobbling en

masse. My attention was particularly directed to a girl of about twelve years of age, who while standing could not be seen over her taller neighbors; but at every leap she was conspicuous above them. The velocity of every plunge made her long loose hair flirt up as if a handkerchief were held by one of its corners and twitched violently. Another female, who had arrived at womanhood, was so much overcome that she was held up to the breeze by two persons who went to her relief. I never saw such exhaustion. The vertebral column was completely pliant, her body, her neck, and her extended arms, bent in every direction successively. It would be impossible to describe the diversity of cases; they were not now confined within the fence, but were numerous among the people without. Only a small proportion of them could fall within the observation of any one bystander. The scene was to me equally novel and curious.

About dusk I retired several hundred yards into the woods to enjoy the distant effect of the meeting. Female voices were mournfully predominant, and my imagination figured to me a multitude of mothers, widows, and sisters, giving the first vent to their grief, in bewailing the loss of a male population by war, shipwreck, or some other great catastrophe.

It had been thought proper to place sentinels without the camp. Females were not allowed to pass out into the woods after dark. Spirituous liquors were not permitted to be sold in the neighborhood.

Large fires of timber were kindled, which cast a new lustre on every object. The white tents gleamed in the glare. Over them the dusky woods formed a most romantic gloom, only the tall trunks of the front rank were distinctly visible, and these seemed so many members of a lofty colonnade. The illuminated camp lay on a declivity, and exposed a scene that suggested to my mind the moonlight gambols of beings known to us only through the fictions of credulous ages. The greatest turmoil prevailed within the fence, where the inmates were leaping and hobbling together with upward looks and extended arms.

Around this busy mass, the crowd formed a thicker ring than the famous Macedonian phalanx; and among them, a mixture of the exercised were interspersed. Most faces were turned inward to gaze on the grand exhibition, the rear ranks on tiptoe, to see over those in front of them, and not a few mounted on the log-seats, to have a more commanding view of the show. People were constantly passing out and into the ring in brisk motion, so that the white drapery of the females, and the darker apparel of the men were already alternately vanishing and reappearing in the most elegant confusion. The sublimity of the music served to give an enchanting effect to the whole. My mind involuntarily reverted to the leading feature of the tale of "Alloway Kirk:"

> Warlocks and witches in a dance;

where Tam O'Shanter

> . . . . Stood like one bewitch'd,
> And thought his very een enriched.

Late in the evening a man detached himself from the crowd, walking rapidly backward and forward, and crying aloud. His vociferations were of this kind: "I have been a great sinner, and was on the way to the damned; but am converted now, thank God—glory, glory!" He turned round on his heel, occasionally, giving a loud whoop. A gentleman with whom I am well acquainted, told me that he had a conversation with a female who had just recovered from the debility of the day. She could give no other account of her sensations than that she felt so good, that she could press her very enemy to her bosom.

At half past two A. M. I got into a tent, stretched myself on the ground, and was soon lulled asleep by the music. About five I was awakened by the unceasing melody. At seven, preaching was resumed; and a lawyer residing in the neighborhood gave a sermon of a legal character.

At nine the meeting adjourned to breakfast. A multitude of small fires being previously struck up, an extensive cooking process commenced, and the smell of bacon tainted

the air. I took this opportunity of reconnoitering the evacuated field. The little inclosure, so often mentioned, is by the religious called the Altar, and some scoffers are wicked enough to call it the Pen, from its similarity to the structures in which hogs are confined.

102. Life at a Camp Meeting

(From *Sketches of My Own Times*, by Senator David Turpie [1903]. Copyright 1903. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

Our townspeople frequently attended camp meeting. We went as visitors, not as campers; the latter stayed and lived upon the camp ground during the time the meeting was in progress, which lasted always a week, sometimes longer. The camp ground was made near a creek or river and in the shadiest woods. Attendance at these meetings was large; the people came on horseback and in covered wagons, sometimes from a distance of forty or fifty miles. Some of them brought tents; many, however, lodged and slept in their wagons. They usually carried with them cooked provisions, but there were always coffee-fires built along the outer edge of the ground for those who wished to make use of them. Horses and wagons were corralled roughly in the shape of a horseshoe, at the open end of which was the preacher's stand, and in front of it the mourners' seat or bench. The ground beyond this to the line of wagons was filled with seats, temporarily made with planks and logs, except a vacant space around the stand. The camp at night was lighted by lanterns and blazing bark or twigs, placed upon small earth-covered platforms, and supported by wooden tripods of proper height; these fires were replenished from time to time by the watchers.

The leading event of a day in camp was the eleven o'clock sermon, usually prepared for the occasion. Afternoon service was less formal; it commenced with the handshake. All standing, you turned to the right and then to the left, shaking hands with whosoever stood next you. Then the testimonies were called for; any one in the audience rose and repeated some short verse or clause from the

Bible; forty or fifty testimonies would thus be delivered within half an hour. Comments were made briefly upon one or more of these texts by the ministers in the stand until the audience was dismissed for supper.

In the evening there was a short discourse, followed by prayers and fervid exhortations. The mourners or seekers gathered around the preachers' stand, the elder members of the church mingling with them. Their utterances were loud, irregular and much broken; there were devout ejaculations, singing and shouting. Those that took part in these exercises became greatly excited, forgetful of others, of the audience and its presence. Women were frequent participants. I have known several staid, modest and matronly housekeepers, who were spoken of as pretty good shouters; not in any sort or derision, but with respectful deference, from the order and decorum which they manifested in this part of their devotions. The people of those days in simple faith accredited these things as gifts or visitations of the Holy Spirit, bestowed upon those who led a pure and blameless life—upon those always and none besides. Often camp meetings were held year after year in the same place, some site favored by abundance of shade and water. They took place in the latter part of the season, in August or September, when the roads were at their best and the weather fair, in our part of the state mainly under the auspices of two communions, the Methodists and the New Lights.

The most prominent leader in these religious movements among the New Lights was a Kentuckian, an old man of three score years, but of robust figure and strong muscular development. He was born and reared in the mountain region of his native State. His youth was wild and froward; he had been a noted boxer and fighter. In a famous battle, wherein he had been victor against one of the mountain bullies, he had lost an eye; but the one he had served him well; he read without glasses the fine print of the little Testament and hymn-book which he used in his ministrations.

He owned a good farm, well stocked and tilled. He said he was a farmer by trade, a preacher by calling. A few

rude fellows of the baser sort had attempted at first to disturb his meetings; some of these had become zealous converts; the rest were careful not to incur his displeasure. He had a very striking way of enforcing order against trespassers in the congregation. Strange liberties he took with grammar and pronunciation in his discourses, yet none of his fellow-laborers impressed an audience as he did. He had the moving accent of conviction, speaking, in tones of deep contrition, of the sins of his youth; the hearers followed him both in his sorrow and repentance. Troops of friends and brethren gathered around him wherever he sojourned; they called him father, out of pure natural affection. He was always plainly but neatly dressed in the homespun garb of the country. Belonging to an ancient and honorable order, yet he wore no insignia or regalia; he had been for years a member of the Society of Turners—those mentioned by the prophet; "They that turn, that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

These camp meetings usually closed at midnight of the last day with the singing of some old familiar hymn, in which the whole congregation joined. Inured by the practice of the week before, they kept time and tune in unison; the volume of sound was vast and imposing; the echo rebounding from the neighboring woods, heard in the darkness at the close of each verse, impressed one almost with the conviction that the voices were not all of this world,—that the "choir invisible" seemed to take part in the responses.

Next morning they took breakfast on the camp-ground, the wagons were packed, good-byes said, and they started on the journey for their homes. There was nothing of hurry or confusion in their departure, no car time to make, no telegrams to excite or disturb, nothing to distract attention from the memories of that season of worship whose closing hours they had witnessed.

103. Preachers on the Circuit

(From *The New Purchase*, by Baynard R. Hall [1855], pp. 290-297.)

For *The New Purchase* see introduction to selection 78. Mr. Hall and his companion were returning from a camp meeting at Vincennes, in 1825, when the incidents recounted below took place.

"Oh! hullow! stop, won't you?"

"What's the matter?"

"My hat's gone."

"There it is, dangling on that branch—look up—higher!-higher yet!"

"Oh! yes—I see:—lucky the hat wasn't tied under a fellow's chin, hey?—how the thing jerked!"

"Ouch!—what a scratch!—just get out your knife and cut this green-briar."

"I've cut it—go on:—look out, you'll lose your right leggin."

"Whi-i-rr!—what's that?"

"A pheasant!"

"H-i-i-ss!—what's that?"

"A snake!"

"Haw! haw! haw!—if your trousers ain't torn the prettiest!"

"Don't taste them!—they ain't grapes!—they are poison berries!"

"Look—quick!—what an enormous lizard!"

And then such knocks on the head! Did I ever think heads, before the aid of phrenology, could bear such whacks!

In about three hours from the starting at the gully, we somehow or other stood on the summit of a bold bluff, and beheld the river coolly and beautifully flowing beneath our feet away below! Here we halted, first to repair apparel, wipe off perspiration, and pick out briars and thorns from the hands and other denuded parts; and, secondly, to determine the next movement, when—hark! the sound of an axe! yes! and hark!—of human voices!

Between us and the sounds, evidently not more than two hundred yards up the river, interposed a dense and thorny

rampart; but with coats fresh buttoned to our throats, hats half-way over the face, and leggins rebound above the knee and at the ankle, we, in the saddles, and retired within ourselves like snails, the outer man being thus contracted into the smallest possible dimension, and with heads so inclined as to render following the nose alike impossible and useless, we charged with the vengeance of living battering rams against and into the matted wall of sharp and sour vegetables; and onward, onward, went we thus, till all at once, the impediment ceasing, we burst and tumbled through into an open circular clearing of about fifty yards' diameter!

In one part was a rude shantee or temporary lodge of poles and bark, à la Indian, having in front, as cover to a doorway, a suspended blanket, perhaps to keep out mosquitoes; for I neither saw nor imagined any other use. On one side of the area, were large heaps of hoop-poles, on another, of barrel-staves; while in several places stood gazing at us three squatter-like personages, and evidently not gratified at our unceremonious visit. The nature of their employment was manifest—the preparation of some western "notions and ideas" for the Orleans market.

"Well, what of that?"

Nothing; it was very correct, except in one small particular; this snug little swamp and thicket, some thirty miles by two in extent, and full of choice timber, happened to belong to our Great Father's elder brother, the venerable dear good old Uncle Sam! And these reprobate nephews, our cousins, were simply busy in taking more than their share of the common heritage—in short, they were poaching and stealing! Now, kind reader, for the last three hours, we had passed through a considerable scrape; nay, as we had shrunk up, it may be called a narrow scrape; but on comprehending the present affair, it seemed not improbable that we had only come out of the scrape literal, into the scrape metaphorical.

"How so?" Why you see, a large penalty was incurred for cutting down and stealing public timber; and the

informer got a handsome share of the fine as reward; so that our industrious kinsmen taking us, at first, for spies and informers, not only looked, but talked quite growl-ly; and we both felt a little nervous at sight of the rifles and scalping knives in the shantee! Here is a first-rate temptation to make a thrilling story; but I must not forget the dignity of history—although Uncle John and I both thrilled at the time without any story—and so I proceed to say, that we soon satisfied our free traders who we were, and that they condescended not only to laugh, but to sneer at us, and then pointed to the nice little wagon that one of them had driven yesterday from near Razorville, with their supplies for the current week! And that was the identical rut-making machine that, so contrary to everybody's wishes, had coaxed us into the thicket!

We were then taught to return on its trace, by a kind of opening through the maze; and received ample directions where and how to cross the ravine. We accordingly hastened away; but we never felt perfectly easy or ventured to laugh honestly, till full two hundred yards beyond the longest rifle shot, which might very accidentally take our direction, and, may be, hit us. After having thus lost a wagon in a thicket, I felt inclined to believe in the difficulty of finding a needle in a hay-stack. But we came, finally, to a deserted cabin; and there, after a keen look, discovered a little path laid down for us in the late verbal chart.

Revived we now cantered on, and not long after reached our breakfast-house, just as the sun was going down—having in the day's navigation with all our tackings made precisely seven miles, by the short cut, in the homeward direction. Since Monday night, we had eaten nothing, and were naturally ready now for three meals in one; and yet we were destined to wait a little longer, and condense into one, four repasts—like ancient Persians when hunting.

For, either not liking our appearance, or vexed at our not having come earlier to breakfast, we were here most pertinaciously refused any entertainment whatever, and even peremptorily ordered away; and were, indeed, com-

pelled to put off for the nearest house, some eight miles farther at the ferry!

In about two hours, we having again lost our way, and it being very dark, my horse, now in the lead, suddenly halted; when dismounting, I tried first with my feet, and then my hands, and quickly had by these new senses a feeling sense of our situation, viz., that we stood at the diverging point of two paths running from one another at nearly a right angle!

"Well, what do you say? Don't it seem damp towards the right?"

"I think it does—and may be the river is that way. Don't it seem like rising ground towards the left, to you?"

"It does—let's try the left—we've had enough of thicket for one day—hark! hark!

"Bow-wow-wow! bow-wow!" on the left.

"Sure enough! a dog towards the left! push ahead that way."

The canine outcry was reduplicated and prolonged; and we were soon rewarded for our sagacity in going to the left by coming whack-up against a worm-fence! But groping our way through this impediment, a light was soon discerned gleaming through some crevice; and the noise of the dog then subsided into an angry growl—which growl was again exchanged into a bark, as we let out our hearty and door-penetrating "Hullow." This backwoods sonnet had soon the desired effect on the clapboard shutter; for it now creaked slowly open, and allowed to issue from the cabin the following reply in a strong soprano, yet vibratory from apprehension—

"Well—who be you? what's a wantin'?"

"Strangers, ma'am, from the Big Meeting at Vincennes; we've been lost all day in the swamp below Stafford's—and we're lost now. Will you be so kind as to let us stay the rest of the night here?"

"Well, it's most powerful onconvenient—couldn't you sort a keep on to Fairplay—tain't more nor two miles no how, and you'd git mighty good 'comedashins thar?"

"Oh! ma'am, we'd never find the way in the dark. Beside our horses are nearly given out; and we ourselves haven't touched food for nearly two days——"

"Well! now! if that aint most too powerful hard like—I'm a poor lone woman body—but I can't let you go on—so come in. But, strangers, you will find things right down poor here, and have to sleep on the floor, as 'cos I've no more nor two beds and them's all tuk up by me and the children. Howsoever, thar's a corn heap over thar to feed your critturs; but we're now teetotally out of meal;—and Bill's to start in the morning for a grist—and I'm powerful sorry we've nothin' to eat——"

"Oh! thank you, ma'am—never mind us—thank you—never mind! If we get corn for our poor brutes, and shelter for ourselves, that will do—thank you, ma'am—never mind!"

Having fed our jaded animals we entered the cabin, and depositing our saddles and furniture in one corner, we sat down on two rude stools, like some modern Ottomans in the city; being so low as to force one's knees and chin into near proximity. They had, indeed, no covering or cushion, unless such be considered the lone woman's indescribable dress, lying on the one, and Bill's tow-linen breeches on the other—articles we considerately, however, removed for fear of soiling.

The next thing we did was to poke up the slumbering fire; by the light of which we first cast rueful looks on one another, and then some sideway glances around the apartment. In one spot, stood a barrel with an empty bag of dim whiteness, hanging partly in and partly out, while across its top was laid a kneading bowl, and in that a small washing machine, the barrel being manifestly the repository of meal, and the bag the very affair Bill was to ride, in the morning, to mill. Near us was a shelf holding a few utensils for mush and milk, several tin cups, a wooden bowl in need of scouring, and some calabashes; a large calabash we had noticed outside the door, having a small grape vine for a handle, and intended to represent a bucket for water and

other wet and dry uses. In a strap of deerskin nailed under the shelf were stuck certain knives, some ornamented with buck-horn handles, one or two with corncob handles, and one handleless; and interspersed judiciously in the same strap were pincushions, scissors, comb, and a few other *et ceteras* of a hoosiery toilette.

But the curiosities were "the two beds and all tuk up by the mother and the childurn." What the bedsteads were made of was not ascertained. Rickety they were, screeching, squirming, and wriggling at every slight motion of the sleeping household; but tough and seasoned too must they have been to bear up under their respective loads, especially considering the way some that night kicked under the covers, and occasionally over them!

In one bed were the lone (?) woman and two children; and in this I am confident, having counted three heads and one with a cap on. In the other were three or four bodies—Uncle John insisted on four, but I counted only three heads at the bolster; yet Uncle John in his very last letter holds to it, that he saw another head sticking out near the foot, and two or three legs in such direction as could come only from a head in that latitude. Strong presumptive evidence, granted; yet only presumptive, for a real backwoods boy can twist himself all around; besides, the fleas that night made the bed loads twist their utmost, and legs and arms became so surprisingly commingled, that no ordinary spectator could tell to what bodies they severally pertained. And never were beds so "all tuk up", nor so wonderfully slept all over, till by day-light the whole of their sleep must have been fully extracted; and hence, it was plain enough there was no room for Uncle John or me in either bed; and that if we wanted any sleep we must get it out of the puncheons. We spread, therefore, our horse-blankets each on a puncheon, our separating line being an interstice of three inches; and, transforming saddle-bags into pillows, we essayed to sleep away our weariness and hunger. But the "sweet restorer's" balmy influences were all confined that night to the regular beds; and that, among other causes,

owing to a motherly she-swine with a litter of ever so many pigs, and some other bristled gentry in the basement, whence ascended an overpowering dry hickorynut fragrance, and endless variations of grunt, squeak, and shuffle —and in all likelihood the oceans of fleas disturbing us! If not thence, I leave to such critics to ascertain, who delight in saying and finding smart things.

Upon the whole it was not, then, so odd that about an hour before dawn, we made ready to set out in search of Fairplay. And of course our preparations waked the lone woman; when the "cap" already named, being elevated above the sleeping line of the other heads, and also several capless pates of dirty matted hair—gender indeterminate—being so raised and thrust forth in the other bed, we thus held our farewell colloquy:

"Well, my good friend, we thank you kindly for your hospitality, and we are about starting now—what shall we pay you?

"Laws! bless you, stranger! how you talk!—why do y' allow I'd axe people what's lost anything?—and such 'comedashins?"

"Oh! ma'am—but we put you to trouble—"

"Trouble!—I don't mind trouble now nohow—I've had too big a share on it to mind it any more almost—"

"Why, ma'am, you've been very kind—and we really can't go away till we pay you something—"

"Stranger!—I sees you wants to do what's right—but you needn't take out that pu's—I'll have to be a most powerful heap poorer nor I'm now, afore I'll take anything for sich poor shelter to feller critturs what's lost—and them a comin' from meetin' too! Aint that oldermost stranger a kinder sort a preacher?"

"No, my friend, I'm only a member——"

"Well,—I couldn't axe meetin' folks nothin' for the best. I'm right glad you didn't take the right hand trail below our fence, you'd got into the swamp agin. Now jist mind when you come to a big sugar what blow'd down by the hurricane, and you take the left, and that will git you clear

of the bio—and then keep rite strate on forrerd and you'll soon git to Fairplay [near Bloomfield]."

Farewells were then cordially exchanged, and we left the poor lone woman with emotions of pity, gratitude, and admiration; and we thought of the "cup of cold water"—"the two mites"—of "one half the world knows not how the other lives"—and "man wants but little here below" and—of all similar sacred and secular sayings, till we came to the prostrate sugar-tree. There we made a judicious digression to avoid miring and suffocating in the morass, and then shortly after dismounted safe and sound, but frightfully hungry, at Fairplay.

CHAPTER XVII

PIONEER SCHOOLS

Like all other pioneer institutions, their schools were unsystematic and poor. They had little money and less time to devote to the work. Much as they believed in education, they found it impossible to educate their children as they wished. As a result there was far more ignorance in the second generation of Indianians than in the first. The parents simply did the best they could.

First Log Schoolhouse in Wayne County. Also picture of Jonathan Roberts, who attended school in this building in 1814.

This applies to teachers, books, buildings, and clothing. Hard necessity will explain nearly all their shortcomings. That they believed in education is shown by the laws they enacted and the letters they wrote. There is no more pathetic feature of our history than this early struggle to establish schools. The woods, the roads, the streams, and even the wild animals seemed to oppose and were banded together to prevent the children from having school.

104. A Pioneer School

(From *The First of the Hoosiers*, by GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON [1903], pp. 32-46. By courtesy of the author's estate.)

The schools characterized by the Egglestons were far better than the average in the State. This does not mean that Edward Eggleston, in his *Hoosier Schoolmaster*, gave us a fair description of a typical school. According to the rules of his art he emphasized his characters and so made certain features of his school stand out over-prominently. Some of the independent pioneer schools were models of their kind and would so be considered to-day.

The school which Edward and I first attended was in some respects interesting. It was held in a log cabin a mile or so from our house. The master was a very estimable man named Benefiel, who had taught our mother before us. He enjoyed an enviable reputation for scholarship, which I have no doubt was thoroughly well deserved. For one thing the "rule of three" had set no bounds to his mathematical acquirements. It was wonderingly said of him that "he knew the whole arithmetic," and it was darkly whispered that in addition to that he possessed certain occult knowledge which in our time would be described as an acquaintance with elementary Algebra and the rudiments of Geometry. I think I do not wrong the good man's memory or betray any confidence by saying that I met him many years afterward, when he was an old man and I a college student, and that he then confessed to me that even at the time of my earliest school days he had been able to find out the value of x in a simple equation.

But when Edward Eggleston was six years old and I four, Mr. Benefiel kept school upon the primitive plan that was then everywhere accepted.

There was only one point of radical difference between different schools in those days; some of them were "loud schools." Mr. Benefiel's was a "loud" school. That is to say, he required all his pupils to study their lessons "out loud," in order that he might be sure they were all studying.

Discipline in those days always took the form of physical chastisement. On his way to school every morning the master cut and trimmed eight or ten stout beechen

"switches," as they were called—ox goads would have been a fitter name. They were about five feet long and of a goodly diameter. These he placed on two pegs in the wall just over his desk—all of them but one. That one he kept always on his desk or in his strong right hand for instant use when needed. Thus armed for the day's work the master felt himself equipped to compel good behavior and a due advancement in learning on the part of his "scholars"—for the words "teacher" and "pupil" were not in school use at that time. It was always "the master" and "the scholars."

The belligerent method of instruction extended to every matter that required correction or any encouragement to endeavor. If a boy misspelled a word, he instantly received a sharp cut from the master's switch. If he failed to get the right answer to his "sum" he was encouraged to try harder by two or three stinging blows. If he whispered to a neighbor without first saying to the master, "Please may I speak to Johnny?" the fault was treated with the same severity as a grave moral delinquency, and punished by at least half a dozen lashes. If one of the little boys, who was too young to "take writin'," crawled upon the bench which fronted the long writing desk, and thus turned his back upon the master, an attack from the rear was sure to come quickly.

In the case of more serious offences, involving real moral delinquency, the offender was summoned to the open space in front of the master's desk, where he was required to remove his coat, if he had one, and there he was severely flogged. Not in Mr. Benefiel's school, but in another which Edward and I attended some years later in the little city of Madison, I several times saw shirts deeply stained with blood when these castigations were over.

There were here and there schoolmasters disposed to experiment in what I may properly call pedagogic penology. These sought to give the element of variety to school discipline, and to reduce the use of the rod somewhat, by the substitution of such devices as the fools' caps, dunces'

stools and the like. One of them sometimes punished a boy by making him stand on one leg till he could stand no more, and then flogging him for putting the other foot down. But such experiments were usually unsuccessful, at least in the country districts. The boys, accustomed as they were to a severer method, were apt to conclude that a master thus gently minded was "afeard" to whip them, and in most such cases they went into insolent revolt in an endeavor to see how far they might defy an authority which they deemed weakly irresolute. The struggle between the master and the scholars was continuous, and it was accounted by the boys rather as an enjoyable than a regrettable part of their school-boy life.

If the master assumed to "keep school" on a holiday, the scholars all attended. But they went to school earlier than usual, took possession there and locked the master out, barricading doors and windows and standing upon their defense. Then ensued a struggle, the master trying to force his way into the school-house and the scholars trying to keep him out. If he got in, he flogged everybody concerned. If the scholars were successful in their defense the master secured peace upon terms that were quite well understood in advance. He agreed to "treat" the school to a bushel of apples and to punish nobody for having participated in the rebellion. Just why a bushel of apples should have been so placative in a country in which everybody had unlimited apples at home, it is difficult to conjecture. Perhaps it was because apples were about the only thing available for the purpose, and because their enforced contribution marked and signalized victory on the part of the scholars. It was an unequal contest in every way. The scholars had the advantage of possession, fortification, and superior numbers. But these odds were in a measure offset by the inequality of the stakes, as it were. The scholars risked a very painful punishment upon the chance of getting only some apples.

Sometimes the master succeeded in carrying the fort. Readers of *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* will remember

that Ralph Hartsook did so. But usually the master was forced to yield the victory to the insurgent scholars.

The master's authority was by tradition held to extend for half a mile from the school-house in every direction. Any offense committed within that distance, on the way to or from school, was within the jurisdiction. When two boys arranged for a fight, or when one boy had made up his mind to thrash another, the two would walk by the same road—though their homes might lie in the opposite directions—until the half mile line was passed. Then the set-to would occur, without the fear of the schoolmaster before the eyes of the combatants.

Both Edward and I could read before we entered our first school. Neither of us, indeed, could ever remember a time when we could not read and ride a horse, and neither ever knew when or how he learned either art. In our father's house the children "staggered against books" in their infancy, as Dr. Holmes put the matter. But at school no account whatever was taken of our ability to read, nor were we permitted to practice that art. It was the fixed rule of the master that each scholar should "go through the spelling-book three times, twice on the book and once off the book," before beginning to read. "On the book" meant spelling and pronouncing the words, with the book before the eyes. "Off the book" meant spelling from memory as the words were given out.

In addition to the regular spelling lessons of the day, the whole school was required, as a final exercise each afternoon, to stand in one long row, called "the big spelling class," for competitive examination in the art. If a word was misspelled by one, it was passed to the next below, and so on until some one succeeded in spelling it correctly. The successful speller was said to have "turned down" all who had failed, and was entitled to take his place above them in the line. At the close of the exercise the scholar who stood at the head of the class was assigned to the foot of it for the next day, and a record was kept of the number of times each had "gone foot." Some small dis-

tinction was supposed to have been achieved by the scholar whose record at the end of the term showed the greatest number of goings to the foot. This was about the only use made of the principle of rewards in the country schools at that time. No other word of praise was ever spoken by the teacher. Indeed, he would have put himself in serious danger of losing his place had he indulged any impulse he might have had to commend a pupil. It was at that time held that commendation was sure to spoil a child and breed vanity and conceit in his mind.

The prominence given to spelling over all other educational agencies at that time was still further emphasized by frequent "spelling matches." My brother has so fully described these that I shall not here attempt to add anything to what he wrote concerning them. His account of these contests led to their revival all over the country as a novel and amusing form of social entertainment.

105. "Loud" Schools

(From *The Indianapolis News*, March 16, 1892; article by Judge David D. Banta.)

The first schools I attended were "loud schools." Loud schools were the rule in the beginning here in Indiana; silent ones were the exception. The odds in the argument were believed to be in favor of the loud schools. A celebrated Scotch teacher, Alexander Kinmont, of Cincinnati, as late as 1837, would conduct school on no other method. He claimed that it is the practical, philosophical system by which boys can be trained for business on a steamboat wharf or any other place. Both the boys and girls spelled and read at the tops of their voices, on occasion, and sometimes the roar of their lesson-getting could be heard for a half to three-quarters of a mile. It is not much wonder that Owen Davis took his fiddle to school and solaced himself by playing airs while his scholars were shouting over their lessons. The teacher of a loud school who would keep his pupils at work labored under a great disadvantage. The idler who was roaming at one word, or over a

line of poetry or trumpeting through his nose, was, for aught the teacher knew, committing his lesson. It was said of one boy in an Orange county school that he "repeated the one word 'heptorpy' from morning till noon and from noon till night in order to make the teacher believe he was studying his lesson."

Fifty or a hundred years ago the swishing of the switch was heard everywhere, in the family circle and in the schoolhouse, throughout the length and breadth of the land. The fathers made their children "mind." The switch was the usual instrument, and its prompt and free use doubtless gave birth to such expressive phrases as "a lick and a promise," "the word with the bark on," and "tan your jacket." The schoolmaster, standing in the place of the parent, punished as freely and savagely, and usually with the full approval, of the parent. One of the most curious phases of the flagellating period was the almost universal prevalence of the sentiment that the schoolmaster who neglected the frequent use of the rod was a failure as a teacher. I had a friend who, much less than fifty years ago, was in the habit of occasionally playing pedagogue. In one of his schools he had a nice company of country urchins, between whom and himself there was the very best of feeling. After the school had run smoothly for a month or six weeks and no whipping done, his patrons began to think something was wrong. One morning one of them met him and bluntly told him that he was making a mistake—that he was "not whipping anybody."

"W'y, who'll I whip?" he asked.

"Whip Sam," was the prompt answer.

"What for? He's lazy, I know; but I can't whip him for laziness, can I?" asked the pedagogue.

"Yes, give it to him. Sam's my boy and I know he needs it every day."

106. School Customs of Early Days

(From *Indiana Magazine of History*, II, pp. 191-194; account by Judge David D. Banta.)

Among the school customs of early days which have entirely disappeared was that described as "turning out" or "barring out" the teacher—a sport that was never indulged in in Indiana at any other than Christmas time.

The ostensible object in barring out a teacher was to compel him to "treat" his school. It was a sort of legalized rebellion of the scholars against the master's authority, accompanied by a forced levy with which to purchase the particular article that was to compose the treat, or else to furnish the treat outright himself. Usually the deposed monarch furnished the money and the rebels bought the "treat."

The "treat" here in Indiana, as far as I have seen, always consisted of something to eat or drink. In western Pennsylvania, according to Breckenridge's *Recollections of the West,* the object was to compel a vacation. In all cases the barring out was made the occasion of more or less revelry and disorder. According to a statement made in the *Life of Thomas Jefferson Fisher,* a Kentucky preacher, barring out was observed "on the first holiday that came, or at the end of the session." I find no evidence in this State of its observance at the end of a session, although some teachers were in the habit of making presents to their scholars at that time. Such presents were always voluntarily made, however, and as far as my observations went, always consisted of something else than articles of food or drink.

I find but two instances recorded of the use of whiskey in this State with which to treat the school. One of these was in Jefferson county, and the other in Morgan. The episode in the last-named county is reported to have occurred at Christmas of the cold winter of 1825-'26. When the teacher reached the schoolhouse on that extraordinary cold morning he found the door barred and all the big boys

on the inside. Of course the pedagogue wanted in, but the boys declared that it would take a "treat" to open the door that morning. Accordingly, Mr. Conduitt went to the nearest "grocery" and purchased about a gallon of whiskey, with which he returned and again applied for admittance. The door was at once unbarred and the man with the jug admitted, whereupon a season of "high jinks" followed. The master dealt out the liquor liberally, it would seem, for some of the boys, becoming "too full for utterance," had to be "sent home in disgrace." One of these boys, it is recorded, "went home swaggering, happy as a lark, loaded to the muzzle, with a ceaseless fire of talk, but his father quickly took down the big gad and gave the boy a dressing that he remembers to the present."

The following account of a "turning out" will prove of interest in this connection. It occurred in Nashville, in this State. "The custom" [of treating], says the historian, "was so universal that the scholars demanded their right to it, and were upheld by their parents. Christmas came, and Mr. Gould was informed that he must treat. The scholars refused to come to order when called and the teacher refused to treat. After a short time the larger boys forcibly captured the teacher, bound him hand and foot, and carried him down to Grassy creek to be severely ducked in cold water unless he surrendered and treated. Several men of the town accompanied this novel expedition. The stubborn teacher was carried out into the stream by the larger boys, who took off their shoes and rolled up their pants and waded out. A parley was held, but the teacher was obstinate and was on the point of being unceremoniously baptized, when W. S. Roberts interceded, and after some sharp words pro and con, secured from the teacher the promise to treat on candy and apples. He was then released, and the cavalcade marched up to the store, where all were given a taste of the above-named delicacies."

It must be said that those teachers who looked on the bright side of the custom, and gave in after a brief show of resistance, usually came out the best. On one occasion the

big boys of one of William Surface's school barred the school door against him. On reaching the schoolhouse he was, of course, refused entrance except on the usual condition. But the teacher declined answering their oral demands, because, he said, "some dispute might arise as to what was said." If they had terms to propose they must submit them in writing. This seemed reasonable, so the boys put their demand on paper, which, together with pen and ink, was handed to the diplomat on the outside. Beneath the boy's scrawl he wrote, "I except to the above proposition—William Surface," and passed the writing back. The boys were satisfied and opened the door. "You had better read with care what I have written," said the master to the scholars, when safe within. "It is one thing to accept a proposition and quite another thing to except it." The boys, now crestfallen, acknowledged their mistake, but the teacher, after "improving the occasion of warning them against the evil of carelessness in the business transactions of life," generously treated and was thereafter loved better than ever before.

A teacher by the name of Groves, who taught in a district close up to the Marion county line, one Christmas morning, found himself barred out. Living in "the schoolmaster's cabin" hard by, he called to his wife to assist him. The weather was extremely cold, and it occurred to him that if he could drown out the fire he could freeze out the rebellion, and so, ascending the roof to the top of the chimney, his wife handed up buckets of water, which he poured down on the school fire. But it was all in vain. The boys, raking the coals out on the broad hearth, defied him. His next thought was to smoke them out, and to that end he laid boards over the chimney top. But the boys had thought of that and provided themselves with a long pole with which to remove the boards. Not to be outdone, Groves replaced the boards over the chimney and calling upon his wife, who seems to have entered with spirit into his plans, she gallantly mounted to the comb of the roof and took her seat on the boards to hold them down

while her husband stationed himself at the door below. But the boys tried the pole again, and with such vigor that they overthrew the master's dame, who, at the risk of her life and limb, came tumbling to the ground. Picking herself up she returned to her own domicile, leaving her lord to fight the battle out the best he could. As the girls and smaller children arrived he sent them to his own cabin, where his wife promised to keep watch and ward over them. One by one the garrison became captive to the vigilant master, who stood guard at the door, and was sent to the other house. By the time for dismissing in the afternoon every rebellious boy had been taken in and the school was in full blast in the master's cabin.

CHAPTER XVIII

CIVIC IDEALS OF THE PIONEERS

The pioneers may have had ideals but they had neither time nor opportunity to put them into practice. There were too many things necessary to be done to allow the settlers to devote much time to ideals. The pioneer had to be a jack-of-all-trades if he was to live. His works were all temporary; when they took on systematic, permanent form, he was no longer a pioneer. His house, his fences, his school, his government, his every-day life were full of temporary expedients.

107. An Early Court Scene

(From Thwaites' *Early Western Travels*, IX, pp. 277-278; account by James Flint [1820].)

This incident took place at Charlestown, Clark county, September, 1820.

The circuit court consists of a presiding judge, who makes a progress[40] over the whole State, and who meets with two associate judges at the several seats of justice. Associate judges are local, and only act in their respective counties. One of these gentlemen opened the court at Charlestown last year in the absence of the presiding judge. A large jug, for holding cold water, that stood on the bench, had a caricature portrait of a judge painted on it, and several lawyers, on coming forward to open their cases, bowed to the figure, and directed their eyes to it during their speeches, occasioning much laughter in the house. It was not till the arrival of the presiding judge that the contempt was checked. Freedom on the part of lawyers seemed to be promoted in the back-country, in consequence of the bench being occasionally filled with men who are much inferior to those at the bar. The salary of the presiding judge (I have been told) is only seven hundred dollars a year. As he is engaged in public business and in travelling nearly the whole of his time, that sum can only defray his expenses, even under the most economical management, so that there can be no great error in supposing

[40] "Progress" here means a tour, or journey, i. e., "riding the circuit."

that he acts gratuitously. The present presiding judge is a man who has distinguished himself in Indian warfare. Whatever opinion you may form of the bench here, you may be assured that it is occupied as a post of honor.

Amongst the business of the court, the trial of a man who had stolen two horses excited much interest. On being sentenced to suffer thirty stripes, he was immediately led from the bar to the whipping-post. Every switch of the cow-hide drew a red line across his back. This was the second infliction of the kind that had been sanctioned by court in the State, since my coming into it. I do not notice

Portersville Court House, 1818.

the infrequency of punishment as wishing to occasion a belief that misdemeanors are seldom committed. Indeed, were it not for the absolute impunity obtained in most cases, we might soon see the partial development of a new system of physiognomy, one not founded on the features of the face, but on the striped lineaments of the back. Never, till now, did I so much value the usage of Scotland, where the inhabitant, on removing from one parish to another, carries with him the testimonial of the church.

108. "Choke-Trap" Justice

(From *Recollections of the Early Settlement of the Wabash Valley*, by Sanford C. Cox [1827], pp. 56-58.)

This selection is not given as an illustration of the justice done by early Indiana courts, but rather as an illustration of the ease by which the typical pioneer adjusted himself to circumstances. Like Ulysses he was "a man of many wiles."

During the early history of Indiana, about the year 1808, if my memory serves me correctly, in one of the neighborhoods on the east fork of the Whitewater, there occurred a flagrant breach of the peace, which demanded a summary exercise of the "laws of the land."

A certain ungallant offender had flogged his wife in a most barbarous manner, and then drove her from home. Bleeding and weeping, the poor woman appeared before Justice Tongs for redress. The Justice wrote out an affidavit, which was signed, sworn to, and subscribed in due form, according to the then existing laws of the territory.

A warrant was soon placed in the hands of a constable, commanding him to arrest, and forthwith bring the offender before Justice Tongs, to answer to the charge preferred against him. After an absence of some five or six hours, the constable returned with the prisoner in custody. The constable, however, truly had a vexatious time of it, for the prisoner, who was a man of giant bulk, and great muscular power, had frequently on the way, after he had consented peaceably to accompany him to the magistrate's office, stopped short and declared he would go no further—observing at the same time that neither he (the constable) nor 'Squire Tongs had any business to meddle with his domestic relations. It was during one of those vexatious parleys—the constable coaxing and persuading, and the prisoner protesting and swinging back like an unruly ox—that the constable fortunately espied a hunter at a short distance, who was armed and accoutred in real backwoods style.

The constable beckoned to the hunter, who came to his assistance, and who, after hearing the particulars of the affair, cocked his rifle, and soon galloped off (with) the prisoner to the 'Squire's office.

But this was but the beginning of the trouble in the case. The witnesses were yet to be summoned and brought before the Justice—even the complaining witness had unexpectedly withdrawn from the house and premises of the Justice, and was to be looked after.

The hunter could not possibly stay long, as his comrades were to meet him at a point down ten or fifteen miles distant that evening. The prisoner was quite sullen, and it was evident that the 'Squire could not keep him safely if the constable and hunter were to leave. And although the 'Squire's jurisdiction extended from the west line of the Ohio far toward the Rocky mountains, and from the Ohio river north to Green Bay, yet, so sparse was the neighborhood in point of population, and so scattered were the settlers, that he and his faithful constable found that it would be of little use to make a call upon the posse comitatus.[41] But in this critical situation of affairs, the fruitful mind of the Justice hit upon a first-rate plan to keep the prisoner until the witnesses could be brought. It was simply to pry up the corner of his heavy eight railed fence, which stood hard by—make a crack two or three rails above the ground—and thrust the prisoner's head through the crack, and then take out the pry.

As soon as the 'Squire made known his plan to the company, they with one accord, resolved to adopt it. The constable immediately rolled out an empty bee-gum for a fulcrum, and applied a fence-rail for a lever, up went the fence, the Justice took hold of the prisoner's arm, and, with the assisting nudges of the hunter, who brought up the rear, rifle in hand, they thrust the prisoner's head through the crack nolens volens,[42] and then took out the prop. There lay the offender safe enough, his head on one side of the fence, and his body on the other. The hunter went on his way, satisfied that he had done signal service for his country—and the constable could now be spared to hunt up the witnesses.

The prisoner, in the meantime, although the crack in the fence was fully large enough for his neck without pinching, kept squirming about, and bawling out lustily, "Choke trap! the d——l take your choke trap!"

Toward sunset the constable returned with the witnesses. The prisoner was taken from his singular duress,

[41] Posse comitatus, the power of the county; the force of citizens which the sheriff or constable may call to his assistance.

[42] Nolens volens, unwilling or willing; "willy-nilly."

and was regularly tried for his misdemeanor. He was found guilty, mulct in a fine, and, as it appeared from the evidence on the trial that the defendant had been guilty aforetime of the same offense, the Justice sentenced him to three hours' imprisonment in jail. There being no jail within one hundred miles, the constable and the bystanders led the offender to the fence again—rolled up the gum, applied the rail, and thrust his head a second time through the fence. There he remained in limbo until ten o'clock that night; when, after giving security for the fine and costs, he was set at liberty, with not a few cautions that for the future he had better "let Betsy alone," or he would get another application of the law and the "choke trap."

109. A Sheriff Outwitted

(From *Early Indiana Trials and Sketches*, by Senator O. H. Smith [1857], pp. 28-29.)

In early times, before the first land sales of the beautiful Whitewater valley, where Connersville, Liberty, Cambridge City, Centerville, and Richmond now stand, there lived upon the east bank of Whitewater, a mile below Connersville, a most remarkable woman by the name of Betty Frazier. She was a small, tough-looking, rather swarthy woman; her husband, George Frazier, was a poor cripple, and with their children was entirely supported by Betty. They had settled upon a small fraction of government land, intending to purchase at the sales. The land office was at Cincinnati, and General James Findlay was the receiver.[43] The spring of the year, after a severe winter, had come; the sales were to take place the next winter, and Betty had the season before her to raise the money to pay for her land. She commenced with a young stock of hogs, caring for them daily, driving them to the best mast, and preparing a good patch of corn for the fattening process. She had one horse only to tend her crop, and to ride to Cincinnati when she drove her hogs down to sell, and buy her land.

[43] Land office receiver, an official who received the money paid by settlers for land purchased of the government.

One day in mid-summer she saw a horseman ride up to her cabin in full uniform. She met him at the bars:

"Well, General Hanna, how do you do?"

"Very well, Mrs. Frazier."

"What on earth has brought you all the way from Brookville to my poor cabin?"

"I am very sorry to tell you, Mrs. Frazier, that I am a sheriff, and have an execution against your property."

"Well, General, I always submit to the law; come with me to the stable and I will give you my only horse as the best I can do."

There were no "exemption laws" then. Betty and the General proceeded to the stable. It was a strong log building with a single door, no window, overlaid with a solid platform of logs, and filled with hay for the horse. The door fastened outside with a large wooden pin in a log.

"There, General, is the horse, take him."

The General stepped in and commenced untying the horse. Betty immediately fastened the door outside, driving the pin into the hole the full length, and left the General to his reflections while she attended to her household affairs. Time passed away; night came on; but no relief to the captured General. Morning came and with it came Betty.

"Well, General, how did you sleep last night?"

"Not very well. I am ready to compromise this matter; if you will let me out and show me the ford over Whitewater (the river was muddy and high), I will leave you the horse and return the execution 'no property found.'"

"Upon your honor?"

"Yes, upon honor."

Betty opened the door. The General mounted his horse and silently followed Betty down to the river side.

"There, General, you will go in just above the big sycamore, and come out at the haw-bush you see."

The General started; at the second step both horse and rider were out of sight, and the chapeau[44] of the General was seen floating down the river. Still, being one of the

[44] Chapeau, a plumed military hat.

pioneers, and his horse a tried swimmer, he gallantly stemmed the current, and exactly struck the haw-bush, his horse swimming to the very shore, while Betty stood on the bank screaming:

"I guess the Brookville officers will let me alone now until I have sold my pigs and paid for my land."

The General rode on, dripping wet, to his brigade that mustered that day. But the end was not yet. Time rolled on; the pigs grew to be well fatted hogs. Betty mounted her pony; the little boys started with the hogs for Cincinnati. The distance was about seventy miles; they had ten days to get there before the land sales. Nothing unusual occurred on the road until they arrived at New Trenton, at Squire Rockafellow's. The night was stormy; the snow fell deep; next morning found Betty at the usual hour on the pony, well wrapped, *with an infant a few hours old in her arms.* She arrived with her hogs at Cincinnati the day before the sale, sold them for cash, and the late General Findlay told me that she stood by his side on the box and bid off her land, with her infant in her arms.

Surely "truth is stranger than fiction."

110. Legislating in the Backwoods

(From Thwaites' *Early Western Travels*, IX, pp. 215-216; account by James Flint [1820]. Copyright. By special permission of the Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland.)

Jeffersonville, Indiana, March 10, 1820.

The legislatures of new States consist of a few members. The consequence is that public acts for the exclusive advantage of private individuals are occasionally passed through influence or intrigue; and the commendations which I have bestowed on the general government of America must not be held to apply indiscriminately to the administration of the local governments, at least in newly established States. Much of the business, it is said, is privately arranged before the questions are discussed in the house. Combinations are formed for effecting particular purposes. This is called "log rolling"; a very significant metaphor, borrowed from the practice of several farmers uniting in rolling to-

gether large timber to be burnt. A number of bills are frequently conjoined by their movers, so that a member who takes a deep interest in one must vote for all of them to obtain the suffrage of the separate partisans. The member who deserts from the cabal might be leaving his own motion without any other supporter than himself.

The laying out of new counties, county towns, and lines of road seems to be a gratifying duty to backwoods legislators. Where a county includes a considerable tract of country it must be divided in two (parts). Where it is not

Capitol Building of Indiana Territory, 1806 until 1813.
(Dunn, *History of Greater Indianapolis*, Vol. I, p. 3.)

large enough to permit of bisection, the county wanted (intended) must be made up from the extremities of four or five (counties), which are contiguous. A large population is not a prerequisite; yet the convenience of the people is the pretext. A few neighbors who propose that their settlement should be made the nucleus of the new establishment, petition the assembly for a subdivision. If this is granted, commissioners are appointed to fix the new seat of justice. An eager contest for private advantage ensues, and although the ostensible object is public convenience, the new city is perhaps placed near the outline of its jurisdiction.

111. An Election at Terre Haute in 1851

(From *The Wabash*, by J. Richard Beste [1855], II, pp. 170-175.)

At length, on the 4th of August (1851), the election was to take place; and I walked to the great square of Terre Haute, in the center of which was the court house. In a door-way in the center of this was fixed a sort of sentry-box, in which sat two men appointed to receive the votes. Some few hundred people were standing about the square, twirling their voting papers in their fingers, and chatting quietly together. I saw no sign of policeman or constable. The excitement which had endured while the minds of men were to be convinced or swayed seemed now to have given place to quiet action. Nothing more seemed to be expected than that each one should give his vote according to the determination he had already formed. One of the voting papers was given to me, which I here copy:

For Congress.

EDWARD W. M'GAUGHEY.
JOHN G. DAVIS.

For Prosecuting Attorney.

HARVEY D. SCOTT.
HENRY SLAVENS.
DELANA E. WILLIAMSON.
WILLLIAM A. JONES.

For Representative.

(Two to be elected)

ROBERT N. HUDSON.
GRAFTON F. COOKERLEY.
SAMUEL B. GOOKINS.

Commissioner (2nd district).

ISHMAEL PUGH.
JOHN BARTON.

Assessor.
STEPHEN H. TAYLOR.
JOHN CLEM.
STEPHEN D. GARTRELL.
WILLIAM P. THORNTON.

For the Constitution.[45]

Against the Constitution.

Exclusion and Colonization of Negroes and Mulattoes.

No Exclusion and Colonization of Negroes and Mulattoes.

The above was printed in the type here given and on yellow paper—which is the color of all government paper in the United States.

The last question related to the proposal which Dr. Ushaw had mentioned to me, tending to the exclusion even of free negroes and people of color from the Territory of Indiana.

Each voter was expected to write on the back of the yellow slip of voting paper the names of those for whom he voted; and "yes" or "no" in reference to other questions. Some were doing this on the counters of shops round the square; others had already done so, and were twirling up their papers, so as to show only the printed side and conceal what they had written. One or two people, amongst whom was our landlord, Mr. Bunting, boasted to me that they always declared how they voted, and showed me that they had written their own names at the foot of the paper before they took it to the ballot-box; this seemed to be considered an unmeaning boast, rather offensive than otherwise to the general feeling—even of their equals. It certainly implied that Mr. Bunting, and those who took such an extraordinary means of declaring themselves, might otherwise have been suspected of voting in opposition to the principles which they everywhere proclaimed.

I went up to the ballot-box and watched the voters as

[45] The Constitution framed in 1851.

they came and dropped in their papers. This was done without question asked or word spoken, if the assessors[46] or those who sat there knew the parties were entitled to vote. If there was any doubt as to their residence or other qualification, the assessors questioned them before they permitted them to drop their papers in the ballot-box. If still unconvinced, they made them hold up their right hand and say, "I swear that I am ———" so and so. All was done without hurry or noise; without bands, banners, or drinking. At the end of the day the ballot-box was unlocked; the voting papers were unrolled by competent authorities; and the number of votes on each question was cast up and declared. The Democratic candidate, who had taken the place that had been offered to Dr. Reed, was elected by a large majority.

Remembering what I had often seen in England—the fighting, the drunkenness, the bribery, the demoralization of an election; the intimidation which coerced the prudent or the cowardly voter; the ruin which often overtook the conscientiously rash, but brave one—I knew not whether most to pity or to be indignant with my own countrymen; whether to pity them for what they suffer in the conscientious discharge of their duty or to be indignant with them for not asserting their right to that ballot which can alone enable them freely to declare their opinions, as they have a right to declare them. Without the ballot the franchise is, to every man in business who cannot afford to defy his customers, to every poor man who is in any way dependent upon another, either a mockery or a snare. Either protect the voter in the execution of the trust you impose upon him, or else legalize bribery. When you give a man a vote, either tell him that it is his own, a marketable commodity to do what he likes with and to sell to the highest bidder; or else tell him that it is a trust which he is bound to dispose of according to his own conscience; and protect him while doing so in the only way in which he and all advocates of the ballot believe he can be protected. You say that the ballot would not be an efficient protection; if so, it will do you no harm. Why, then, deny it to us?

[46] "Assessors" here means the election judges.

CHAPTER XIX

HEALTH OF THE PIONEERS

The health of the western pioneers has so long been held up by novelists and poets as almost perfect that one is surprised in reading contemporary accounts to find it just the opposite. The forests of Indiana contained in its miasma and mosquitoes far more deadly enemies to the settlers than the Indians were. Malarial diseases were the rule. No family was safe from attack at any time. During the sultry summer time half the population were shaking with ague or burning with intermittent fever. In the winter exposure brought on its train of resultant diseases. Croup and cholera infantum took off the little ones by hundreds; while colds neglected brought on pneumonia or consumption. It was not uncommon for a whole neighborhood to be desolated and towns depopulated in a single season.

From 1818 to 1830 was the worst period. There were few physicians and they were so overworked that they soon fell victims of the diseases they treated. The roads and streams hindered them in their work so that such diseases as croup usually got in their fatal work before the physician could reach the patient. Occasionally there was an unbroken family circle but in most cases half the children died in infancy, and it is not far from the fact to say that half the children had lost one or both parents before they reached the age of fourteen. Such diseases as small pox, cholera, yellow fever, milk-sickness, and typhoid fever were beyond medical skill and ran their mysterious course unmolested. The friends of the sufferers sat patiently with them through the long watches of the day and night and sorrowfully buried them after death. The hand of Providence was often seen in these afflictions and public fast days were sometimes ordered by the General Assembly.

112. Sickness and Exposure in the Wilderness

(From *Early Settlement of Carroll County*, by JAMES HERVEY STEWART [1872], pp. 77-80; account by MRS. FRANCES STIRLIN.)

On the 16th day of February, 1825, in company with Mr. Odell's family, I left Wayne County, Indiana, to emigrate to the Wabash country. Our journey lasted fourteen days.

We had rain every day except two during the trip. The men would cut brush on which to lay our beds, to sleep. Our clothes would sometimes be wet upon our backs in the morning. The country from the White river to the Wabash was an unbroken wilderness, uninhabited, with the exception of a few Indians at Thorntown. We got along tolerably well until we got this side of Thorntown, when our wagon broke down; then I got into John Odell's wagon and rode to Potato creek. There John Little met us with a horse and yoke of oxen. My husband went to the south fork of Wildcat creek to old Mr. Odell's after a wagon.

We encamped at Potato creek that night. The next morning I started with Little for his home on Flint creek, twenty-five miles distant. I got on the horse, with my baby in my lap, with Little on foot in advance. Sometimes it rained, and then it snowed as fast as it could come down. I was on the horse from sunrise until dark with a two-year-old child in my arms. You may be sure that I was very much fatigued. The next day, March 2d, my husband came with our goods. On the day following he was taken sick and kept down about six weeks. We thought he would die. We had no doctor nor medicine. John Odell came to see us and brought a dose of tartar emetic and some blister flies. These with some butternut pills composed our stock of medicine, with a bottle of Bateman's drops, which we used as an anodyne [medicine to soothe pain].

He recovered, and we all kept well until August, when he was attacked again with fever and ague, and was very sick for some time. I was confined the 21st of August, and could procure a nurse for but two days, when I had to get up and perform my work as best I could. A man named Luce took sick and died near us. As almost everybody was sick, my husband and I had to see to him. My husband was sick and my baby was only a week old. We succeeded in getting help to dig his grave, and Mordecai Ellis made his coffin by splitting a basswood tree, dressing the boards with broad-ax and jack-plane and painting them black. He made quite a decent looking coffin. Another family came to the neighborhood, who had settled on Deer creek on what is now

the Milroy farm, who all got sick and lost a child that is buried near the spot we now occupy. Their name was Galbraith. They wanted me to wash for them, as they had had no washing done for six weeks. I told them I would try; and I did try, and performed as large a day's work as ever I did, when my baby was but three weeks old.

The next December my husband came up to Deer creek and built a cabin. February 15, 1826, we started for our new home. We arrived here on Deer creek on the 19th. The weather was very cold, and the snow about a foot deep. We stopped at John Carey's and got some fire—we had no matches those times. We drove up to the cabin; I crawled under the wall, scraped away the snow and kindled a fire, while the men sawed out a door. The snow was about shoetop deep in the house. We threw down some clapboards, and on them we placed our beds. We slept inside and the hogs outside. The next morning the mud was as deep in our cabin as the snow had been the evening before. The weather was cold. We built a log heap in our cabin, but still we almost froze. My husband would hew puncheons all day and chink our cabin at night. We were nearly three miles from our nearest neighbor. We brought cornmeal with us, sufficient, as we thought, to last until after planting; but it gave out and I had to pound corn in an iron pot with an iron wedge driven into the end of a handspike and sift it through a basket lid. We used the finest of the meal for breakfast and the coarse for dinner and supper. We got our corn planted about the middle of June, and then went to mill in a pirogue, down the Wabash, to a little corncracker near where Lafayette now stands.

I was taken sick about the first of July, and both our children. I shook forty days with the ague without cessation. We then got some quinine, which stopped it in ten days. I got able to ride on horseback, and while going to see John Ballard, who was sick at Mr. Odell's, my horse became frightened and threw me off; and that brought on the ague more severely than ever, and it held on to me until Christmas. I never saw a woman except one (Sarah Odell) for three months. My husband was cook, washer-

woman and milkmaid during that time. In October my husband had to leave home for three days, and I was left at home with my two children. One night our dog fought some animal near the door, which had no shutter but a quilt. I was very much frightened, and our faithful dog was almost killed. He could not walk the next day. John Ballard stayed at our house after that till my husband returned.

113. The Pioneer Physician

(From Kemper, *Medical History of Indiana*, pp. 109-111: account by Dr. George T. MacCoy.)

It can not be said that our early doctors were all men of eminent scientific skill or training. Few of them held diplomas from medical colleges, for seventy or eighty years ago medical colleges were not as thick in the land as now. The pioneer doctors learned all they knew by reading, observation and instruction under established practitioners and by their own after-experience. Men of fair education and good common sense in a few years gained good reputations as successful physicians. They learned and were guided by actual practice more than by theories or the formulas laid down in the few books they were able to procure. Each doctor carried his own remedial agents—a small drug store—in a pair of saddlebags of huge dimensions, and dosed out with liberal hand. They rode on horseback to visit their patients, day or night, far or near, through the dense woods and over slashy paths and rough corduroy roads, fording or swimming streams and enduring innumerable hardships which the physicians of today would not dare to encounter.

During the years of the early settlement of the county the numerous rivers and creeks were fouled and obstructed by fallen timber, drifts and other accumulations of vegetable debris. The waters from freshets and overflows stood reeking and stagnant on the lowlands and in the sloughs and bayous, and gave out their noxious exhalations for miles and miles around, while thick forests and tangled undergrowth, in rich and rank profusion, almost equaled the

famed valley of the Amazon. The atmosphere was laden with pestilential miasma, particularly in the autumn season, when biliary and malarial diseases were rife. Whole settlements were sometimes stricken down and rendered almost helpless. It is reliably stated that in the fall of 1821 there was only one well man in the city of Columbus, a stalwart six-footer, who had evidently been brought up in a swamp. He was cook and nurse to the entire community, and his memory deserves to be perpetuated.

The doctors found the ague, in many instances, more than a match for their skill. It was of the real shaking, quaking variety, the chill lasting not infrequently three or four hours, to be followed by raging fever and intense, insatiable thirst. So malignant was this type of fever that as many as three or four deaths of adults have occurred in one family in less than forty-eight hours. Peruvian bark and calomel would temporarily check the fever, but cold weather seemed to be the only thing that would stop this dreadful scourge, and even that failed in some cases, and the poor invalid either wore himself out or else wore out the disease. (The relation of the mosquito to the prevalence of the disease was then not dreamed of.) In the early settlement the "regulars" in the treatment of the fever relied mainly on one remedy—calomel. It was, indeed, extraordinary upon the part of the physician to treat any form of disease without the generous use of large doses of calomel. Not to salivate a person seemed to be regarded as almost allowing him or her to go to the grave without a saving effort.

A patient "sick of a fever" must also be freely bled before any internal remedy was administered. The lancet held sway alongside of calomel. If, in raising a log cabin, a man was thrown from his "corner" and badly bruised, the practice was to bleed him copiously on the spot as the first step toward his recovery.

114. The Life of the Pioneer Physician

(From Kemper, *Medical History of Indiana*, pp. 33-36; account by Dr. Joel Pennington [1873].)

I settled in the village of Milton (my present place of residence) in October, 1825. The town consisted of seven families. We resided during the winter in 10 x 12 cabins, with puncheon floors, clapboard roofs, stick and clay chimneys and ample fireplaces. We passed the winter very comfortably; and had a full supply of all the substantials of life at low figures compared with present prices.

About New Year I purchased of an old Friend (Quaker) a hindquarter of a beef, which cost, in payment of a doctor bill, 2½ cents per pound. Pork was worth from $1.25 to $1.50 per one hundred pounds; corn, 10 cents per bushel; potatoes 12½ cents; turnips the same; sweet potatoes, 25 cents; wheat, 37½ cents, and all other products of the soil in proportional prices.

Our first canal packets were run in connection with steamboat travel to Cincinnati, where most of our trading was done. This great change made the mode of traveling to points on the Ohio so different from our former manner of reaching the cities, through mud and rain, that we certainly had good grounds for exultation. I will state for the information of the young men in the profession who never traveled over bad roads, that they can not realize the amount of labor and exposure to which we old doctors were subjected in the early practice in Indiana. We had no means of traveling except on foot or on horseback. Buggies had not reached so far West, and if they had they would have been useless, on account of the condition of the roads. During twenty-five years or more I practiced on horseback, as also did my compeers; to that exposure and horseback exercise I am disposed to attribute a large share of the good health I possess at my advanced age.

When called during the fever and wild delirium we seated the patient on the side of the bed and held him there, by the aid of assistants if necessary, opened a vein in his arm by making as large an orifice as practicable, and allowed the blood to flow until his pulse became soft and less

resisting, or until syncope supervened. We relied more on the effect produced than on the quantity of blood extracted, our object being to produce a decided impression on the heart's action. Our patient being in a sitting posture and the blood escaping from a free opening, it did not require a great length of time to produce the required effect. Often within ten to twenty minutes after faintness or sickness occurred the subject of this mode of treatment would become bathed in a copious perspiration, and the violent fever or delirium existing a short time before would have entirely passed away.

Under the above manner of treating a case of remittent fever it was no uncommon thing on our second visit to find our patient sitting up, feeling "pretty well, except a little weak," and within a few days able to return to his ordinary avocations.

115. Some Old Recipes

(From *The Medical Investigator*, 1847.)

For Cholera Infantum

Take a double handful of dewberry roots, a double handful of the root of cranesbill and two gallons of witchhazel leaves, boil these articles separately till the strength is all extracted; then strain, and pour the whole into one vessel, and boil down to a quart; add a pint of the best French brandy, and a pound of loaf sugar. Dose, from a tablespoonful to a wine glassful; repeated according to circumstances, and continued until the action on the bowels is fully checked.

Tincture of Lobelia

Fill a jar with the green herb, well bruised and pressed, and for every quart which the jar will contain add three or four pods of common red pepper, then pour on good whiskey enough to cover the herb, and let it stand for use. The longer it stands the stronger it becomes. This forms an excellent remedy in phthisic, croup, whooping-cough, bad colds, and all catarrhal affections, and is perfectly safe in its effects on all ages and conditions of persons.

For Yellow Jaundice

Take a double handful of wild cherry tree bark, of the roots; the same quantity of yellow poplar bark, of the roots; of sarsaparilla roots; of the bark of the red sumach roots; half the quantity of bitter root. Boil these ingredients in two gallons of water until it is reduced to half a gallon; pour off and strain the liquid. Then boil or simmer down to one pint; add this to one gallon of hard cider; shake it well; then add two ounces of garden madder, or the madder of the shops. Commence with half a wine glassful three times a day, increasing the dose gradually to half a teacupful or even more in bad cases. When you have drunk half, add another half-gallon of cider.

CHAPTER XX

REMOVAL OF THE INDIANS

One of the chief reasons for the popularity of President Jackson was his policy of removing the Indians beyond the Mississippi. He felt that they and the white settlers could never get on peaceably together. The Indians of Indiana, however, began going west as early as the time of their defeat by Wayne in 1795. In 1820 the Delawares who lived in the central part of the State, the New Purchase, were transported beyond the Mississippi. From that time it became the settled policy to remove them. The largest band, numbering over 700, was gathered together by John Tipton, in the fall of 1838, at Twin Lake, and removed.

This procession in thirteen army wagons, with 400 horses and the long train of women and children trudging along between lines of Federal and State troops, left the lakes September 4, 1838, and proceeded slowly down the Michigan road to Logansport. At Chippewa their missionary, Father Pettit, whom Bishop Brute had kindly sent them, gathered them together for their last church service in Indiana. The road was dry and dusty. The water, where it could be found at all, was hot and stagnant. So tiresome was the march that scores of the guards deserted, stealing the Indians' horses to get away on.

Disease broke out among the children. Every camp ground became a graveyard. Physicians from Logansport met them and reported over three hundred sick and unfit for travel. They reached the Battleground near Lafayette September 11. General Tipton here distributed $5,000 worth of presents. September 14, they reached Danville, Ill. Large numbers of the sick were abandoned on the road. Children were dying at the rate of three to five per day. Father Pettit, who accompanied them to their new home on the Osage river, died from the effects of the trip. It was rightly called "The Trail of Death."

116. The Trail of Death

(From *A Pioneer History of Indiana*, by Col. William M. Cockrum [1907], pp. 540-542.)

The Legislature of Indiana requested the Congress of the United States to extinguish all the Indian titles inside of the State. The request was granted and a treaty with the Pottawattomie Indians ceded to the Government of the United States six million acres of land, being all they owned. A little later the Miami Indians, through the good offices of Col. A. C. Pepper, the Indian agent, sold a considerable part of the most desirable portion of their reserve to the United States.

In July, 1837, Col. A. C. Pepper had a meeting with the Pottawattomie Indians at Lake Kewanna for the purpose of removing them to the west of the Mississippi river. That fall George H. Prophet, of Petersburg, Indiana, conducted to the west of the Mississippi river a portion of the Pottawattomie Indians. The next year Colonel Pepper and General Tipton, with a body of United States soldiers, conducted about one thousand of these Indians to the west of the Mississippi river.

It was a sad and mournful spectacle to witness these children of the forest slowly retiring from the home of their childhood, which not only contained the graves of their revered ancestors, but also many endearing scenes to which their memories would ever recur as sunny spots along their pathway through the wilderness. They felt that they were bidding farewell to the hills, valleys and streams of their infancy, the more exciting scenes on the hunting grounds of their advanced youth, as well as the sturdy battlefields where they had contended in riper manhood, on which they had received wounds, and where many of their friends and loved relatives had fallen covered with gore and glory. All these they were leaving behind them to be desecrated by the plowshare of the white man. As they cast mournful glances back at these loved scenes, which were rapidly fading in the distance, tears fell from the cheeks of the downcast warrior, old men trembled, matrons wept, the swarthy maiden's

cheek turned pale and sighs and half-suppressed sobs escaped from the motley groups as they passed along, some on horseback and some on foot, and others in wagons, sad as a funeral procession. Several of the aged warriors were seen to cast glances toward the sky as if they were imploring aid from the spirits of their departed heroes, who were looking down upon them from the clouds, or from the Great Spirit, who would ultimately redress the wrongs of the red man whose broken bow had fallen from his hand and whose sad heart was bleeding within him. Ever and anon one of the party would start out into the brush and break back to their old encampments on Eel river and on the Tippecanoe, declaring they would rather die than be banished from their country.

Thus scores of discontented emigrants returned from different points on their journey, and it was several years before they could be induced to join their countrymen on the west of the Mississippi.

These two nations of Indians, the Pottawattomies and Miamis, were the proudest and most determined of all the Indians who inhabited northern Indiana.

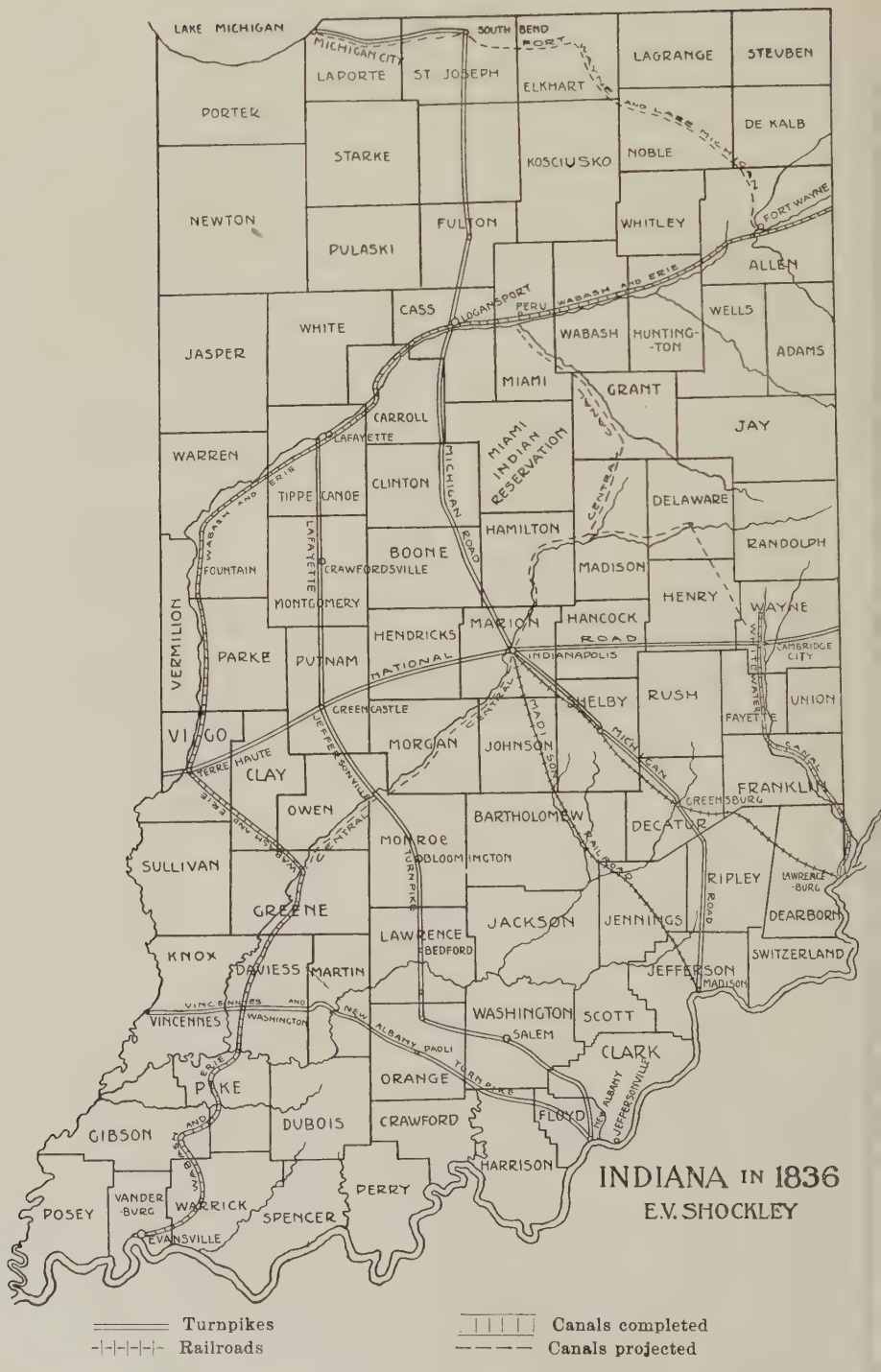
PART IV. A STATE IN THE MAKING, 1836–1844

CHAPTER XXI

117. Introductory Sketch

The period from 1836 to 1850 was a time of social organization. By that time the early settlers had put their farms in order and had means and leisure for thought. This condition brought the pioneer period to an end. The change of course occupied many years. It began in 1816 with the State Constitution and has not yet fully ended. But the period of greatest activity and interest was the one noted above.

An examination of their surroundings and conditions showed the pioneers that everything was unsatisfactory. Their children were growing up in ignorance and they tried to organize schools. The State University, the county seminaries, the district schools, were the results of their efforts to construct a State school system. Their churches were the groves, barns, barrooms, and houses which chance and convenience offered. Between 1820 and 1840 the Catholics organized the State under the Bishop of Vincennes; the Methodists organized it into districts and conferences; the Presbyterians into presbyteries and synods; the Baptists into associations and conventions. The Catholics established their colleges at Vincennes and Notre Dame; the Presbyterians at Hanover; the Methodists at Greencastle; the Baptists at Franklin; the Christians at Indianapolis. Politicians organized themselves into Jacksonian Democratic, and Clay Whig parties. The farmers of each county gathered into a county Agricultural Society, with a State Agricultural Society at the capital. The physicians divided the State into districts in each of which was a medical society with power to license physicians, and over all these was a State Medical Society at Indianapolis. A State bank was organized in 1834. A State system of Internal Improvements (pikes, canals, railroads) was begun in 1836, which reached almost every county in the State. The newspaper editors organized a State editorial association. Judge Isaac Blackford published the decisions of the Supreme Court in the State. This activity leaves no doubt as to the character of the period.


LAKE MICHIGAN
MICHIGAN CITY
LAPORTE
ST JOSEPH
SOUTH BEND
ELKHART
LAGRANGE
STEUBEN
PORTER
STARKE
KOSCIUSKO
NOBLE
DE KALB
NEWTON
PULASKI
FULTON
WHITLEY
FORT WAYNE
ALLEN
WHITE
CASS
LOGANSPORT
PERU
WABASH AND ERIE CANAL
WABASH
HUNTINGTON
WELLS
ADAMS
JASPER
MIAMI
GRANT
CARROLL
LAFAYETTE
MIAMI INDIAN RESERVATION
JAY
WARREN
TIPPECANOE
CLINTON
MICHIGAN ROAD
CENTRAL CANAL
DELAWARE
HAMILTON
RANDOLPH
FOUNTAIN
BOONE
CRAWFORDSVILLE
MADISON
HENRY
WAYNE
MONTGOMERY
HENDRICKS
MARION
HANCOCK
ROAD
INDIANAPOLIS
CAMBRIDGE CITY
VERMILLION
PARKE
PUTNAM
NATIONAL
SHELBY
RUSH
UNION
FAYETTE
VIGO
GREENCASTLE
MORGAN
JOHNSON
TERRE HAUTE
CLAY
MADISON
MICHIGAN
CANAL
FRANKLIN
GREENSBURG
OWEN
BARTHOLOMEW
DECATUR
SULLIVAN
MONROE
BLOOMINGTON
TURNPIKE
RIPLEY
LAWRENCEBURG
GREENE
JACKSON
JENNINGS
DEARBORN
LAWRENCE
BEDFORD
KNOX
DAVIESS
MARTIN
JEFFERSON
MADISON
SWITZERLAND
VINCENNES
WASHINGTON
SCOTT
SALEM
CLARK
ORANGE
PIKE
DUBOIS
CRAWFORD
FLOYD
GIBSON
HARRISON
POSEY
VANDERBURG
WARRICK
SPENCER
PERRY
EVANSVILLE
INDIANA IN 1836
E.V. SHOCKLEY
Turnpikes
Railroads
Canals completed
Canals projected

CHAPTER XXII

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS

The history of the canal system in Indiana begins with an act of Congress approved March 2, 1827. This act granted to the State, for the purpose of aiding to build a canal to unite the navigable waters of the Maumee and the Wabash, a strip of land one-half of five sections wide on either side of the canal; reserving for the United States alternate sections. January 5, 1828, Indiana accepted this gift. Other sections of the State were not satisfied, so an agitation commenced to have a system constructed reaching all parts of the State. From the above date till January 27th, 1836, everybody talked about railroads, pikes, and canals.

At the latter date Governor Noah Noble signed what is known as the Mammoth Internal Improvement Bill. This bill provided that the State should build canals from Lawrenceburg to Richmond; from Peru by way of Indianapolis and down White river to Evansville; from Fort Wayne to Lake Michigan; for a railroad from Madison to Indianapolis; for pikes from New Albany to Lafayette; and from New Albany to Vincennes. The following selection is part of a speech made in the State Senate. They were discussing the question whether the State should build canals or railroads.

118. Canals versus Railroads

(From *Indiana Journal*, March 20, 1827; speech by SETH M. LEAVENWORTH.)

It only remains now for me to describe to this committee what kind of internal improvements would best suit the local situation of this State. In my opinion there are but two kinds, to wit: railroads and canals. I will first examine the principles of making canals, and how they are navigated. Canals can only be made where sufficient water can be found upon the height of land between the two points you wish to connect by canals, that is the first requisite; after it is ascertained that water can be had, then the cost can be calculated, which will be in proportion to the ground passed over, lockage, etc.; the latter costs about 1,000 dollars per foot; the New York Canal upon an average cost about 21,000 dollars per mile; the Ohio Canal now

making is calculated to cost considerably less. However, all canals cost more or less, according to the earth to be excavated and the surface to be passed over. After a canal is made and in operation it is usually navigated with boats of the burthen of about 30 tons, towed by horses at the velocity of two miles an hour, and a man and a boy attend the boats; this velocity is found to be the most expedient.

Now I will examine the railroad system of internal improvements, which usually cost from one-third to one-half less than the canal. Railroads have been in use for a long time in England, and animal power has been usually used to propel wagons upon them, until within a few years past. Now steam power is used to propel wagons upon the railroads, by means of a self-moving machine, called a locomotive engine, which is placed upon a wagon, and moves the wagon on which it is placed, and likewise a train of wagons attached to it, which contain the lading. It is capable of moving at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour, with ninety tons of lading. Steam power to propel wagons is a new principle; it far exceeds all power ever before used for that purpose. It acts with the same constancy as gravitation; the principal resistance you meet with is the friction of the axletree.

Railroads may be made upon uneven ground, may pass through a hilly country as well as a level one. There is no limit to the business that can be done upon them. They may be covered with wagons, all moving with one uniform velocity. They are not stopped with ice in winter or drought in summer, neither do they, like canals, render their vicinity humid and sickly in the summer season; they are not so subject to be out of repair as a canal. Freshets never injure or destroy them. In England they are constructed for one-third or one-half the expense of a canal; a man and a boy manage the locomotive engine, which moves ninety tons of cargo with the velocity of nine miles an hour. The cost of a railroad in this country would probably be something more than in England, as iron forms a considerable part of the materials with which they are constructed, iron being a little higher in America than in England.

119. Opening of the Wabash and Erie Canal

(From the *Indiana Journal*, July 31, 1835.)

Canal navigation in Indiana has now fairly commenced. Thirty-two miles of the Wabash and Erie canal, extending from the dam across the Little St. Joseph river to Huntington on the Wabash are now completed and boats are regularly running thereon. This interesting event was celebrated in a becoming manner on the 4th inst. On the 2nd three boats left this place for Huntington for the purpose of bringing up such citizens of the lower end of the line as might wish to attend the celebration. The arrival of these boats in Huntington was hailed with the liveliest demonstrations of joy.

The next day the boats returned to Ft. Wayne, and were met and saluted by a detachment of militia, under the command of Capt. Rudisil; the salutes were returned by Capt. Fate's artillery, who came from Huntington with the boats. On the morning of the 4th a procession was formed in front of the Washington Hall and proceeded to the canal, where they embarked on the boats prepared for the occasion, and took a trip to the Feeder dam, seven miles distant. No less than 500 individuals, including a large portion of the fair sex, were present on the occasion. Among the guests were Gen. Tipton, of the U. S. Senate, and Col. Stansberry, of the U. S. Topographical Engineers, who was one of the party who first surveyed the route of the canal. Governor Noble was prevented by ill health from attending. Governor Lucas, of Ohio, was invited, but was prevented by the pressure of official business from being present.

The company landed at the dam, where salutes were fired by the military and some toasts were given. On the health of the canal commissioners being drunk, D. Burr, Esq., returned thanks, and in a short but animated address depicted the difficulties which our infant State had encountered in the commencement of a work of such magnitude as this canal, and the advantages that might reasonably be anticipated from its speedy completion. Gen. Tipton being called upon, delivered a short speech, in which he contrasted the present appearance of this section of country—where

cultivated farms and cheerful villages meet the eye in every direction—with what it was at the time the canal was first contemplated, when the whole country from Lake Erie to the Wabash was one unbroken wilderness.

The company then returned to Ft. Wayne, where the Declaration of Independence was read by L. B. Wilson, and an oration delivered by Hon. H. McCulloch. A large company afterwards partook of a public dinner prepared for the occasion. The day was uncommonly fine, and nothing happened to disturb the harmony and good feeling which were manifested by all.

120. Labor Troubles on the Canal

(From *Indiana Journal*, July 31, 1835.)

The canals were laid off into sections about one mile long and let to the lowest bidder. The digging was done with simple tools, such as plows, scrapers, shovels and wheelbarrows. The diggers were nearly all Irish, who had a proverbial fondness for fighting. There were two factions of them, known as "Corkers" and "Fardowners" from Kerry. All their spare time was put in in fighting. They lived in little huts along the works and the whole scene had somewhat the appearance of a camp. As soon as an Irishman had earned a little money he bought land and became a landlord. Selections like the following were about as common then in the newspapers as accounts of "strikes" are now.

There have been some disturbances among the Irish laborers on the Wabash and Erie Canal, which but for the prompt and energetic measures resorted to for their suppression, would have resulted in a sanguinary conflict between the two factions into which the Irish are divided. For some time past the "Corkonians" have been the stronger party on the canal line, and have embraced every opportunity of maltreating such of the "Fardowns" as might fall into their hands. Nor have our own citizens at all times been safe from the attacks of these ruffians. The "Fardowns" having lately received great accessions to their numbers, resolved upon driving their opponents from the canal, and preparations for the contest were made by both parties.

The Irish were observed by the citizens to be in the habit of nightly assembling in the secluded places in the woods; and all who could in any way procure arms were providing themselves with them. Three kegs of powder were forcibly taken from a wagon on the highway; the houses of some of the citizens were entered and the owners compelled to give up their guns; and the lives of others were threatened who refused to give up their arms. Several outrages were committed by these deluded ruffians upon each other; and Mr. Brady, a canal contractor, was fired at, but fortunately without effect, by a wretch named Sullivan, who, we are informed, took a prominent part in the disturbances in Maryland last year, and is also deeply implicated in the murders committed at Williamsburgh, Pa., four years ago.

The contest was intended to have taken place on the 12th inst., the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne. On the 10th the "Corkonians" assembled at Lagro, to the number of about three hundred, most of whom were armed; at the same time about two hundred and fifty armed "Fardowns" advanced to Wabash, seven miles from Lagro, on their way to attack their adversaries. D. Burr, Esq., canal commissioner, and some other citizens of the neighborhood, succeeded in inducing the two parties to suspend their intended fight for two days, in order to give them an opportunity of making some amicable arrangement. In the meantime expresses were sent to Fort Wayne and Logansport, requesting assistance to suppress the disturbances and protect the citizens from the dangers to which they would be exposed if the two parties should come in contact.

The express arrived here (Fort Wayne) on Saturday the 11th, and the appeal was promptly responded to by our citizens. The drum beat to arms, and in two hours a company of sixty-three men, well armed and furnished with ammunition and provisions, were on their march for the scene of action. Col. J. Spencer was elected to command the expedition; Adam Hull was elected first lieutenant, Samuel Edsell second lieutenant, and H. Rudisil ensign. The company embarked in a canal boat and arrived at Huntington about midnight; next morning they marched forward on

their route, reinforced by a company from Huntington, under the command of Capt. Murray.

On hearing of the arrival of the volunteers, the Irish dispersed into the woods, and the next day most of them returned to their work, fully satisfied that they could not trample on the laws of the State with impunity, and that if they attempted to proceed any further in their mad career they would inevitably meet with the punishment due to such lawless proceedings.

121. Railroad Celebration at Shelbyville

(From *Indiana Journal*, July 19, 1834. Copied from Shelbyville *Transcript*.)

On the 4th inst. at 10 o'clock A. M. a procession was formed at the court house and marched to the western terminus of the railroad in the following order: 1st, Capt. Conover's Light Infantry Company, preceded by the music; 2nd, twenty-five little girls dressed in white trimmed with blue, bearing the banners of the several States and the liberty cap; 3d, the Revolutionary soldiers; 4th, the orator, reader of the Declaration, and chaplain, followed by the committee of arrangements and the citizens generally. After the oration was delivered an excellent dinner was served up by Mr. Jeremiah Bennett on the spot. The day being fine, no place could, under existing circumstances, have been more suitable. Immediately at the western end of the road is a beautiful grove of sugar trees and beech, which afford, in the warmest day, a cool and refreshing shade.

The festivities and proceedings of the day were marked throughout with civil conduct and good feeling. The car was kept constantly running and the greatest eagerness evinced to ride. Such was the success of the experiment that those who were before doubtful were confirmed in the utility and practicability of the work. After the festivities of the day were closed a portion of the company repaired to Mr. Joseph M. Simms' and enjoyed themselves in an agreeable dance.

CHAPTER XXIII

BANKS AND BANKING

In 1814 the territorial legislature at Corydon chartered two banks, one at Vincennes, the other at Madison. Before the former had been organized it became the First State Bank, with fifteen branches. Four of these branches had been opened by 1821, when the bank failed. The one at Madison, the old Farmers and Mechanics, had an honorable career, but the Second Bank of the United States forced it to quit business. From that time till 1834, there were no chartered banks in the State. As soon as it was ascertained that Jackson had vetoed the bill to recharter the Second Bank of the United States, there began an agitation for a State Bank with branches. This was chartered in 1834 and went into operation the same year. It had branches at Indianapolis, Lawrenceburg, Richmond, Madison, New Albany, Evansville, Vincennes, Bedford, Terre Haute, Lafayette, Fort Wayne, South Bend, and Michigan City. Mr. Lanier was president of the Madison branch and one of the best bankers this State has produced.

122. The State Bank of Indiana

(From *Sketch of the Life of J. F. D. Lanier*, by J. F. D. Lanier [1870], pp. 13-15.)

In 1833, upon the chartering of the State Bank of Indiana, I retired from the practice of the law and took a prominent share in the management of that institution. I held a larger amount of the stock first subscribed than any other individual. This bank consisted of a central bank, located at Indianapolis, with ten branches in as many leading towns of the State. I was the first president of the Madison branch. The Central Bank was not one of discount or issue. Its functions were a general supervision of the branches, being a board of control, of which Mr. McCulloch, afterward Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, and myself were among the leading members.

Notwithstanding the managers of the bank, at the time it went into operation, were wholly without training or ex-

perience in such matters, many of them never having been inside of such an institution, it proved a model of success, and consequently most beneficial to all the interests of the State. The capital was almost wholly borrowed from abroad, and through the credit of the State, which took $1,000,000 of the stock and loaned its credit to individual stockholders to the extent of one-half of the stock subscribed by them, taking as security therefor real estate at one-half of its unimproved value. The credit of the State was high, its five per cent. bonds selling at a premium averaging from twelve to fifteen per cent.

It may seem incredible that a bank, based almost wholly upon capital borrowed, and that through the instrumentality of the State, should have proved such a success. It would appear to have been almost inevitable that in a country lacking in commercial training, where the demand for capital is always excessive, where the managers of trust funds have every inducement to make a reckless use of them, and where, among the great mass, there is very little idea of the importance of and value of promptness in the payment of obligations, that the bank, if it did not lose its capital, would soon find it converted into various kinds of property taken in payment of loans, or in the overdue notes of its borrowers.

The bank commenced business at one of the most critical periods of the history of the country—at the very beginning of that great era of speculation which nearly bankrupted the whole nation, and which culminated in the terrible catastrophe of 1837. At this disastrous crisis nearly every bank in the Western and Southwestern States failed, with the exception of that of Indiana. A very large number of those of the Eastern States were totally ruined. It would seem to have been almost impossible that the Bank of Indiana, then one of the newest of the Western States, should not have become involved in the general catastrophe. So far from this being the case, the bank not only paid dividends averaging from twelve to fourteen per cent. annually, but returned to its stockholders nearly double the original in-

vestment when it was wound up at the expiration of its charter in 1854. For the $1,000,000 invested by it in this institution the State received, in profits alone, fully $3,500,000. These profits now constitute the school fund of the State, the increase of which, being invested in the State indebtedness, is rapidly converting the whole of it into an irredeemable fund to be devoted to educational purposes. The bank was the only one of the numerous enterprises in which the State embarked that did not prove an almost total failure.

As we had always intended to keep our banks in position to meet any emergency that might arise, we had not in the least anticipated the general suspension in 1837 in the Eastern States till that event happened. Our Board of Control was then in session at Indianapolis. We were at the time the depository of $1,500,000 of Government funds. I was instructed by the board to proceed immediately to Washington to represent our condition, and to confer with the Secretary of the Treasury as to what we, in the emergency, should do. I took with me $80,000 in gold. I went up the Ohio river in a steamboat to Wheeling, and thence by stage chartered for the purpose, alone across the mountains to Frederick, at that time the western terminus of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and 61 miles west of Baltimore. I suffered not a little anxiety on account of the treasure I carried more than 300 miles through a wild and comparatively uninhabited region, and was not a little relieved on reaching the safe conduct of a railroad. On arriving at Washington I obtained an interview with the Secretary of the Treasury, the Hon. Levi Woodbury, explained to him the position and the entire solvency of our bank, and delivered to him the gold I had brought with me, in part payment of our balances.

He received me with great cordiality, and said that our bank was the *only one* that had offered to pay any portion of its indebtedness in specie. We were allowed to retain the Government deposits till they were drawn in the regular disbursements.

123. Difficulty in Exchanging Bills

(From Indianapolis *Daily Journal*, May 10, 1861.)

The following extract was copied by the Journal from a newspaper in Cincinnati, where the incident occurred:

William A. Thompson, Esq., of Prosperity, Madison County, Indiana, an ex-member of the Indiana Legislature, was yesterday made the victim of a confidence game, whereby he was left minus $250, thus: Mr. Thompson met a man at the Gibson House of whom he inquired whether Kentucky money was current here. He received a reply in the negative. The interrogated individual, who said that his name was Thomas—what a similarity!—asked the Hoosier how much Kentucky money he had in his possession. Mr. Thompson replied that he had $250 of it. It was then proposed by Mr. Thomas that the ex-legislator should accompany him to "his place of business," which he said was near the corner of Fifth and Walnut streets, there to exchange his money for current funds.

They started and had scarcely got to the corner of Fifth street when Thomas met an individual whom he introduced as his partner. The "partner" was asked to exchange the Kentucky notes, and said he could do so. Thompson passed the $250 into the hands of the newly made friend, who desired just to step upstairs, and come down immediately with a similar amount of Ohio funds. He went up, and has not come down yet. Mr. Thomas went up shortly after to see what was detaining him, and he has not yet returned.

Mr. Thompson went home convinced that he had been swindled.

CHAPTER XXIV

POLITICAL PARTIES

There were no well organized political parties in Indiana till 1824. The friends of Jackson met in State Convention at Salem in 1824 and organized a party, adopted a platform, and nominated candidates. These friends of Jackson were opposed to the men who had always held the State offices. They found it very difficult to get together on account of distance and bad roads. The following selection shows how they organized and conducted a convention. It is pretty well proved that the convention of 1824 at Salem was the first State political convention ever held.

124. A Jackson Convention

(From the *Indiana Journal*, January 17, 1828.)

SENATE CHAMBER, INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 9, 1828.

The convention met pursuant to adjournment, and after the reading of the Journals, the following gentlemen produced their credentials and took their seats as members of this convention, viz:

Putnam, Lewis H. Sands and David Lindley; Clark, Alexander F. Morrison; Washington, Henry S. Handy. On motion of Mr. Lemon: *Resolved,* That the committee appointed to prepare an address to the people of Indiana be instructed respectfully to request the citizens of their counties to hold either county or township meetings (as may best suit them), to appoint committees of correspondence and vigilance, to correspond with the State Central Committee, and adopt such other measures as will promote the election of Andrew Jackson to the Presidency of the United States.

Resolved, That this convention recommend John C. Calhoun to the people of Indiana as a fit person for Vice-President of the United States.

On motion the convention adjourned to meet at 6 o'clock to-morrow evening in the Senate Chamber.

Senate Chamber, Jan. 10.

The convention met pursuant to adjournment, and after the reading of the journals proceeded to business. Mr. Clendenin made the following report:

Mr. President—Your committee appointed to form an electoral ticket for this State for Andrew Jackson for President of the United States have performed their duty, and now beg leave to recommend to this convention the following gentlemen as suitable persons to constitute that ticket, to wit:

For the First Judicial Circuit, Benjamin V. Beckes, of Knox County. For the Second Judicial Circuit, Jesse B. Durham, of Jackson County. For the Third Judicial Circuit, Ross Smiley, of Union County. For the Fourth Judicial Circuit, Ratliff Boon, of Warrick County. For the Fifth Judicial Circuit, William Lowe, of Monroe county. All of which is respectfully submitted for the consideration and adoption of this convention. Which resolution was concurred in by the unanimous consent of the Convention.

Resolved, That the President of this Convention be and he is hereby instructed to transmit copies of the address of this convention to the citizens of Indiana; to each of our Senators and Representatives in Congress, and also to the editors of the *United States Telegraph,* the Louisville *Public Advertiser, National Republican* at Cincinnati, *Argus* at Frankfort, Ky., and such other newspapers in the Western country as are friendly to the election of Andrew Jackson to the Presidency of the United States, as he may deem proper, with a request to them to publish the same in their papers; which was adopted.

Resolved, That Henry S. Handy, editor of the *Annotator,* at Salem, be requested to draw up and publish a preamble with the resolutions and proceedings of this convention; which was adopted. The following report was then submitted:

Mr. President—The committee appointed to examine and report what means may be necessary to be adopted for the purpose of advancing the election of Andrew Jackson

to the Presidency of the United States, report, that they have had the same under consideration and recommend the adoption of the following resolutions:

Resolved, That R. C. Newland, Eli W. Malott, John M'Mahan and Henry S. Handy, of Washington county; Gen. John Carr, of Clark county; William Hoggatt, of Orange county; William Marshall, of Jackson county; John Milroy, of Lawrence county; Nelson Lodge, of Jefferson county; Elihu Stout, of Knox county; William C. Keen, of Switzerland county; Jacob B. Lowe, of Monroe county; David V. Culley, of Dearborn county; Thomas Posey, of Harrison county, be appointed a committee of general superintendence, (any five of whom shall have authority to act) whose duty it shall be to fill any vacancy in the electoral ticket; to announce the person who may be selected by the friends of Andrew Jackson in the different States as the candidate for the Vice Presidency; to adopt such measures as may seem to them necessary and proper, to secure the united co-operation of all the friends of the election of Andrew Jackson, throughout the State, in the very support of the principles for which we contend, to insure the circulation of correct intelligence in every county among our friends, and to provide the funds necessary to defray such expenses as may be incurred, and to adopt and recommend all such measures as to them may appear expedient, and that the members of the committee hold their first meeting on the 22nd day of February next, in Salem.

Resolved, That the committee is hereby authorized to fill vacancies and add to their number if necessary, for the purpose of promoting the main object in view.

Which report was concurred in by the unanimous consent of the convention.

Resolved, That the friends of the election of Andrew Jackson be requested to organize committees of correspondence in their counties, and, as far as possible, committees of vigilance in their respective townships, and to transmit the names of such gentlemen composing such committees to the committee of general superintendence at Salem; and

that the committee of general superintendence be requested individually to use their exertions to give effect to this resolution.

Mr. [Samuel] Judah for the committee appointed to prepare the address, reported as follows:

The committee appointed to prepare an address to the people of Indiana on behalf of this convention report, that they have had the same under consideration and are now ready to report; which report was read and concurred in.

On motion of Mr. S. Milroy, *Resolved*, That the thanks of this Convention, assembled at Indianapolis, on the 8th of January inst., to promote the election of Gen. Andrew Jackson to the Presidency of the United States, be and the same are hereby most cordially tendered to the General Assembly of the state of Indiana, for the use so politely tendered to the convention, of the Senate Chamber and the Representative Hall, while holding their session, and that the secretaries of this convention be requested to present a copy of this resolution to the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives.

On motion of Mr. Sands, *Resolved*, That the President of this Convention be instructed to invite Gen. Andrew Jackson to visit the State of Indiana on the 4th of July next, and that the central committee be requested to act as a committee of arrangement to receive him at Salem in the county of Washington, in case of his accepting the invitation.

On motion of Mr. Sands, *Resolved*, That the delegates composing this convention will act in concert with the committees of correspondence, appointed in their respective counties. On motion, the Convention adjourned sine die.

Israel T. Canby, P. C.

B. V. Beckes, V. P. C.

125. Perils of a Congressional Campaign

(From *Early Indiana Trials and Sketches*, by O. H. Smith [1857], pp. 80-82.)

There was fun in those days. We had no parties then, and there was some life in a contest—very different from after times, when the candidates had to be engrafted into the party stock, and drew all their life and strength from the party to which they belonged.

On one occasion in after years I was speaking at a battalion muster in Ripley county, and had spoken over two hours. I noticed an old man leaning against the tree in front of me.

As I closed he roared out: "Mr. Smith, you have made one of the best speeches I ever heard, I agree with all you have said. Will you answer me one question before you leave the stand?"

"Most certainly."

"Will you vote for General Jackson?"

"No, sir, I shall vote for Henry Clay."

"Then you can't get my vote."

The question was between Jackson and Clay, and not between myself and competitor as to who should go to Congress, with the old man. The contest grew warm, and more and more doubtful. My stock was rising, and with it my spirits. My district covered one-third of the State.

I had not, as yet, visited the county of Allen, some hundred miles north of Randolph. There were no roads, nothing but Indian paths, to travel at that day through the wilderness. In the early part of May I turned the head of my pony north for Fort Wayne. The streams were high and the path for miles under water in places. I rode in that campaign a small brown Indian pony, a good swimmer, a fine pacer, and a fine traveler.

The first day after I left the settlements at the Missinewa, I reached the Indian station at Francis Godfroy's. The chief was from home, but one of his wives came out at an opening in the picketing, and pointed toward Fort Wayne; the chief was there. She could not speak a word

of English. I pointed to the stable, then to my horse, then to my mouth, then laid my head on my hands, shut my eyes, and commenced snoring. She seized the reins of my bridle; I dismounted and passed through the pickets into the house. My faithful pony was fed. Night came on at length; supper was announced, by motions; corn bread, venison, and sassafras tea, a bear skin on the floor for a bed, and sound sleeping followed.

Breakfast of the same over, and I was about starting alone, when there came up an Indian that could speak a little broken English. I employed him to act as a guide for two dollars for a day to get me over the Salamonia and the Wabash rivers. We were soon on our horses, and off went my guide at full speed on his pony, and was soon out of sight. I overtook him, however, at the Salamonia. In we went, he leading. The ponies swam beautifully; and away we started for the Wabash. The path wound around the ridges until the river came full in sight. It was high, clear over the bank, and the current very rapid. The sun was some three hours high, the day warm and not unpleasant. I had neglected to provide any food, or even a knife for defense. The moment we reached the river the Indian jumped down, peeled some bark from a hickory sapling, and spancelled[1] the fore legs of the ponies. I sat down on the bank.

The Indian was out of sight in a moment, in the woods, and I saw nothing of him for an hour, when he returned with the bark of a hickory tree, about twelve feet long and three feet in diameter. A fire was soon made. The bark was metamorphosed into a round-bottomed Indian canoe. The sun was about an hour high. The canoe was launched; my saddle, saddle-bag, and blanket placed in one end and I got into the other. With my weight the edges were about an inch above water. I took the paddle, and, by using the current, landed safely on the other shore. The Indian swam the horse over, and held up two fingers. I paid him

[1] Spancel, to tie the legs of an animal to keep it from straying or kicking.

the two dollars; he started back, and I mounted the pony and striking the path went off at half-speed.

It was after twilight, when I came to a large lake, directly in my path. Fearing to go in, I turned the pony and rode out into the woods, to the top of a beech tree that had blown down some time before. Dismounting, I tied the pony to the brush of the tree, took off the saddle-bags and blanket, and laid down, without anything to eat, and very tired. In a few moments I heard the howling of wolves in every direction, sometimes very close to me. The last thing I heard, as I fell asleep, was an old wolf barking some twenty feet from me. I slept soundly through the night, and when I awoke the sun was full in my face. At dinner I was at the hotel table in Fort Wayne, with an excellent appetite, having eaten nothing from early breakfast the day before. I made a speech that day from the porch of the hotel, and returned directly home. The election came on, and I received just ten votes in the county of Allen, to reward me for my perilous trip, while my majority in the district was over fifteen hundred.

126. Convention of the People on the Tippecanoe Battle Ground (A Whig Rally)

(From the *Semi-Weekly Journal*, Indianapolis, June 9, 1840.)

The presidential campaign of 1840 presented many picturesque features. It has gone down in history as "the log cabin and hard cider campaign." Great popular rallies, such as the one described below, were held in every part of the State. The principal feature was the parade with floats representing incidents in the life of General Harrison.

PROCESSION

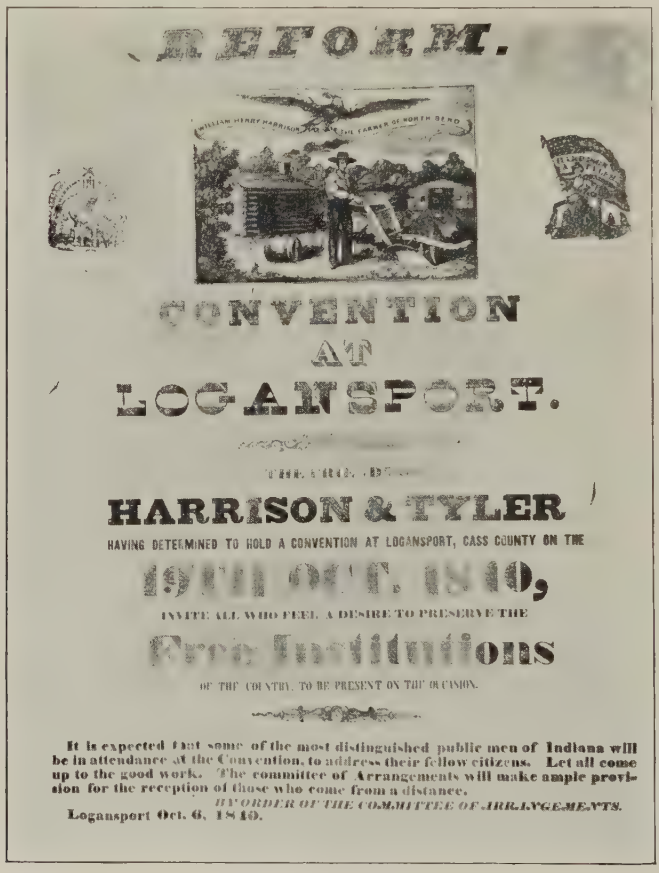
A brig, the *"Constitution"* from Michigan City, full rigged, her broad pennant inscribed *"Harrison and Tyler"* floating in the breeze,—drawn by six gray horses.

Banner—*"A voice from the North! Martin, beware."*

Music—Logansport Band

Soldiers of the Revolution.

In a canoe from Tippecanoe county, drawn by six horses. On each side of the canoe, was seen the National and State tickets. An old soldier bore the National flag—


REFORM.

CONVENTION
AT
LOGANSPORT.

HARRISON & TYLER

HAVING DETERMINED TO HOLD A CONVENTION AT LOGANSPORT, CASS COUNTY ON THE

19TH OF [illegible] 1840,

INVITE ALL WHO FEEL A DESIRE TO PRESERVE THE

Free Institutions

OF THE COUNTRY, TO BE PRESENT ON THE OCCASION.

It is expected that some of the most distinguished public men of Indiana will be in attendance at the Convention, to address their fellow citizens. Let all come up to the good work. The committee of Arrangements will make ample provision for the reception of those who come from a distance.

BY ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Logansport Oct. 6, 1840.

Rally poster in 1840.

another the portrait of Harrison with the inscription "*Log Cabin and Hard Cider Candidate.*" Another banner: "*Harrison and Tyler*" "*No change can be for the worse.*"

Soldiers of Tippecanoe

With the flag of Spencer's company, in a canoe from Randolph Township, Tippecanoe county, drawn by four

grays. On either side of the canoe the inscription *"The log cabin boys of Randolph will paddle their canoe for Harrison and Tyler."* The National flag, and a banner with a view of the White House—*"Old Tip's Residence in 1841."*

The Dayton Blues, a fine military company from Tippecanoe county, with music.

Soldiers of the Late War

In a canoe from Sheffield Township, Tippecanoe county, surmounted by a cabin displaying the buck-horns and other emblems of the hunter's lodge, and a barrel of *"hard cider."* A Transparency, brought by the Sheffield township Tippecanoe Club, inscribed:

1st side. *"Indiana will cherish in manhood the defender of her infancy"*

"Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty"

"Union of the Whigs for the sake of the Union"

"Retrenchment to reduce, not to increase"

2d side. *"Measures not men"*

"Choose ye this day whom ye will have to serve you"

"Harrison and Tyler—Bigger and Hall"

"No reduction of wages"

3d. side. *"No standing army of* 200,000 *men"*

"The Hoosier boys are always ready to do their own voting as well as their own fighting"

"Log Cabin freedom is better than White House slavery"

Next in the procession followed the bearers of the banner presented to the delegation from Indiana to the Baltimore Convention, "Indiana will cherish in manhood the defender of her infancy."

The fine boat "Plough-Boy" from Attica, Fountain county, drawn by four horses. One of the banners of the Fountain delegation: "Gen. William Henry Harrison. *The generous husbandman; gallant hero; venerable sage and illustrious statesman."* On the reverse, *"To preserve our liberties we must do our own voting as well as our own fighting."*

Rifle Rangers.

A splendid military company from Evansville with a beautiful flag presented by the ladies of that place. The company preceded by a fine band of music, and the captain bearing the sword found grasped in the hand of the lamented Owen when he fell upon the battle field, the marks of a tomahawk still distinctly visible.

PART V. NATIONAL QUESTIONS, 1844–1876

CHAPTER XXV

127. Introductory Sketch

The election of 1840 brought an end to what has been called the personal period of Indiana politics. During and after the political campaign of 1844 national questions decided State elections. The most important of these questions was slavery. This is discussed in the next chapter.

Besides slavery there was the question of the Public Lands. A large number of voters in the West favored the homestead plan under which actual settlers would be given one hundred and sixty acres. Another large class favored giving the public lands to companies who would build railroads or canals, the land-grant policy.

The question of territorial expansion became one of great interest in Indiana. Many Hoosiers joined the throngs that went to Oregon and California. Others went to Texas and helped urge the annexation of that country. Hardly a family in the State but had some relative or old neighbor in these distant countries. Their letters to their Indiana friends made the young men, especially, very much in favor of bringing Oregon, California, and Texas into the Union.

There came over the country at this time a great change in the feeling of the people toward the unfortunate members of society. Before this time people in general looked upon the feeble-minded, blind, insane, and other afflicted persons as little better than animals. Especially was this so in regard to prisoners. Beginning about this period Indiana, as well as the other States, began to build asylums for the helpless, schools for the blind, deaf, and feeble-minded. Reformatories and penitentiaries for the criminals were erected.

In politics the State politician gave way to the national politician. The State platforms were made like the national. Ambitious young men were eager to go as delegates to the national conventions and see and hear the great statesmen of the East and South. They came back to Indiana and talked about national questions such as

tariff, slavery, Oregon, foreign affairs, and the work of Congress instead of strictly Indiana affairs as they had formerly done.

In this period, 1844-1860, railroads, telegraphs, daily papers, travelers in ever-increasing numbers, were bringing in the light of the outside world. These influences naturally made the Hoosiers take more interest in the outside world. Travelers from Indiana, instead of going almost entirely to New Orleans, now went in large numbers to New York, Washington, and even Boston.

The Indiana colleges were now well on their feet and were fast becoming centers of learning. The State Seminary, founded in 1820, had in 1828 become the Indiana College and in 1838 the Indiana University. All these influences were rapidly lifting the Hoosier State out of its old narrowness and provincialism.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE SLAVERY CONTEST IN INDIANA

Previous to the political campaign of 1844 the elections in Indiana turned on State issues. The personal popularity of the candidates, their attitude on canals, pikes, railroads, schools, and churches were the things discussed by the voters. The Texas question secured the interest of the Indiana voters. The Mexican War followed.

Then came the great slavery struggle. The fugitive slave law of 1850 made the citizens of the State slave-catchers and they refused to serve. Runaway slaves in ever-increasing numbers came over the Ohio and raced across the State to Canada and freedom. Sight of these unfortunate wretches first aroused pity for them and next a warlike anger against the authors of their misfortunes, the slave owners of the South. There were also in the State numbers of unprincipled villains who made money by kidnapping the refugee slaves and selling them south again. Every neighborhood in the State was visited by the runaway slaves and their pursuers. The citizens in general aided the slaves to make their escape. That threw them into open hostility to the owners in pursuit.

As a result the Indianians soon learned to look upon slave owners as a cruel heartless class, while the planters from the South came to regard the Northern men as a lawless, thieving class with much the same feeling as we regard horse thieves. The real cause of the Civil War is to be found in these experiences with runaway slaves.

128. Slave Indentures in Indiana Territory

(From *A Pioneer History of Indiana*, by Col. William M. Cockrum [1907], pp. 145-146.)

(An Indenture Contract)

May 26, 1815.

To all whom it may concern:

This is to certify that this day I have set free and by these presents do give emancipation papers to my faithful

servant Thomas Agnew, and from this date he shall be known as a free man. Given under my hand and seal.

THOMAS TRUMAN.

(SEAL) Witness, Joseph Forth.

This is to certify that I have this day received from my former master my emancipation papers. As I don't know any other home but the one I have always lived at, I do hereby indenture myself to my master, John Truman, for thirty years from this date, he agreeing to feed and clothe me during that time. THOMAS AGNEW.

X his mark.

May 26, 1815.

(Story of Agnew's Indenture)

Just before the State of Indiana was admitted into the Union my father moved here from a slave State and brought with him, Tom, whom he had owned from his infancy. He had no thought that there would be any trouble about it as Tom was a fixture in the family. A friend one day told father that parties were preparing to bring habeas corpus proceedings and emancipate Tom. The only thing my father could do was to emancipate him and have him indenture his time after he was a freeman. This was done as shown above and Tom went faithfully on with his work as before. This was nearly twenty years before I was born.

The good old faithful slave worked on the farm with my father for nearly twenty-seven years after the indenture was made, when my father sickened and died. Tom then kept on working with my brother the same as before.

On settling up the estate it was found that my father was more in debt than had been supposed and there would be little left.

A cousin of my father who lived in a slave State where he had moved from, held a mortgage on our farm. This cousin was a "Shylock" and demanded the last cent, which would take everything, farm and all, at a forced sale. He, however, made this proposition to my mother: if Tom would go home with him and work for him as long as he

lived, he would release the mortgage. This my mother would not consent to as Tom had less than three years of his indenture term to put in and he was so faithful to the family that she would not listen to such a transaction.

Tom had learned the condition of things, as nothing was kept from him, and he had planned with this cousin to give his life service for the family's comfort. He would not consent to anything but that he must go and save the family from want. The agreement was made, the mortgage was cancelled and Tom went away to the home of his new master, now a slave in fact.

Some time after this an uncle of my mother died and left her several thousand dollars. This made us independent and my mother's first thoughts were of Tom. She went to hunt for him and she found him working faithfully. She went to his master, told him that she wanted to take Tom back with her and that she was prepared to pay him in full for his mortgage, interest and trouble. This he refused, saying that Tom was priceless and that no money could buy him. She tried in every way to have him agree to let Tom go with her but he was obdurate. Tom told her not to mind him, that there would be but a few years more for him to serve as age was creeping on and he would soon be in another country where no trouble would come.

My mother was a nervy woman and she determined to liberate Tom if she could. She was advised to go to Evansville and see a lawyer by the name of Conrad Baker [later governor]. My mother explained to Mr. Baker Tom's situation and gave him a statement of the evidence that could be obtained. She also gave him the emancipation and indenture papers. Mr. Baker told her there was no doubt about Tom being legally free and if he could be gotten into a free State there would be no further need of legal proceedings. It was found that this could not be done, so legal proceedings were brought in the county where Tom was held a slave, to liberate him. The facts with affidavits to back them up were filed in the case. The court, after hearing all the evidence, decided that since Tom had been given emancipation papers which made him free and since he had

indentured himself for thirty years and had put in over time on the agreement, he was now free.

Tom came back to Indiana with my mother and lived with our family during the rest of his life and when he died we gave him a royal funeral, feeling that we had lost our best friend and one of Nature's noblemen.

129. Beecher's View of the Fugitive Slave Law

(From the Indianapolis *Free Democrat*, August 4, 1853; article by Henry Ward Beecher.)

About nine years ago there came to Indianapolis, Indiana, a colored man named John Freeman. He brought with him some few hundred dollars, a part of which he invested in real estate. He was a painter, whitewasher, and man of all work. He married a young woman who was a servant in our family. His deportment won for him general respect and confidence. He rapidly increased his property, and is now worth about six thousand dollars, which, for this community is a very handsome property. No man's word was better than Freeman's. He was honest, punctual, and reliable. He became an active member of the colored Baptist church and conscientiously discharged his duties as a church member. He has a family of three children. On the 23d of June a man named Pleasant Ellington, formerly from Kentucky, now of Missouri, who is, we understand, a Methodist preacher (an impostor), appeared in Indianapolis and found miscreants base enough to assist him in arresting Freeman, upon the claim that he was his slave. Freeman claims that he is a free man and shows many papers recognizing that fact. The judge has granted nine weeks for Freeman to procure further evidence of his freedom.

There are some facts that have come to our knowledge which it will be edifying to know.

When Freeman's arrest was known the whole community was moved. One hundred men of all parties, and of first standing in the place, such as Judge Blackford, Judge Wick, N. B. Palmer, Calvin Fletcher, Esq., and many other such, signed a bond for bail in the sum of $1,600. The amount in gold was brought in court to be deposited for the

preacher Ellington, in case Freeman proved a slave, did not appear, or for his freedom in any event. The bail was refused. Rev. Mr. Ellington refused to agree to any price should he get possession of him, but determined to take him to Missouri.

Under a pretense that he feared a rescue, the marshal was about to remove Freeman to Madison jail on the Ohio river, but has consented to leave him in the jail at Indianapolis, on condition that Freeman pay $3 per day for a guard to watch over himself.

We have some good but dull men in New York who have denied that Christian men and families were subject to separation and sale, under the system of slavery. It is said that to represent such scenes as Uncle Tom's separation from his family and his wife is a slander.

Yet here is a preacher of the gospel making a pilgrimage of half a thousand miles to find and arrest a member of a Christian church, in a free State, and drag him into slavery! He finds him settled down in a home which his own industry has secured, with a wife and three children, a useful and greatly respected citizen. One would think that a man with a particle of humanity, even if Freeman were his slave, upon seeing such a state of facts, would refuse to break up and desolate a family and blight the prospects of a man and fellow Christian. But so deeply has this fellow drunk of the spirit of patriotism that he determines to make mischief. Bonds and securities were offered him the most ample, for any price that he might demand, in case Freeman should be proved his slave. He refused everything. He demanded the "*man,*" and declared that he would remove him to a slave State and to slavery!

A man that can read such a state of facts and not feel his heart rising with indignation against this scoundrel clergyman, ought to regard himself as having sinned away his day of grace, and as sealed over to reprobation.

And yet, is this man any worse than the laws allow? Has he done anything illegal? This American people have laws within which men may violate every sentiment of humanity, smother every breath of Christianity, outrage the

feelings of a whole community, crush an innocent and helpless family, reduce a citizen of universal respect and proved integrity to the level of a brute, carry him to the shambles, sell him forever away from his church, his children, and wife; all this may be done without violating the laws of the land—nay, by the laws and under the direction of a magistrate!

And so deadening has been the influence of slavery upon the public mind that religious teachers and religious editors will not find a word to say against this utter abomination, and many pious words will they utter in favor of this execrable traffic.

Meanwhile, that same God who permits the existence of tarantulas, scorpions and other odious vermin, suffers also the existence of such creatures as this Rev. Mr. Ellington. It may serve a good purpose, in this easy, timid, shuffling age, to exhibit beneath the sun how utter a villain a man may be and yet keep within the pale of the law, within the permissions of the church, and within the requirements of the Christian ministry. To crush the human heart, to eat a living household, to take a family into one's hands and crush it like a cluster of grapes, this is respectable, legal, and Christian, in the estimation of cotton patriots and patriotic Christians, who regard law as greater than justice, the Union as more important than public virtue and practical Christianity.

Such laws as that which will permit these scenes will destroy the conscience and humanity of the community, or else be itself destroyed by them. A people that have learned to see such sights unmoved are not far from the level of the Romans, whose amusements were in blood and the death of beasts and gladiators.

As long as smooth prophets ease down the public conscience, and obsequious editors count themselves worthy to bind up the sandals of savage laws, whose every step perpetrates as many crimes as man can commit against man, so long we need not wonder that there are such monsters as this Ellington, ruffled out as a minister of the Gospel, to the shame of every honest man that wears the same cloth; and

preaching the gospel like a volcano, through whose base flames the fires of perdition.

It will not forever be thus! There is an unperverted heart! There is a Judge above corruption. There are laws neither framed in deceit nor red-mouthed with the blood of the innocent. We turn to that great Heart, guardian of the Supreme and Universal law, (beneath which the miserable, piddling enactments of paltry politicians and mousing merchants are as grass, withered leaves beneath the cedars of Lebanon.) Has not the shame of our nakedness appeared long enough? How long shall this land stand before the world like a drunken woman loosely exhibiting her hideous charms, which none can behold without shame and disgust?

130. A Struggle for Liberty

(From *Reminiscences*, by Levi Coffin [1880], pp. 206-210.)

Louis Talbert was an intelligent colored man, who belonged to a slaveholder living in Kentucky, a few miles back of the Ohio River, above Madison. Louis was not content with being a chattel that could be bought and sold, but kept planning how he might gain his freedom. For several years he had quietly and shrewdly been gaining all the information he could in regard to that land of liberty he had heard of so often, and at last concluded to make the attempt to reach it.

He ventured to divulge his secret to several of his trusty friends and fellow-servants in the neighborhood, and twelve of them agreed to join him in the attempt to gain freedom. They met frequently, late at night, in the woods or some other secluded place in the neighborhood, to consult together and to make their plans. The chief difficulty that they would have to encounter in their journey was the Ohio River—they had no way of crossing it, and knew not what to do. Finally, Louis Talbert, who was the leading spirit among them, suggested the construction of a raft. This at once solved the problem, and the time to start was agreed upon.

On the appointed night the party made their way to a point on the river bank selected by Louis. Having some

suitable tools with them, they soon prepared two logs and pinned them together. When the little raft was launched upon the water, it was found that only two persons could ride on it at a time. Their expectations of all getting across that night were disappointed, for it was late when they reached the river, and only six had been transported to the Indiana shore when daylight warned the party to

Map of Underground Railroad in Indiana.

seek concealment. They hid in the thickets, on each side of the river, during the day, and when night came the remaining six were safely ferried across. But this delay operated against them, and came near proving fatal to their hopes.

When so much valuable property was found to be missing in the neighborhood they had left, it created great excitement among their masters and other slaveholders. A

large company started out to hunt for the runaways, and crossed the river at various points, in order, if possible, to intercept them in their flight. The second night, when all the fugitives were safely over the river, they started on their way northward through Indiana. They made little progress before day began to dawn, and soon had to seek places in the bushes, where they could remain in safety during the day. By this time, some of the hunters had got ahead of them, and had given the alarm, and offered large rewards for their capture. In the counties of Indiana bordering the Ohio River, fugitive slaves were in as much danger of being captured as on the other side of the river, for there were many persons on the lookout for them who hoped to get the rewards offered by the slaveholders in such cases.

The next night Louis and his companions left their hiding places, but being pinched with hunger, they sought to obtain some food before starting on their journey northward. They went to a house to buy some provisions, not thinking that they were in great danger But a large party of hunters were in the neighborhood, and were soon apprised of their presence. The fugitives were closely pursued by a large party of armed men, the party from Kentucky having been joined by a number of ruffians in the neighborhood, who were as eager in the chase as they would have been in a fox or a deer hunt. Louis and his companions ran in different directions, and endeavored to hide in the woods and cornfields, but most of the party were capturned, only Louis and three other succeeding in making their escape. After traveling several nights, during which time they suffered much from hunger and exposure, they reached my house. We received and cared for them, and they remained with us several days, resting from their fatiguing and anxious journey. They were then put on the old reliable road leading to Canada, and reached that country in safety.

Louis remained there about one year, then returned to Indiana, and staid a few days at my house. He said he was on his way back to Kentucky. He had two sisters still

The Old Bacon Home. A station on the Underground Railroad.

Arrival of Fugitives on the Underground Railroad.

in bondage, and was determined to make an effort to bring them away. They belonged to a man living about thirty miles back from the river. Louis felt much anxiety about them, as they were young women grown and were regarded as valuable property by their master. He feared that they would be sold to traders and taken to the far South, as such property was in demand and would bring high prices. I tried to dissuade Louis from such a hazardous undertaking. I told him that he would risk his own liberty and might not be able to effect the rescue of his sisters, but he was determined to go. He was well acquainted in that neighborhood with both colored and white people, and, relying on his shrewdness and judgment, he made the bold venture. After crossing the river into Kentucky, he moved cautiously in the night season from one negro quarter to another where he was acquainted. He encouraged several of his particular friends to join him and prepare to make the journey to Canada. He assured them he was well acquainted with the route and could conduct them safely, and told them of the many good friends they would find on their way to liberty. The sweet word of liberty, and the hope of all its blessings and privileges, thrilled their hearts, and they at once agreed to make the effort to gain it under the leadership of Louis. The plans were all made, both men and and women being in the party who were to attempt to escape.

Louis went several nights to the place where his sisters were, and watched about the house, trying to get an interview with them, but they were house-servants, and were kept in at night so closely that it seemed impossible for him to make himself known to them and talk with them without discovery.

One moonlight night as he was watching the house, trying to attract the attention of his sisters, their master saw and recognized him. The signal for pursuit was at once given and the alarm raised. A neighbor who had several bloodhounds was summoned, and the dogs were put on the trail. By this time, however, Louis had reached the woods, and being well acquainted with the country, he knew how

to choose the paths that would be most difficult for the pursuers. Louis knew how to charm the dogs, and he received no harm from them.

He baffled his pursuers and made good his escape, bringing with him four or five of his slave friends, including two women. Thus, though he failed to get his sisters, his mission was not entirely unsuccessful. He made his way to the Ohio River with his company, and finding a skiff they crossed in safety to the Indiana side. They then proceeded as rapidly as possible to a station of the Underground Railroad, and that line soon brought them to my house. They remained with us a short time, and were then forwarded to Canada.

131. A Slave-Hunter Outwitted

(From *Reminiscences*, by Levi Coffin [1880], pp. 170-177.)

The story that I am about to relate may, in some of its particulars, seem improbable or even impossible, to any reader not acquainted with the workings of the southern division of the Underground Railroad. That two young slave girls could successfully make their escape from a Southern State and travel hundreds of miles, hiding in the day, in thickets and other secluded places, and traveling at night, crossing rivers and swamps, and passing undiscovered through settlements, appears more like a story of romance than one of sober reality. But I will not test the reader's credulity by leaving this story unexplained; I will give a few items regarding the manner of the escape of many slaves from the South. I have always contended that the Underground Railroad, so called, was a Southern institution; that it had its origin in the slave States. It was, however, conducted on quite a different principle south of Mason and Dixon's line, from what it was on this side. South of the line money, in most cases, was the motive; north, we generally worked on principle. For the sake of money, people in the South would help slaves to escape and convey them across the line, and by this means, women with their children, and young girls, like the subject of this story, were enabled to reach the North. They were hidden in

wagons, or stowed away in secret places on steamboats, or conducted on foot through the country, by shrewd managers who traveled at night and knew what places to avoid.

Free colored people who had relatives in slavery were willing to contribute to the utmost of their means, to aid in getting their loved ones out of bondage; just as we would do if any of our loved ones were held in thralldom. It was by some line of the Southern Underground Railroad that two slave girls, living in Tennessee, managed to escape and reach Cabin Creek, Randolph county, Indiana, where lived their grandparents and most of their near relatives, who were free.

This neighborhood was settled principally by free colored people who had purchased government land in forty or eighty acre lots; in some instances a quarter section—one hundred and sixty acres—had been entered. A dense settlement of free colored people had formed at Cabin Creek, and a good school had been established there, under the auspices of New Garden Quarterly Meeting of Friends.

Near the center of the colony lived the grandparents of the two girls mentioned, and there the girls stayed, after their long and perilous journey, enjoying their newly gained liberty, and hoping that their master would never learn of their whereabouts. But they were not destined to dwell here in safety. Their master had come to Richmond, ostensibly to look about the neighborhood and buy cattle, but really to gain some trace of his slave property. He hired spies and sent them into different neighborhoods, Cabin Creek among the rest, and thus the girls were discovered. When the master learned that his two slave girls were so near, he felt as if they were already in his power, but when he heard more concerning Cabin Creek neighborhood and the character of the colored people there, he began to think it might not be so easy to effect a capture. When a slave-hunter came to Cabin Creek, the people banded together to protect the fugitive he was after, and as they were very determined in their defense it was a difficult matter to capture the slave. They had prearranged signals for such occasions, and the alarm soon called the people together.

The master of the two girls obtained a writ and placed it in the hands of an officer, then gathered a company of roughs from Richmond, Winchester and other neighborhoods, and rode out to Cabin Creek at the head of a large company of armed men. They marched to the cabin where the two girls were, and surrounded it.

The alarm was given as soon as the company were seen approaching, and a boy mounted a horse and rode off at full speed to spread the alarm. He was fired at by some of the company, and a rifle ball grazed his arm, making a slight flesh wound. This only hastened his speed and increased the excitement. The grandfather of the two girls was away from home, but the brave old grandmother seized a corn-cutter and placed herself in the only door of the cabin, defying the crowd and declaring that she would cut the first man in two who undertook to cross the threshold. Thus she kept the slave-hunter and his posse at bay, while a large crowd of colored people collected. Quite a number of white people came also, some out of curiosity or sympathy with the master, and others who sympathized with the fugitives. It is said that there were more than two hundred people gathered around the cabin. The sound of the horn, and the message of the boy, had brought together most of the colored people in the settlement. An uncle of the slave girls, who lived near by, seeing the crowd as they rode up, placed himself near his mother, on the outside of the door, and several other sturdy negroes stood by his side.

He was a shrewd sharp fellow, with a fair education, and kept his presence of mind under the exciting circumstances. He demanded to see the writ, and it was handed to him by the officer. He read it over carefully, and tried to pick flaws in it. He denied that it gave them any authority to enter that house to search for property. The laws of Indiana did not recognize human beings as property until they had been proved to be such, and that was a difficult thing to do. He said that he doubted very much whether the man who had obtained this writ to arrest two slave girls could prove them to be his property. Further-

more, he did not believe the girls were in that house. He extended the debate with the master as long as possible, and in the meantime several colored people had been permitted to pass in and out under the sharp edge of the old woman's corn-cutter, but no white person had been admitted.

While the debate was going on, arrangements were being made, both outdoors and indoors, for the escape of the girls. The uncle understood all this perfectly, and he was doing his part toward success, by prolonging the palaver. The girls dressed in boys' clothes, and put on slouch hats; then, while the debate outside grew warm and excitement began to run high, and the slavehunters to declare that they would enter the house, in spite of the corn-cutter and other obstructions, the girls passed out of the door with other negroes, and made their way through the crowd. Two fleet horses, with light but very capable riders, stood near the side of a large log, screened from the sight of the crowd by some tall bushes. The girls stepped quickly on the log and sprang, one on each horse, behind the riders, and were soon out of sight. When the uncle knew that the girls were at a safe distance, he began to moderate and proposed a compromise. Speaking in a whisper to his mother, he appeared to be consulting with her on the subject, and finally said that if the master of the girls would agree to give them a fair trial at Winchester, he and his posse would be allowed to enter the house peaceably. This was agreed to, and the grandmother laid aside her weapon of defense, and appeared calm and subdued. The master and his posse rushed in to seize the girls, and those outside, who could not see into the house, listened to hear the girls' screams of terror and pleadings for mercy while their master bound them. But they heard nothing of the kind, only oaths and exclamations from the men as they searched about the cabin and up in the loft. The hunters were baffled; the girls were not to be found. The darkies seemed in a good humor, and there was a general display of white teeth in broad grins. Some of the white folks also seemed amused, and inclined to make sport of the misfortune of the master. It was no laughable matter to him—to be duped by negroes and to

lose such valuable property as these girls were, either of whom would soon be worth one thousand dollars. Some in the crowd were unfeeling enough to jest at his loss, and to advise him to look around and see if there was not a hole in the ground where the girls had been let down to the Underground Railroad.

When the master fully realized how he had been outwitted, his wrath knew no bounds, but his hired assistants tried to comfort him with the thought that they could soon ferret out the fugitives, and promised to make a thorough search through the abolition neighborhoods.

The girls were taken a short distance on the Winchester road; then through by-ways and cross-roads they were brought through Cherry Grove settlement of Friends to Newport, a distance of about twenty miles. The girls were much exhausted when they arrived at our house, having had a hard ride, part of the way in the night. After taking some nourishment, they were placed in a private room to rest during the remainder of the night, and were soon sound asleep. We did not apprehend any danger that night, as we supposed a vigorous search would be made at Cabin Creek and neighboring settlements, and that our town would not be searched till the hunt in the other localities had been prosecuted and proved fruitless.

Some time the next day, a messenger arrived at my house from Cabin Creek, and told us that after failing to find the girls at their grandfather's, the posse of pursuers had divided into several squads to search the different neighborhoods, and that one company were on their way to Newport. That afternoon several strangers were seen rambling about our village, inquiring for stray horses, and going abruptly into the houses of colored people living in the suburbs. It was not difficult to guess what was their real business. I was busy in my store when I learned of the conduct of these strangers, but went at once to the house and told my wife that negro-hunters were in the town, and that she must secrete the two girls. She was used to such business, and was not long in devising a plan. Taking the two girls, who had by this time been dressed in female ap-

parel, into a bedroom, she hid them between the straw tick and feather tick, allowing them room for breathing, then made up the bed as usual, smoothed the counterpane and put on the pillows. But the girls were so excited and amused at the remembrance of how they outwitted "massa," and of their ride, dressed in boys' clothes, and at their novel position, that they laughed and giggled until my wife had to separate them, and put one in another bed. I went back to my store and left Aunt Katy, as every one called my wife, to manage affairs at the house. If the searchers attempted to enter our house, she was to rattle the large dinner bell violently, and at this signal the neighbors would rush in, and I would get the proper officers and have the negro-hunters arrested for attempting to enter my house without legal authority.

But these proceedings were not necessary. The hunters did not have courage enough to enter my house, though they knew it was a depot of the Underground Railroad. Hearing that threats were made against them in the village, they left without giving us any trouble.

We kept the girls very secluded for several weeks until the master had given up the search, and had gone home. Then having other fugitives to forward to the North, we sent them altogether via the Greenville and Sandusky route to Canada, where they arrived in safety.

132. Jerry Sullivan's Raid at the Old Dongola Bridge

(From *A Pioneer History of Indiana*, by Col. William M. Cockrum [1907], pp. 587-591.)

In 1851 Mr. Andrew Adkins came across the Patoka river at Dongola to see my father. It was late in the summer and the farm work was nearly all done, as we were just cutting our fence corners. My father was not at home and Mr. Adkins remained until after dinner to see him. There were three hands beside myself at work on the farm. As Mr. Adkins was coming over that morning, two men from near Kirk's Mills, now called Bovine, overtook and rode to the bridge with him. They showed him a flaming handbill giving a description of seven runaway negroes and offering

a reward of one thousand dollars for their capture. They informed Mr. Adkins that they, with some others, intended to watch the bridge that night, and invited him to assist them, offering to share the reward with him if they got the negroes.

Mr. Adkins was very anxious for fear they would catch the negroes, and while we were resting after dinner he so expressed himself to the hands. At that time we had a discharged soldier of the regular army, named Jerry Sulli-

The Runaway. Picture used in handbills and newspaper advertisements.

van, working for us. In the talk Sullivan asked why it would not be a good plan to rout the bridge-watchers. This, Mr. Adkins thought, would be a good thing to do, but the fugitive slave law gave the men the lawful right to catch them, and the courts in this country were so organized that it was dangerous business to try to hinder anyone from recapturing the slaves. Those capturing them for the reward had the same rights under the law as the master had. Sullivan was a full-fledged Abolitionist and said, "Fugitive slave law to the winds! Just give me a chance and I will clean out that bridge-watching gang in good shape." Mr. Ad-

kins had the will, but he did not dare go into the conspiracy, as the two men who offered to divide the reward with him were neighbors of his, and if it was found out he was in the scrape, they would cause him to pay a heavy fine.

Sullivan was very anxious to get after them and consulted us young boys about going with him. The other boys working for us were Wm. B. Dill and Thos. Midcalf. Finally it was agreed that we would all pretend to go fishing late that evening and put out a trot-line and stay until late in the night. Mr. Adkins agreed that he would go home and send his younger brother, Pinkerton Adkins, and Hiram Knight, a neighbor boy, late in the evening to go with us. Before he would agree to do anything, he made us promise not to kill anyone and that we must not injure the horses of the men guarding the bridge. After we made these promises he said he would see Basil Simpson, who lived on the bluff but a little way west of the bridge and who was thoroughly in sympathy with the anti-slavery people, and ask him to watch where the men put their horses. When the two boys came over late in the evening they were to remain near Mr. Simpson's until the watchers had got to the bridge and had hidden their horses; then the boys would come on to the agreed rendezvous, which was about one mile south of the bridge. After these arrangements were made, Mr. Adkins went home, thinking we would not do anything more desperate than turning their horses loose and driving them away so they would not find them for some days.

Finally my father came home and we got his consent to go to the river fishing. Sullivan got a number of old newspapers and rubbed wet powder all over them, leaving it in lumps so that it would flash when it was burning and make a regular flambeau. He dried the paper in the sun and then took a lot of fuse which he had been using in blasting stumps. Taking a good supply of flax strings which we made for the purpose, he made six large broaches out of the newspapers.

We had plenty of horses and about sundown we took our trot-line and guns and started for the river. When we

arrived at the meeting place we had to wait until a little after dark, when the two boys came, mounted and armed for the fun. As Sullivan had been a soldier and was much older than any of the rest, it was unanimously agreed that he should have full command and we would do as he directed.

Mr. Simpson and the two Pike county boys had located the horses in a patch of small saplings. As I now recollect it, they were less than one hundred yards southwest of the Dongola coal mine shaft and there were seven of them. The two Kirk's Mill men told Mr. Adkins there would be six and gave him their names. One of them was a doctor, who at that time lived in Lynnville, in Warrick county. One was a hotel-keeper who lived in Petersburg and another was one of his boarders. The other was a man who lived about half way from Dongola to Winslow on the north side of the river. It was never ascertained who the seventh man was. After the party had assembled, Sullivan took charge, giving each a number and directed us how to form a line and put us through a lot of maneuvres which were pure nonsense to us then, but which I afterward learned were good military tactics.

After waiting until about two hours after night, our commander got us in position two and two, and heading the cavalcade, gave the command to "Forward, march!" We marched on until one of the Pike county boys told our commander that we were near the place the horses were hitched. Halting us, the commander took one of the boys and located the horses; then coming back, he marched us up to the point where he wanted us to leave our horses. We dismounted, leaving one man to hold the five horses. One man, mounted, was stationed between the horses and the bridge to look out for the enemy.

Stripping the saddles off the bridge-watchers' horses and piling them at the root of a large tree, we led them out to the road and within about two hundred yards of the bridge, when Sullivan unrolled his flambeau material and wrapped one of the broaches inside the hair of each horse's tail. He securely tied them there leaving about six inches of fuse sticking out. As he had only six broaches he made

another for the extra horse by cutting a strip out of a saddle blanket. He rolled it very tightly, putting about two-thirds of a pound of powder into it and bound the strong material very tightly with the flax strings. The fuse in this case was longer than the others, as he said he wanted it to go off near the bridge.

He lighted all the fuses, then ordered us to turn the horses loose and start them down the road toward the bridge. We soon had our horses started after them, yelling like so many Indians. The broaches commenced to pop and fizz at a great rate and the horses were going like the wind. In a little while the big bomb went off and I doubt if any one ever saw such another runaway scrape where there was an equal number of horses.

They went across the bridge at top speed. When we got near the bridge Sullivan ordered us to halt, make ready and fire, which we did. Jumping off our horses we loaded our guns. Our commander was calling aloud giving orders to an imaginary battalion to rush over the bridge and capture the villains.

About this time Tom Midcalf, who was a fearless fellow, became very much excited, jumped on his horse and ran over the bridge hallooing like a Comanche Indian. We kept up a fusillade for some time but there was no one there. The charge of the horses with the snapping and flashing of fire tied to their tails was enough to have scared the devil, let alone a few cowardly scamps who were waiting to capture a lot of poor runaway negroes trying to get away from the bonds of slavery.

All the evidence of there having been anybody there was the horses, and we found a bed made down above the bridge where one relief of negro-hunters were no doubt lying when the horses came charging onto them. We found two pairs of boots under the bed put there for the purpose of raising their heads. We also found a bushel basket in which they had their provisions.

Sullivan rolled up a lot of rock in their bed and threw it into the river. He cut their boots into strips and threw them into the river. Then he sent three of the boys back

and got the seven saddles, cut them all to pieces and threw them into the river. I don't know how far the horses ran, but probably several miles.

It was believed that the men guarding the bridge were on the go before the horses crossed it and that they made good time until they got clear away from the noise made by our crowd, and the running of the horses sounded like a host

Old-fashioned Bridge over Patoka River, near Duff. Similar to the one at Dongola.

From WILSON'S *History of Dubois County*. By courtesy of the author.

of men after them. Sullivan got us into line and escorted the Pike county boys near to their homes and then we went home, arriving after midnight. Jerry Sullivan remained at my father's home several weeks after these events. When he went away he said he was going to re-enlist in the army. I have often wondered what became of him. If he was in the war of the rebellion I am satisfied that he made his mark.

133. Eldridge Hopkins to the Rescue

(From *A Pioneer History of Indiana*, by Col. William M. Cockrum [1907], pp. 574-579.)

Along in the early part of the fifties two free negro men who lived in northern Kentucky, not far from Rockport, Indiana, had been working on the Wabash and Erie Canal between Washington and Terre Haute for some time and had determined to go to their homes and had got as far as Washington [Indiana] on their way there, when they fell in with a man who seemed very friendly to them, asking them where they were going. When they told them, he told them that a friend and he were going in the same direction nearly to the Ohio river in a wagon and that they could go with them if they wanted to and it would not cost them a cent for the ride; that they would have provision for them on the trip and they could assist in preparing it, but that they would not be ready to start before three or four in the afternoon.

The offer was a very acceptable one to the negroes and they gladly accepted it and said that they would be at the agreed point at the south side of Washington, where the two men with the wagon found them.

They took the Petersburg road and it was late in the evening when they crossed White river at the ferry. Mr. John Stucky, who crossed at the same time, knew one of the white men, and at once suspected what he was up to, but could not draw him into a conversation and could not get a chance to talk to the colored men, as he had to hold his horse. He heard them tell the ferryman that they would stay all night in a wagon yard in Petersburg. After they were over the wagon traveled pretty fast. Mr. Stucky did not keep up with it and reached Petersburg some time after it had reached the wagon yard. Stucky hunted up Dr. John W. Posey, the father of the Hon. Frank B. Posey, and told him about the white men and negroes that were stopping at the wagon yard. The doctor at once understood the situation and sent a spy to the wagon yard to see what he could find. The spy reported that he found them eating

supper and that a noted hotel-keeper was some distance away engaged in conversation with one of the men.

He talked with the negroes, who said that their homes were in Kentucky and that these men were letting them ride most of the way in the wagon. They had no evidence, but the doctor decided to have a watch kept and have the wagon followed to see what developments might come. About two hours before the day the guard who had been on watch came hurriedly to the doctor's house and told him they were getting ready to start and had their team hitched to a three-seated express wagon and that the hotel man was with them and two other fellows whom they did not know. The doctor had three horses saddled and sent for a neighbor to ride one of them and one of his hired hands to ride another, and the doctor rode the third one. All three were armed. They sent the guard back to watch and report, but the express and men were gone. Mr. Posey and other men hurried after them on the Winslow road, but did not overtake them, as they had passed through Winslow a little after sun-up and thirty minutes ahead of the pursuing party. They followed on after them, meeting a man about two miles south of Winslow who said he had met the express about one mile south of where they were and that they had two runaway negroes tied together. As there were only three of them and four of the kidnappers, and it was supposed that men on such an expedition would go well armed, they felt as if they did not have an equal chance, but they knew that justice was on their side, so they resolved to follow on, and when the kidnappers stopped, they would find some one legally qualified to try the case and liberate the poor negroes.

About this time they met the Rev. Eldridge Hopkins, who told them that he passed the express but a short mile south of where they were and the men inquired of him if he could tell them where there was a spring, as they wanted to eat an early dinner and feed their horses as they were getting fatigued. Hopkins thought nothing of it, as men with runaway slaves were a common occurrence in those

days. Dr. Posey told Rev. Hopkins, with whom he was well acquainted, the situation, and Hopkins, who was in favor of justice and was good grit all the way through, offered to pilot them around the men if they stopped to feed so that they would be in front of them and could go to a justice on the road a few miles ahead and have papers prepared to stop them and release the negroes.

Coming to the road at the point where Hopkins intended, they found that the express had not passed, but they learned that the squire they wanted was away from home and before they could find a legal light who could give them the right to stop the kidnappers they got into Warrick county, where a writ was secured. When the express came up a constable halted them and marched them to a justice's court. At first the kidnappers were disposed to threaten, but by this time quite a number of men had gathered around in front of them. These fellows were completely nonplussed by the action of Dr. Posey. The two negroes were brought into court and told their story. Dr. Posey retold what the colored men had told his man the night before while one of the white men was eating supper with them. The crowd was very much in sympathy with the two unfortunates.

The man who claimed to own them showed a hand-bill giving a perfect description of the two men and offering a reward of two hundred dollars for their recapture, dated at a point in Tennessee some weeks before. (This hand-bill was no doubt printed at Washington the day before, while these negroes were waiting for their new-found friends.) Things now began to look pretty bad for the negroes. Hopkins was a ready talker and he volunteered to defend them and made a telling story in which he had the sympathy of all not interested. The old justice was against all negroes, and he decided that they were nearly all slaves and those who claimed their homes in slave States were all slaves, and whereas their owner had produced a notice of them that had a perfect description and dated several weeks before, he would let him (the supposed owner) go with his property.

This infuriated Hopkins and he told Dr. Posey that he would see that the men did not get over the Ohio River with the negroes. While Mr. Hopkins and Dr. Posey were having a consultation, Mr. Hopkins discovered that he had his foot on the hub of a wheel of the express the kidnappers had come in and saw that the wheels were held on with linch pins and that he could easily get one of them out, which he did and put it in his pocket. It was decided that it was best for the doctor and his two men to return home. Hopkins said that in that crowd he could find all the men he wanted to go with him on the raid. So having chosen them, they secured arms and were soon on the go.

Starting off in an easterly direction, they soon found a road which brought them to the Boonville road and found that the express had not passed. They took powder and made themselves as black as Nubians; no one would have recognized them. Mr. Hopkins thought that the express might get some distance before the wheel came off.

They waited for some time, but finally started up the road and saw the express, with one wheel off, about one mile or so south of where the old squire lived. When they got close to the express, they rushed up hurriedly and demanded to know what they had the negroes tied for. The negroes told them that they were kidnapped. The rescuing party leveled their guns at the three white men and made them hold up their hands. One of them had gone back to look for the linch pin. The negroes were untied and the white men searched for guns. They found three old pepperbox revolvers of a pattern of that date and several knives. They also found a fine rifle in the bottom of the express. The negroes were made to tie the three men and they all sat down out of sight until the fourth man came back, when he was tied also. They then organized a stump court-martial to try the three kidnappers.

The negroes first told their story as above related. The four men were told that they, one at a time, could tell their side of the case. The would-be owner produced the handbills that Dr. Posey told Mr. Hopkins were made in Wash-

ington. Mr. Hopkins, who was the leading spokesman, told them that this was the case and said that that was the worst feature of it.

The court, after hearing all the evidence, decided that all four of them should die, for such villainy was a menace to good order and the peace of society, but told them that any one of them who would tell the whole truth should live. At this one of the men commenced to weaken, when the leader told him to remember the oath he took when he was hired and the penalty if he violated that obligation. At this Hopkins took the fellow who seemed ready to tell something away from the rest and where they could not hear, and told him that if he would tell the whole truth his life would be spared. On this assurance, he told all he knew. He said that the pretended owner lived at Washington, Indiana, and that it was intended to carry the negroes to the Mississippi country and sell them; that they had agreed to pay him and another man whom they hired at Petersburg one hundred dollars each to go with them and watch the negroes until they were sold, and that the team belonged to the leader who pretended to own the negroes.

Mr. Hopkins took the man back to the party and put the negroes as a guard over them. He then reassembled the court-martial and they had another consultation, after which he told the white prisoners that they deserved to die for such villainy, but they did not want their blood on their hands and had decided not to kill them, but they intended to give them an object lesson they would remember all the rest of their lives.

Hopkins took the leader and the two negroes out in the woods some distance west of the road, cut two good-sized hickory gads and told the negroes to give him twenty-five hard lashes each, which they did with a will; then he untied the fellow, who was evidently well whipped, and told him to go in a northwest direction, and not to stop nor look back under penalty of being shot. The two men who had been hired they gave ten lashes each and turned them loose towards Evansville. Mr. Hopkins and his party held a

final conference and then had the negroes put the wheel on, having given them the linch pin. They decided to turn the team over to the two negroes, with the pepper-box revolvers and the rifle to defend themselves, deciding that they had undergone enough torture to have all the spoils. By this time it was an hour after dark. The two darkies drove away and these rude, but just judges went to their homes.

CHAPTER XXVII

INDIANA IN THE CIVIL WAR

The crash of war found Indiana unprepared so far as arms, money, and supplies were concerned. There were thousands of men ready for the fight, and a governor ready and able to prepare the State for the conflict. The experiences many of the citizens had had with slavery and slave-holders had left most of the inhabitants in a warlike temper. Along the southern border, however, were many who traded down the river and who had warm personal friends in the South. These saw with regret the division of the Union. But even these responded quickly to the call to arms. From all parts of the State there was the same hearty response. It would be difficult to find in history a people who engaged with such spirit in an offensive war. With a population about half as large as that of the colonies in 1776, the State sent out an army five times as large. The following selections, it is hoped, will give some idea of the spirit displayed by Indiana in this crisis.

134. Lincoln in Indiana

(From the Indianapolis *Daily Journal*, February 12, 1861.)

(Lincoln's Speech at the State Line)

Gentlemen of Indiana: I am happy to meet you on this occasion, and enter again the State of my early life, and almost my nativity. I am under many obligations to you for your kind reception, and to Indiana for the aid she has rendered the cause which I think eminently a just one.

Gentlemen, I shall address you at greater length at Indianapolis, but not much greater. Again, gentlemen, I thank you for your warm-hearted reception.

Leaving the crowd, amid the firing of cannon, and the waving of flags and handkerchiefs, the train left the State line. It was greeted by similar crowds at Attica, and other points on the road.

(At Lafayette)

When the train arrived at Lafayette another monster crowd welcomed the incoming president, and while the trains were switching preparatory to transferring passengers and baggage, Mr. Lincoln made a short speech in response to the loud cries of the assembled multitude.

Crowds greeted the train at every station between Lafayette and Indianapolis, and at every place where it stopped Mr. Lincoln showed himself on the platform of the cars and spoke a few words to the people.

(At Indianapolis)

When the train came in sight of this city its arrival was announced by the roar of artillery. Thirty-four rounds were fired in honor of the thirty-four States of the Union.

At five o'clock the train stopped at the crossing of Washington street, where it was met by members of the legislature, the officers of State, the City Council, the military company of the city, the Fire Department of Indianapolis and thousands of men, women and children on foot, in carriages and on horseback. Every part of the State was represented, and every political party, by hundreds and thousands of persons.

(Reception of the President-Elect)

When Mr. Lincoln left the cars and made his appearance where he could be seen, deafening cheers arose that sounded above the roar of the cannon and the loudest blasts of the bands playing in the vicinity. The President-elect was welcomed by Governor Morton in the following speech:

(Governor Morton's Speech)

Sir: On behalf of the people of Indiana I bid you welcome. They avail themselves of this occasion to offer their tribute of high respect to your character as a man, and as a statesman, and in your person to honor the high office to which you have been elected.

In every free government there will be differences of opinion, and these differences result in the formation of

parties; but when the voice of the people has been expressed through the forms of the Constitution, all patriots yield to it obedience. Submission to the popular will is the essential principle of Republican government, and so vital is this principle that it admits of but one exception, which is revolution. To weaken it is anarchy; to destroy it is despotism. It recognizes no appeal beyond the ballot-box; and while it is preserved, Liberty may be wounded but never slain.

To this principle the people of Indiana, men of all parties, are loyal, and they here welcome you as the Chief Magistrate-elect of the Republic.

When our fathers framed the Constitution they declared it was to form a more perfect union, establish justice, and to secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity, and for these considerations we proclaim our purpose to maintain that Constitution inviolate as it came from their hands.

This Union has been the idol of our hopes; the parent of our prosperity; our shield and protection abroad, and our title to the respect and consideration of the world. May it be preserved is the prayer of every patriotic heart in Indiana, and that it shall be, the determination.

(Reply of the President-Elect)

Governor Morton and Fellow Citizens of the State of Indiana:

Most heartily do I thank you for this magnificent reception, and while I cannot take to myself any share of the compliment thus paid, more than that which pertains to a mere instrument, an accidental instrument, perhaps I should say, of a great cause, I yet must look upon it as a most magnificent reception, and as such most heartily do I thank you for it. You have been pleased to address yourself to me chiefly in behalf of this glorious Union in which we live, in all of which you have my hearty sympathy, and, as far as may be within my power, will have, one and inseparably, my hearty consideration; while I do not expect, upon this occasion, or until I get to Washington, to attempt any

lengthy speech, I will only say that to the salvation of this Union there needs but one single thing, the hearts of a people like yours. (Applause.)

The people, when they arise in mass in behalf of the Union, and the liberties of their country, truly it may be said, "The gates of hell can not prevail against them." (Renewed applause.) In all trying positions in which I shall be placed, and doubtless I shall be placed in many such, my reliance will be placed upon you, and the people of the United States—and I wish you to remember, now and forever, that it is your business, and not mine; that if the Union of these States, and the liberties of this people, shall be lost, it is but little to any one man of fifty-two years of age, but a great deal to the thirty millions of people who inhabit these United States, and to their posterity in all coming time. It is your business to rise up and preserve the Union and liberty for yourselves, and not for me.

I desire they should be constitutionally performed. I, as already intimated, am but an accidental instrument, temporary, and to serve but for a limited time, and I appeal to you again to constantly bear in mind that with you, and not with politicians, not with presidents, not with officeseekers, but with you, is the question: Shall the Union and shall the liberties of this country be preserved to the latest generations? (Cheers.)

135. Governor Morton as the Soldiers' Friend

(From the *Life of Oliver P. Morton*, by William Dudley Foulke [1899], I, pp. 524-528. Copyrighted. Used by special permission of the publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

His friendship for the soldiers did not proceed from mere desire for popularity. At any hour, under any circumstances, no matter how imperative the demands upon his time, he gave way to their appeals and became as tender as a woman in his sympathy. With rare exceptions he personally bade each regiment good-bye when it left for the front, and was present to welcome it when it returned. "Whenever an Indiana man followed the flag or pitched his tent, whether on the Potomac or the Mississippi, he was con-

stantly the object of Morton's care." Almost before the smoke had lifted from the battlefields Morton's surgeons and nurses were there with medicines and military stores. Morton often went with them. After the capture of Ft. Donelson he was on the first boat that came up the river. An Indiana soldier that was wounded at Shiloh said: "I saw the Governor reach out and shake hands, and then the tears started in his eyes as he saw the wounded and heard their groans. Since then I knew how he loved us."

His confidence in the troops was such that he never hesitated to ask their services. The Forty-third Indiana, worn out, came back on veteran furlough. Governor Bramlette, of Kentucky, needed them immediately at Frankfort. Morton asked them to go, and pledged them an extended furlough on their return. Next day they were on their way to Frankfort.

"He was most prompt," says Carrington, "in his methods for relief. Transportation was needed for lumber to build quarters. Morton said: 'Seize the cars. I will settle all questions after the lumber is in the camp.'" He often gave commissions that surprised the recipient. A raw sentry at Camp Carrington struck his commanding officer, who was riding across the beat. He was directed to report to the Governor and receive his deserts. He reported, saying: "I was ordered to not let anybody cross the lines." He was commissioned and complimented.

It was not unusual for Morton to rise from his bed at midnight, go to the *Journal* office and have published some proclamation or suggestion for the welfare of the troops.

A regiment that came to Indianapolis was quartered in a building with a leaky roof. At two o'clock in the morning the Governor was awakened by a fierce storm of rain. He called his secretary, asked where the troops were, and on learning, said "I will go and have them moved." They were transferred to the State-house.

His industry was unflagging. "The secret of success," said he to his son, "is hard work." While he was Governor he had three secretaries. When he was away they had time to spare, but he was not at home an hour before they

were so crowded with work that they had to sit far into the night to accomplish it. He would often go to the Statehouse and remain all night, while his wife, who feared for his safety, would put out the lights in the executive mansion and keep watch in the dark at the window until he came back. His personal habits were shaped by the needs of his public work. Sleep, rest and appetite had to wait upon his convenience. He would often leave his books and papers at the side of his bed that he might take up work in the morning. At break of day he generally called for the newspapers, which were brought to him before he rose or breakfasted. In the presence of public business no physical weakness, no requirements of comfort or health could keep him from the present demand for thought and action. Even when he was ill the advice of his physician was neglected. "I have no time to be sitting here," he would say, and then he would plunge into work again. In the Senate he was seldom absent from his post. He attended, with great regularity, the meetings of the committees to which he belonged. He was present at every session of the electoral commission, although then close to the verge of the grave. He accomplished more work than any man in the Senate. He accommodated himself with "a kind of cynical indifference to his crippled body, and dragged it about with him somewhat as a snail does its shell."

Indeed, work was a necessity to him. For his restless spirit there was no repose. "I saw him once sitting in front of the Ebbitt House," said Senator Ingalls. "He looked miserable and dejected, and I spoke of it. He answered, 'I am never happy except when I am at work.' "

Always prompt and energetic himself, he exacted the same promptness and energy from those around him. An idle subordinate was never tolerated.

Between the sessions of Congress, instead of practicing law, he gave his attention to his public work. Upon his journeys he was often accompanied by his private secretary, whom he kept.

136. Governor Morton as a Leader

(From the *Life of Oliver P. Morton*, by WILLIAM DUDLEY FOULKE [1899], I, pp. 516-520. Copyrighted. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

Morton was a born commander. "Where McGregor sat there was the head of the table." He would not follow anybody. He would always have his own way. He was twice offered a cabinet place, but among the reasons for his refusal he said:

"I am unwilling to put it in the power of any man to dismiss me from a public position."

His leadership was recognized everywhere; his enemies acknowledged it in their denunciations. He was "Goliath," "The Blind Sampson who pulled down the Pillars of Reconstruction," "The Giant," "The Elephant who trampled upon his own Friends," etc. His associates bear testimony to it sometimes unwillingly. James N. Tyner once criticised one of Morton's speeches. They talked it over together and soon found that they agreed, and Tyner said to himself in disgust when they parted: "That man has had his own way again." He employed instruments (and he could always lay his hand on the right man for the work in hand), but he suffered no peers among his associates. Among those who did not dispute his leadership he was well beloved; with others he was often the object of jealousy and envy. An autocrat by divine right, many traits of his character were essentially autocratic. He was often intolerant to those who opposed him. He believed in his own conclusions so utterly that not to yield to him was, in a follower, something akin to treason. But he did not claim this leadership by arrogant assumption. His manner of governing men was by absence of self-assertion, and the acceptance of suggestions in such a way that while others believed they were leading him, he soon had them moulded to his own purposes.

"He would talk with a man," says Mr. Hitt, "for a long while, and after the conversation was over, the upshot was that the other man had converted Morton to Morton's own views."

He branded his personality on those around him. The senators who came to his room and gathered about his bed upon their committee work were impressed with the consciousness of his power. "It was a strange sight," said Senator Ingalls, "to see the old giant lying helpless in bed, pounding and gesticulating, and impressing his views upon the committee."

Sometimes circumstances make the man, but Morton was a man who made circumstances bend to his imperial will. While Governor of Indiana he was the State, the center of all power in and through whom it acted. He was thoroughly conscious of his own powers and entirely reliant upon them. When he was elected to the Senate he shook his head and said to himself, unconscious of the presence of his son, "They want a leader there." He never avoided responsibility. No matter how great the emergency, he was always a little greater than the requirements. When the Indiana legislature refused to furnish money for the State, he borrowed it himself and carried on the government alone. In critical matters he trusted no one. When the Sons of Liberty plotted against his life, his spies, unknown to each other, reported to him personally at different places; each watched the others and told him all that was done, and by the concurrence of their testimony Morton could tell how faithful each one was to his duty.

Perhaps Morton's supreme quality was his "stout-hearted persistency which pursued its object through sunshine and storm, undaunted by clouds or dangers." What to most men was depression, was to him inspiration. What to others foreboded disaster, to him was the prophecy of victory. "With a courage that was undismayed by the presence of overwhelming antagonists, he became more defiant as the elements against him became more successfully combined." "He never lost faith, but worked resolutely to the end with unfaltering confidence in his ability to win." The quality which Conkling most admired in him was "his indomitable heart." No labor discouraged him, no contingency appalled him, no disadvantage dismayed him, no defeat disheartened him."

137. A Newspaper Story of Morgan's Raid

(From the Indianapolis *Daily Sentinel*, July 15, 1863.)

On the morning of July 8, 1863, General John H. Morgan rode into Brandenburg, Kentucky, at the head of 2,200 Confederate cavalry. He quickly brushed aside the Indiana militia opposing him and crossed into Harrison county, Indiana. The cavalrymen had a high time for a few days. At Corydon they "changed clothes," taking $3,500 worth of clothing from one store. Within forty-eight hours 65,000 Union men were armed and on the lookout for Morgan. He turned to the east, passed by Palmyra and Salem, his flanks sweeping Greenville and Paoli. His soldiers cut all kinds of capers. But their jollity was of short duration. General Hobson with a force of 4,000 Union cavalry was coming on their trail. From Salem, Morgan hurried east, leaving the State at Harrison. It was the only real taste of war the home folks had. Morgan spent only five days with us, but the visit was interesting and long remembered.

The *New Albany Ledger* of Saturday and Monday gives the following items in reference to the raid of Morgan's band:

The route of the rebels from Corydon to Salem was by way of Palmyra and rear of Greenville. Along the entire route they robbed and destroyed property indiscriminately. Of horses they took a large number, and were particular in their selections to take nothing but the best. Every house along the road was entered; and such of the contents as suited them the rebels took, destroying, in the most wanton manner, what was wholly useless to them. All blacksmith tools and such other articles as could be of service to a pursuing force were carried away or destroyed.

At Salem, after burning the depot, Morgan announced it as his intention to burn all the mills and factories in the town, and issued orders to that effect. He afterwards reconsidered these orders and told the owners of such property that he would spare it upon the payment of nine thousand dollars for each mill and factory. These levies upon the citizens were responded to, and the money paid over to the freebooter chief. This alone saved the town from a conflagration which would have desolated it, as the build-

ings put under contribution were so located that had they been fired the conflagration would have been communicated by them to hundreds of other houses.

At Palmyra a force of 350 or 400 "Home Guards," under Gen. J. A. Cravens, our member of Congress, had concentrated, having fallen back to that point from near Corydon. Prudently enough, considering their inability to even retard the approach of Morgan, they fell back from Palmyra to Salem. So sudden and unexpected was Morgan's entry into Salem that these home guards were made prisoners of war. They were afterwards paroled. The whole force, we learn, was mounted, and as the rebel chief is not celebrated for ever returning any of his stolen property in the line of horse flesh, the horses were carried off, together with the equipment of the men, and are yet in the enemy's possession.

Full license was given by Morgan to his men during their stay in Salem to rob and plunder to their heart's content. The clothing stores, dry-goods houses, boot and shoe stores, and liquor saloons were at once put into a state of most thorough and rapid depletion in the amount of their stocks. Old clothes were thrown away, and each gay and festive rebel donned a new attire and sported it with as much pride as a small boy would his first pair of pantaloons, Morgan meantime blandly informing the owners of the long-coveted "spoils" that "such was life in a state of war." He further stated that he would long bear in grateful remembrance the goodly town of Salem and its people, and as they had done so well by him and his, he would endeavor to call upon them again at the first convenient opportunity. His ragamuffins were particularly delighted with the style of Salem clothing and the quality of Salem whiskey.

From Salem the rebels moved off to Canton, a post village in Washington county, four and a half miles east of Salem. Canton, and the country surrounding it, is settled by Quakers. Morgan had no doubt that as they were noncombatant they "would be delighted to see him." But especially was he interested in the excellent quality of the equine productions of that fine region of country. He relieved the

good "Friends" of their horseflesh to the number of over one hundred, and joining his left column with his right, which entered the town by way of Harristown, he moved off in the direction of Vienna, Scott county, on the line of the Jeffersonville railroad.

138. Morgan's Raid: General Duke's Account

(From *A History of Morgan's Cavalry*, by General Basil W. Duke [1867], pp. 435-437.)

Just before the crossing of the Ohio river was commenced an unexpected fusillade was delivered from the Indiana shore upon the men who showed themselves in the little town and upon the boats, which was soon followed by the sharp report of a rifled cannon. The river at this point is some eight hundred or a thousand yards wide—and the musketry produced no effect. The shell, however, from the piece of artillery pitched into a group on the river bank, scattering it and wounding Captain Wilson, quartermaster of the First Brigade. The mist hanging thick over the river had prevented us from seeing the parties who directed this firing take position. Soon the mist was lifted or was dispersed by the bright sun, and disclosed a squad of combatants posted behind one or two small houses, a clump of hay stacks and along the brink of the river on the other side.

Apparently, from the mixture of uniform and plain clothes, which could be discovered by the glass, this force was composed of militia and some regular troops. Several shots were fired from the gun while we were getting our pieces in readiness to reply, but as soon as Lawrence opened upon them with his Parrots [rifled cannons], a manifest disposition to retire was seen among our friends who had shown themselves so anxious to give us a warm and early reception. They attempted to carry the piece of artillery off with them, but were induced by Lawrence to relinquish it. It was mounted upon the wheels of a wagon from which the body had been removed, and transportation was difficult and tedious and very disagreeable under fire.

The First Brigade encamped that night about six miles from the river. "A great fear" had fallen upon the in-

habitants of that part of the State of Indiana. They had left their houses with open doors and unlocked larders, and had fled to the thickets and "caves of the hills." At the houses at which I stopped everything was just in the condition in which the fugitive owners had left it an hour or two before. A bright fire was blazing upon the kitchen hearth, bread half made up was in the tray, and many indications convinced us that we had interrupted preparations for supper. The chickens were strolling before the door with a confidence that was touching, but misplaced. General Morgan rode by soon afterward and was induced to "stop all night." We completed the preparations so suddenly abandoned and made the best show for Indiana hospitality that was possible under the disturbing circumstances.

Passing through Corydon, we took the Salem road and encamped some sixteen or eighteen miles from the latter place. On the morning of the 10th we set out for Salem. Major Webber was ordered to take the advance, and let nothing stop him. He accordingly put his regiment at the head of the column and struck out briskly. Lieutenant Welsh, of Company K, had the extreme advance with twelve men. As he neared Salem he saw the enemy forming to receive him, and, without hesitation, dashed in among them. The party he attacked was about one hundred and fifty strong, but badly armed and perfectly raw, and he quickly routed them. He pursued as they fled and soon, supported by Captain W. J. Jones' company, drove them pellmell into the town. Here some two or three hundred were collected, but as the Second Kentucky came pouring upon them, they fled in haste, scattering their guns in the streets.

A small swivel, used by the younger population of Salem to celebrate Christmas and the Fourth of July, had been planted to receive us; about eighteen inches long, it was loaded to the muzzle and mounted in the public square by being propped against a stick of firewood. It was not fired, however, for the man deputed to perform that important duty, somewhat astounded by the sudden dash into the town, dropped the coal of fire with which he should have touched it off, and before he could get another the rebels captured

the piece. The shuddering imagination refuses to contemplate the consequences had that swivel been touched off.

Major Webber might have had some trouble with this force, which was being rapidly augmented, but for the promptness and vigor of his attack.

A short halt was made in Salem to feed men and horses, and during that time several railroad bridges were burned. The provost guard had great difficulty in restraining the men from pillaging, and was unsuccessful in some instances. Major Steele, of the Third Kentucky, had been appointed Provost Marshal of the division, and was assisted by picked officers and men from each of the brigades. Major Steele was a most resolute, vigilant, energetic officer, and yet he found it impossible to stop a practice which neither company nor regimental officers were able to aid him in suppressing.

This disposition for wholesale plunder exceeded anything that any of us had ever seen before. The men seemed actuated by a desire to "pay off" in the "enemy's country" all scores that the Federal army had chalked up in the South. The great cause for apprehension, which our situation might have inspired, seemed only to make them reckless. Calico was the staple article of appropriation—each man (who could get one) tied a bolt of it to his saddle, only to throw it away and get a fresh one at the first opportunity. They did not pillage with any sort of method or reason—it seemed to be a mania, senseless and purposeless. One man carried a bird-cage, with three canaries in it, for two days. Another rode with a chafing-dish, which looked like a small metallic coffin, on the pommel of his saddle until an officer forced him to throw it away. Although the weather was intensely warm, another still slung seven pairs of skates around his neck and chuckled over his acquisition.

I saw very few articles of real value taken—they pillaged like boys robbing an orchard. I would not have believed that such a passion could have been developed, so ludicrously, among any body of civilized men. At Piketon, Ohio, some days later, one man broke through the guard posted at a store, rushed in (trembling with excitement and

avarice) and filled his pockets with horn buttons. They would (with few exceptions) throw away their plunder after awhile, like children tired of their toys.

139. Indiana Volunteers: A Raw Recruit

(From the Indianapolis *Daily Journal*, April 23, 1861.)

The Richmond *Broad Axe* tells a capital story of a young volunteer at that place. On Wednesday afternoon a real wiry looking chap about 16 years of age presented himself at 'Squire Lyle's office and stated that he had walked fifteen miles to "jine" the company, and wished to enlist for a term extending "clean through the war." He was told that he was young, and perhaps had not a correct idea of what was expected of a soldier. "Look a-here," said he, "I can hit a squirrel's head every crack, and when it comes to shootin' traitors, I calculate to make a full hand. I know all about campin' out and drinkin' coffee out of a tin cup; and when it comes to marchin', if I can't keep up then it will be time enough to kick me to one side."

The little fellow was told that he was "clear grit" and that if his parents were willing, he should go with the company. He footed it back home again, got the consent of the "old folks," and at 8 o'clock Thursday morning he again made his appearance, accompanied by four young men of his neighborhood, who all enlisted.

CHAPTER XXVIII

CAMP LIFE OF THE VOLUNTEERS

A few of the Indiana soldiers had seen service in the Mexican war and thus had some idea of what a soldier's life was like. But the larger part had no idea of military service. Thousands of them left home loaded down with all the useless articles they and their friends could think of. They soon found most of these useless. Their experiences in camp, on the march, and in battle were written home. These letters give us the best possible idea of the real Civil War. The following selections are given in the hope that they will portray this human side of war.

140. Letter from Camp Wallace: Camp Life

(From Indianapolis *Journal*, May 20, 1861.)

CAMP WALLACE, NEAR EVANSVILLE, May 21, 1861.

DEAR JOURNAL—As you were a constant visitor and companion of mine during my stay in Indianapolis, I can not refrain from conversing with you by means of paper, ink and pen during my absence. On our arrival here we were marched to Camp Morris, where we pitched our tents and felt very well satisfied until the next day. It then commenced raining, and continued to do so for several days, in consequence of which the ground became perfectly swampy, to such an extent that we were in the water to our ankles nearly all the time. This was a rather hard test to keep up the good humor of the boys, yet I have heard very few complain about it.

Several exciting incidents which occurred there will make the place long remembered by the boys. On the first night, after having been in bed about an hour, and being just in the act of resigning our souls into the hands of Morpheus, we heard a quick alarm sounded on the bugle, which called us into ranks, and in less than three minutes the whole regiment was formed. Our officers spoke together in a

mysterious manner, and as lights were seen passing to and fro on the Kentucky shore, the boys came to the conclusion that we were to be attacked. I have taken particular pains to find out their different feelings and with pride I can say that they were all anxious to lay down their lives for their country.

To the general disappointment, this was only a maneuver of our colonel to get us used to such emergencies. A few nights afterwards we were called out of our beds again, but this time only two companies were detached from the regiment for the purpose of capturing a steamboat on Green river, said to be loaded with provisions and munitions of war for the South. They took their departure from camp in "double quick time," with Lieut.-Col. McGinnis at their head, while a heavy shower poured down on the brave fellows. The result, I suppose, you have heard, and I need not mention anything more about it, only that the companies returned about noon the next day saturated with water.

On the 15th we exchanged Camp Morris for Camp Wallace. The latter is a most beautiful and romantic looking spot. Tall shade trees with entwining foliage are spreading their protective arms over our tents, and shelter us from the hot rays of the sun. The Ohio river, with its silvery waves, rolls at our feet, and distributes a refreshing breeze through the camp. We have a view of the river three miles either way, and the city of Evansville can also be distinctly discerned. It is just such a spot that a poet would long for to give free scope to his ideas.

The whole regiment is in excellent health, and also in good humor. In the daytime the camp looks like a beehive. The boys are attending to their various vocations, such as cooking, drilling, cleaning guns and mending wearing apparel. In the evening the scene changes, and about dark you can see groups stationed together, telling each other of their beloved homes, while happiness brightens their bronzed faces, and tears of sweet remembrance trickle down the cheeks of some; others who have no such happy homes to think of amuse themselves by singing, playing some instrument, dancing and the like. At dark the whole

camp assumes an air of mysteriousness. A picket guard is then stationed about a half mile from the camp, and the inside sentinels are instructed to allow nobody to approach them by fifteen paces until they have made themselves known, and also to shoot down anyone who does not halt when that command is given the third time. By this you can see that we are brought up to the regular United States military discipline.

141. A Soldier's Hardships in Virginia

(From the Indianapolis *Daily Journal*, January 1, 1862.)

Camp Gavin, Springfield, Va.,
December 24th, 1861.

Editor Journal:

It has been so long since I have had the pleasure of seeing and perusing one of our home papers that I do not know that it is generally known by our friends at home where we are, or what we have been doing. By your permission I will try to inform them. For some time we have been roaming, and often could have been heard to exclaim, like one of old, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests," but we poor soldiers have not where to lay our heads. Many long, cold nights have passed away, while we were shivering in an open hog car, or on the damp ground in the open air, a cold December wind whistling around us, and the lustre of the pale moon stealing about our resting-places. Our mission was to reopen the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, replace the track, put up the telegraph wire, which had been torn up, burned and destroyed by the conspiring rebels of the South.

We began our work at Green Spring Station, worked our way to Sleepy creek, five miles below Hancock—a distance from Green Springs of forty-eight miles—and on Monday, the 16th, a train ran down to Hancock, being the first that has passed over this part of the road since the 27th of May. We worked five days on the bridge over Great Caccabon. At this station we established a telegraph office, also one at Hancock. We found the wire cut in many places, and the

poles were cut down. Watering stations were burned and the machinery destroyed. At Sleepy creek another bridge was destroyed; when that is built the road is passable to Cherry creek, which, by referring to Perrine's military map, may be easily found. From Cherry Run towards Martinsburg the road track for fourteen miles is all gone. The damage done to this road by the rebels can hardly be estimated.

On Tuesday, the 17th inst., we were ordered to Green Spring, where we arrived that evening at 7 o'clock. Wednesday noon we marched to Springfield, on the Romney pike, distant from Green Spring eight miles. Arriving at this place, we selected a nice meadow in the edge of town for our camping ground and pitched our tents. We find it a pleasnat place to camp. Springfield is a pretty village, neat and clean, full of "secesh" ladies and their slaves, with only two Union families in the town, and they look at us cross-eyed. I don't think they will do to trust outside the pickets. All the men who in former days promenaded the streets of this beautiful village with standing collars and "secesh" plumes are now in the rebel army, undergoing the same hardships that we are. I am told by a young lady whose lover is in the army that there has been a mail three times a week from here to Winchester until our regiment, the 7th, came here, notwithstanding there were some Maryland troops and two or three companies of cavalry here, and within the last two weeks, I am told, there have been nine barrels of salt sent from this town to Winchester.

They have been doing as they pleased so long that even after we came here we had to threaten the town before they would heed our coming. Col. Givin took the chair as commander of the post, and to-day there is quite a change of affairs in this part of the rebel kingdom. The old citizens think it very cruel that they have to ride four miles to get a pass to go to a mill only half a mile off. Well, it may look so to them, but it is my opinion that some of them will get a free ride to Columbus [Ohio], or to the unseen world, if they are caught outside the narrow path. The Colonel is bringing them to the rules of the army at once, and by the

time they get through with him they will find out that this war it not mere child's play. A patrol guard is kept out on the streets, and the town and vicinity are kept under strict military rules, and these rules are complied with to the letter or the offender is arrested and jailed. We have had nice weather for this time of the year, until last Sunday, when it began raining and turned cold. To-day the ground is covered with sleet and snow, the wind is madly howling around our tents, and, to say the least of it, it is very cold. The boys fill their camp kettles with fire and hang them on poles in the tent to keep from freezing. Our stoves will be here tomorrow. We have put floors in our tents, and when the stoves are once up we can keep warm. The roads here are very good, and before the rain the other day were quite dusty.

142. The Affair at Romney

(From the Indianapolis *Daily Journal*, June 18, 1861; soldier's letter.)

Romney, the county seat of Hampshire County, Virginia, is situated on the south branch of the Potomac. Near Mill Creek, just outside of Romney, an Indiana regiment under Colonel Wallace attacked a small force of Confederates in camp. The enemy retired, abandoning their tents, uniforms, arms, and so on. Some prisoners were taken by the attacking part with a small loss on both sides. The following letter was written home after the affair by Andrew Graydon to his father, Alexander Graydon, at Indianapolis:

Friday, June 14, 1861.

I had to stop this letter off short on Tuesday evening. While I was sitting under a tree writing the cry came, "Fall in, Grays, under arms," and in about fifteen minutes every man was in his place, though we didn't know where we were going, although there was a report earlier in the evening that we would probably be called out to go and attack a secession camp. Captain Foster asked if there were any men who thought they could not stand a tramp of fifteen miles, but there was not a man. We started off in a little while and marched down to the railroad, where there was a train of freight cars waiting for us. We piled in and in about an hour were off.

We went right out to the bridge which I spoke of before, and from there we had to march to the secession camp. None of us knew how far it was, not even the Colonel, but supposed that it was about eight or nine miles, but instead of that we found it twenty-five long miles, over the roughest roads we could imagine, first up a mountain three or four miles, and then down again, then through creeks two or three feet deep. We left the bridge at about 11 o'clock at night and arrived at the town of Romney, where the enemy were encamped, about 7 o'clock in the morning, only stopping to rest two or three times about fifteen minutes.

Just as we were going along the side of a mountain about two miles from the town, our picket, who was about one hundred yards ahead, was fired upon by some twenty-five men hid amongst the bushes on the side of the mountain. Immediately the Grays rushed forward and tried their best to find some of the scoundrels. Only a few could be found, who were fired upon, and I suppose shot, although we did not stop to find out, but made our way on towards the town. About a hundred yards ahead we had a long bridge to cross, and just as the picket got to the other end they were fired upon by some men hid in a large brick house. The Grays were called upon to come forward again. When we got to the end of the bridge they fired upon us again. We answered them by firing fifteen or twenty shots. This time our orderly-sergeant, Grooms, dropped his gun and ran back into the bridge with his hand on his breast, saying he was shot, but he wasn't hurt very bad, the ball having struck the ground first, then bounced and struck the buckle of his suspender, which, the doctor said, saved his life. The Grays were then ordered to charge on the brick house, but by this time the men had left the brick house and made for the woods. We broke into it and found that we had come at just about the right time, for the folks were just about sitting down to breakfast, and got up and left us a good breakfast.

The Grays were ordered to take charge of the house, and one company was left on the bridge, while the other six com-

panies (for we only had parts of eight companies) were ordered to make for the town, but by the time they got there not a man,woman or child was to be found. Everybody had taken to their heels and gone to the woods. The rebels had two pieces of cannon, to each of which they put four horses, and made some of the best time on record. Although we got everything they left behind them, yet we were not satisfied with the way they ran, for we wanted to get a chance to shoot some of them. We may possibly have killed two or three on the side of the mountain, and wounded some of them in the houses, but we don't know for sure. One man was shot by one of our men, but our doctor took the ball out of him.

The boys who went uptown got everything they could—in fact, all that was there—half a dozen tents, several boxes of ammunition, clothing, etc., also a lot of rifles, some half-dozen horses and saddles—well, we had four wagon loads of stuff. We took about a dozen prisoners, and brought some darkies along to take the wagons back, for we hired them of some of the farmers. We didn't pretend to touch any of the citizens that kept still, although they all ran out of the town.

The town is a county seat with four or five thousand inhabitants, and every one left. We heard just now that we killed three or four, but will know in a day or two for sure. But the 11th Regiment, or what there was of us (about three-fourths of the regiment) did our part. We left our camp at 8 o'clock on Tuesday morning, traveled twenty miles by railroad, then marched twenty-five miles over the mountains, cleaned out a town of four thousand inhabitants and five hundred soldiers, took some prisoners and a lot of baggage and horses, started back, and marched the twenty-five miles over again and the twenty by railroad, and got into camp by 4 o'clock Thursday morning—all inside of thirty-two hours, and we would have done better than that if they hadn't run. We would have killed fifty or sixty and brought as many prisoners.

143. Scenes Around Corinth

(From the Indianapolis *Daily Journal*, May 24, 1862; soldier's letter.)

It is not safe to venture within our lines here, as the rebel cavalry and rebel citizens are apt to shoot at you if they have a fair chance to do so without danger to themselves. Several of our men, straggling beyond the pickets, have been shot or captured. I have ventured but once, but found everything bearing the mark of the red hoof of war. The houses of the natives are generally miserable cabins; their fences are all gone, and their fields of grain are trampled down and many of them are unploughed and covered with weeds. The rebel armies have wickedly and cruelly destroyed all of their cotton, except what the poor natives could succeed in smuggling to some hiding-place, and what this wretched people are to do, or how they are to sustain existence, which is about all they aspire to, is more than I can answer. The men and women are only half clad, in the poorest and dirtiest of apparel, and seem to be imperfectly developed, both mentally and physically. The women smoke and chew and the English of their ordinary colloquialism would puzzle any "Yankee." They, of course, are what are called by the niggers the "poor white folks," but in this direction I have seen but few of any other class. If such as these constitute any considerable portion of the rebel army, they are an element of weakness rather than of strength to that army. Moreover, they are objects of pity, not of hatred.

The additional assistant surgeons sent out by Governor Morton to lend a helping hand in administering to the wants of the sick and wounded soldiers, or at least some of them, are already beginning to withdraw from the field. They came to us full of ardor and expecting to step from the boat to

> Where waving plumes were like sea foam tossed,
> And the turf wore a gory stain,

making no doubt but that General Halleck would bring on a general engagement as soon as he heard that the additional corps had arrived, each armed with every instrument of

torture known to modern surgery. For a few days visions of amputated limbs, reset joints, trepanned heads, etc., etc., doubtless danced and played before their artless imaginations, giving life and vigor to their movements and acting as a tonic upon their animal spirits.

But, alas! what is man? What is man? In a very few days peace and quiet were reigning, instead of the shock and din of war, in a few days low diet and the depletion necessarily resulting from the active operations of numerous overgrown "wood ticks," as well as the ennui arising from the dull routine of camp life, and the daily and unceasing administering of opium and quinine, instead of slashing at arms and legs, began to produce their legitimate effects upon a portion of this reserve corps of M. D.'s. They began to wilt, to succumb, to "give in," to "play out," doubtless singing in their hearts—

> Carry me back, carry me back,
> To Indiana's shore!

144. On Scout Duty

(From the Indianapolis *Daily Sentinel*, September 21, 1861.)

Camp Elkwater, Randolph County, Va.,
September 13, 1861.

Mr. Editor: In accordance with my promise, I will continue my narrative of the doings of my regiment since I last wrote you. On last Saturday at half past eight, a. m., we left Cheat Mountain Pass and marched up to our present position by twelve o'clock, m.; and after noon we went up ten miles farther and relieved the fifteenth Indiana. The last ten miles was very hard working, indeed, and I had the full benefit of a horrid road, as I was on foot; the road was for eight miles all the way from six inches to eighteen inches deep in mud, and we had to wade a creek in that distance thirty-two times—the creek was from one to two and a half feet deep—and, of course, we were all the time wet and muddy. We got there just at dark, and as we had no tents at all, we officers, as well as men, fared very badly at night. The place we camped at is one and one-quarter

miles from the secession pickets in front of Lee's army. We stationed our pickets early on Sunday morning and extended about five miles. It took me all day to go from one to the other and examine all of the surrounding country. Nothing of any consequence happened on Sunday.

Early on Monday morning the Colonel said he wanted to find out if there was a road over in front of him where he saw secession troops passing; so I took one good man with me and my rifle and started; I found where their pickets were stationed; and, passing through the woods on a mountain between the pickets, we went about three miles inside of their lines, and, finding no road, commenced our return to camp; when near their line we were discovered by their pickets and fired on, but without effect. There was only two of them, so we put after them without firing, and ran them about a mile, but they got away from us, and we came into camp, and I made my report accordingly.

On Tuesday morning the Colonel wanted to know how strong their nearest picket was, and see if he could not capture it. So he sent me to see if I could find out. I took my route over a very high mountain, thickly lined with tangled laurel, and on another mountain to their rear, and got right over their picket. I was on the side of the mountain, behind some small bushes, and saw eight of them playing cards, and was so close to them that I could tell the color on their cards. I lit my pipe and took a smoke until they were relieved, and then was able to see their strength; after taking notice of the surrounding country, I made my way back to camp and reported.

On Wednesday morning the Colonel sent me, with six men, to ascertain if there was a road and mill off to our right, so I started about eight o'clock in a heavy rain, and in about two and a half miles passed their pickets without their discovering us, and we actually went eight miles inside their lines, right through on the side of a range of mountains without discovery; but it rained very hard almost all the time, and, in coming back, I took another route right over the mountains and came very near getting lost in the mountains inside of their pickets, but we got through

without being discovered after traveling as much as twenty miles, and when we got where we had left the regiment it was gone, and it was just dark then, and I saw, from the condition of things, that the regiment had left in a hurry; so there we were, as wet as rats, nothing to eat since breakfast and ten miles from the nearest camp, and it was just getting dark and raining like everything; but we went down the road about two miles and went up a piece in the woods and stopped until morning; and, oh, I tell you it poured down on us that night good and strong, and we had nothing but our oilcloths for protection, nothing to eat at all, and only six of us there. Well, we each took a tree and stood up beside it until morning, cold, wet, and hungry, and as soon as daylight came we started for camp, eight miles, all the way through deep mud and crossing those thirty-two creek crossings. We got to camp about nine o'clock, a. m., and I tell you I was glad to get hold of a cup of coffee and some of Uncle Sam's hard bread.

145. On the Firing-Line—At Antietam

(From *A History of the Twenty-seventh Indiana*, by E. R. Brown [1899], pp. 237-251.)

The battle of Antietam derived its name from the creek along which, both before and during the battle, the Union lines were drawn. The rebels called it the battle of Sharpsburg, that village being immediately in the rear of their lines. Sharpsburg is fifteen miles up the Potomac river from Harper's Ferry, on the Maryland side.

For about four miles from where the Antietam empties into the Potomac its banks are high and steep. At that point, owing to a bend in the Potomac, the creek and river are less than two miles apart. Across that narrow neck the rebel leader established his lines of battle, resting one flank on the creek and the other near the river. It was naturally a strong position, with sunken roads, rocky ledges and stout post and rail fences to serve as protection for his men, and numerous knolls, ridges and patches of woodland, behind which to conceal his movements.

As the Union army faced its adversary, the ground in front of its left wing was broken and rough. At its extreme left, the creek itself was deep enough to be a serious barrier, and had to be crossed under the enemy's fire. A little more towards its right, the crossing was not opposed, but, once over, the contest had to be waged where there were steep acclivities and deep ravines. At almost the extreme right of the Union Army, however, the fighting was done in wide, gently undulating fields, with narrow strips, or small patches of woodland intervening. The interest of this narrative centers upon the latter part of the battle-ground.

Authorities, and memories as well, differ as to the time when the Twenty-seventh, with the other regiments of the brigade, left its position near the Pry house, east of the creek. It is not very important. It was in the night, after the camp had been wrapped in slumber.

The awakening was not by the usual method of squeaking fife and rattling drum. On the contrary, officers went to the low tents of the men and, stooping down, called in subdued tones. All fires or lights were prohibited and orders were stringent against noises of any kind. Packing up quickly, the column moved stealthily in the murky darkness. No conversation, except in whispers, being permitted, there was nothing to do, but each to follow his file leader and meditate upon the situation.

When the firing begins, the regiments of our brigade fall into ranks, and the Twenty-seventh marches forward to Mr. Melikoff's log barn, only a few rods. The regiment is then thrown into columns of divisions, close order, arms are stacked, and the command given: "Rest at will!" We are now ready for any order that may come.

While we wait, many of our men pour water out of their canteens into their little tin pails, and make themselves a cup of coffee, over the small fires we have been permitted to kindle since daylight. With this black coffee and the crackers and raw pork in their haversacks, they eat a soldier's luncheon. It seems certain that we must very soon join in the battle. Few, if any, can forget that this may be the last food that they will taste in this world, or the last

as well men. In fact, for that reason, some of the more excitable ones cannot eat a mouthful. Others, not overburdened with sentiment, banteringly allege that they intend to eat all the more on that account.

We move straight toward the firing in front. At one point only the Twenty-seventh obliques to the right, to avoid what in Indiana we call a buttonwood pond. With this exception our line, from the starting point to where we halt and open fire, is practically straight.

When we arrive at the top of the slope we find ourselves on the edge of a rather smooth and level tract of table land, extending on before us for more than half a mile. Advancing on, we came to a narrow strip of open timber, extending back from Mr. Poifenberfer's barn. Just before entering this timber we encountered two stake-and-rider fences bordering a narrow lane. To push these down sufficiently for us to scramble over them is only the work of a moment. But it breaks our formation somewhat and, once among the big trees, we halt and readjust our ranks. In the pause we can hear a peculiar singing, humming noise in the tree tops. Looking up the air seems to be in motion, only there is no movement among the limbs. Twigs and shredded leaves are sifted down as if an army of locusts was at work in this grove. It is canister and shrapnel hurled at the troops in front and at us in tons, by the rebel batteries. Massed as we are, we afford them a tempting mark, though their aim is too high.

We are standing out in perfectly open ground. Not as much as a frail spear of grass shields anyone, from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet. All stand perfectly erect. From first to last not a man lies down, kneels or stoops unless he is hurt. Moreover, we touch elbows constantly. As fast as men fall we close up the gaps, presenting at all times an unbroken front. The file-closers have work to do, and they do it well. There is a continuous shouting of "Close up! Close up!"

How long this continues will never be known precisely. Col. Colgrove says in his report, "It must have been more than two hours." He stated in after years that we were

under fire at Antietam two hours and forty minutes. Suffice it to say, to us it seemed an age. We have fired as high as eighty, ninety, and even one hundred rounds each. Many of our muskets have become so foul that we can no longer ram a ball down them, and we have exchanged them for those dropped by the killed and wounded. In other cases muskets have been exchanged because they were so hot that we were afraid to load them. For some time officers and others have been gathering cartridges from those hurt and distributing them to those who remain. It seems a miracle that anyone should still remain unhurt. Very few, indeed, are entirely so. There is scarcely a man on whom blood has not been drawn in some way.

It requires something more than a scratch to send men to the rear. A man in one of the companies—a typical Hoosier, tall, gaunt, and slow-spoken, but every inch a hero—is desperately wounded. He lays his gun down and goes to the rear a short distance and calmly investigates. At length he says in this drawling way: "Wall, I guess I'm hurt about as bad as I can be. I believe I'll go back and give 'em some more." So he does. He walks slowly back, picks up his gun and continues to load and fire. In another case a man is mortally wounded and lying on the ground, exposed to further injury, but refuses the offer of his own brother to remove him to a place of safety. He bids him, rather, to remain where he is more needed.

At length the piercing tones of Col. Colgrove's voice are again heard. The command is: "Fix bayonets!" As we are in the act of doing this we see our antagonists rise up and move briskly away, without any regard to order. We, of course, go wild with joy, and begin to cheer with all our might. Simultaneous with our cheers, we hear cheering both to our right and left. A glance shows us that, on our right, the Second Massachusetts has swung around, past Miller's house, and is moving into the cornfield. On our left, troops of our second division have come through the woods and are now charging into the open ground, in splendid style. Leading them quite a distance, we recognize our grizzled friend from Williamsport, Gen. Green. Bare-

headed, with drawn sword, and horse at a stiff trot, his was a figure to remember.

At the command, our line moves forward. Down the modest slope to the tragic fence, over that and on, between the bloody corn rows, with their cut and hackled cornstalks, advancing our left as we go, we do not halt until near the strong post-and-rail fence, bordering the turnpike. The enemy have leaped this fence and escaped into the timber beyond. This practically terminates our fighting for the day.

146. On the March

(From the Indianapolis *Journal*, March 18, 1864.)

Wauhatchie Junction, Lookout Valley,
March 12th, 1864.

On Wednesday morning, the 12th ult., a beautiful, sparkling day, the First Brigade, First Division, Eleventh Army Corps—the Seventieth Indiana, Seventy-ninth Ohio, One Hundred and Second and One Hundred and Fifth Illinois—for six months stationed at Nashville, with colors flying and drums beating, turned their back on the city, and faced to the "front" to assist their brethren in teaching the rebellious South that the way of the traitor is hard. The brigade was in command of Colonel Ben Harrison, of the Seventieth Indiana, while the march was conducted by Brigadier-General Wood, commanding division.

At Murfreesboro, which was reached on the 26th, the One Hundred and Second Illinois, six companies mounted, which for a long time had been stationed at Stewart Creek, joined us, and the brigade, five large regiments strong, was complete. Fortunately the weather was propitious, and in consequence of rain we were compelled to lay up but a day and a half. We reached our present position on the evening of the 10th inst., making six days from Nashville.

A more successful and better managed march, so far as Colonel Harrison was concerned, I venture to say, has not been executed since the beginning of the war, and great credit is due him for the ability and energy he brought to bear in expediting the movement. As I have not hesitated

on former occasions to condemn inhuman and badly managed marches, I now take pleasure in recording this as a well conducted one. Our march was unattended with straggling, and although a portion of the road was awful, but few mules were lost, which, taken in connection with the fact that in thirteen days and a half, the distance of about one hundred and sixty miles was made, crossing through the mountains, over mountain roads, is the best evidence of the manner in which things were conducted. The men at the end of the march, although a little fatigued, were ready for duty; never did men endure the difficulties incident to so long a tramp with greater fortitude, indeed, I may say, cheerfulness.

The route from Nashville through Lavergne, Murfreesboro to Shelbyville was over excellent pikes, and no difficulty was experienced in marching or keeping the immense train of 150 wagons and ambulances well closed up. At the latter place we went in to the left of the pike, crossing Duck River, and commenced a rough experience over a military road. Have you any idea of a military road? I fear but a very limited one, unless you've "been there." As is generally thought, the road is crooked, up and down the hills, round about, through swamps, creeks and ravines, over cliffs and ledges, meadows and fields, and is generally macadamized with saplings, huge logs, rails, rocks, dead mules and horses, old skeletons of wagons and every other material at hand.

At last after several days of rain and mud, the sun appeared, and having no guide to undertake the novel and wearisome trip of climbing a mountain over an obscure road or trail, our old General, who is always wise, when not otherwise, determined, instead of sending forward pioneers for observation, to hunt the road himself, and as there used to be a good many "Southern Confederacies" in these parts, he concluded to take his whole brigade on the reconnoissance. Like Gen. Lee in his celebrated invasion of Pennsylvania, he also concluded to take his "base" with him. Certainly if one guide had formerly been sufficient, such a

crowd of men, armed and equipped, with haversacks and knapsacks, etc., could find the road to Tantallon.

On we go through gullies, over ridges, tremendous, steep, immense piles of immense rocks, through the woods, up one cliff, down another, notice a pile of bleached bones; must be near the road; wise ones exclaim Eureka! but where is the road? On we go, thundering, thrashing, rattling, stumbling and tearing pell-mell, over stupendous obstacles, amid the greatest noise, until a cloud of smoke and ominous smell of sulphur causes the old veteran to stop, thinking the first brigade had invaded the infernal regions.

Galloping ahead he discovered a wild-looking individual protruding his head, with a lighted lamp fastened upon a skull cap, out of a dark hole. Asking what place it was, he was told that it was no place in "pertickler, a kind o' jumpin' off place." Not wishing to jump off just yet, the General, upon further inquiry, ascertained that he had run the first brigade into the ground, or into the coal mines of Tracy City, which is no city at all, that he was past the road he wanted to find several miles. Here was a pretty pickle. The General unslung his leather canteen; coal heaver never drank, but his comrades did. Just then a hundred illuminated heads dropped out of their holes. Nothing abashed, the General coolly remarked that some of his own comrades were addicted to the same bad habit, and slung his canteen; a "sharp" for the General; but he was puzzled; singular that such a great crowd of men, mules and horses could not find a road. How could he get his brigade and his "base" back? He soon bethought himself of a precedent; with an air of satisfaction he faced about, muttering, "The King of France with forty thousand men, marched up a hill, and then marched down again." He hesitated; he didn't have the forty thousand men; but then his majesty did not appear to have had his "base" with him, and that would offset the difference in men; the cases were not altogether dissimilar; the military combinations would be similar; so he started his brigade to the right, down the precipitous mountain to hunt the road, some of them rolling, tumbling, run-

ning and straggling for a mile or so through the woods, until the trail was accidentally struck; his "base" went piling back over the track it had passed, as nearly as they could guess, for several hours, until a mule driver found the track by discovering a dead mule; once on the track the General triumphantly exclaimed, "There, I knew the First Brigade could find the road; talk to me of your guides; they are a nuisance; and then, what a rich experience we have had; the men need just such experience to get used to war"; and the old chap was so elated that he commenced fumbling with his canteen again.

CHAPTER XXIX

INDIANA AND THE FREEDMEN

Hardly had the war opened when the problem of dealing with the colored people came up in Indiana. There were a few colored persons already in the State and many more crossed over from Kentucky during the first years of the War. A goodly number of these joined the army and did creditable service. The following selections show how these liberated people adjusted themselves to free society.

147. Negro Soldiers

(From the Indianapolis *Journal*, April 19, 1864.)

As the war dragged on, both sides began to feel exhaustion, and resorted to enlistment of negroes as soldiers. The following document is taken from a news-letter, written for the *Journal*, by its correspondent from Lookout Valley, Tennessee:

I took occasion while there to call on Col. Morgan, commander of the negro troops in this department, formerly 1st Lieutenant of Company I, 80th Indiana. The Colonel is a hard-working officer, and has command of ten or twelve thousand of the sable element [colored soldiers] of the Union army, and appears to be greatly delighted in his new field of labor, remarking that he felt as though he was serving his country by training these men to bear arms in defence of the Union and human right, and at the same time elevating the black race beyond the depths of degradation to which it for ages had been consigned by oppression and inhuman masters. "I feel proud," said he, "to see, each day, these men growing up into manhood, developing with wonderful rapidity their capacity to understand and comprehend their natures as men and their duties as soldiers."

I witnessed the men on duty and in their beautiful and well-regulated camp, and can testify that I have never seen better conducted soldiers, white or black, anywhere. They rapidly acquire the drills and minutiæ of soldiers and take

great pleasure and pride in executing every detail. The Colonel informs me that none are below mediocrity, while several of his companies drill with extraordinary precision. He has recruiting officers through the States of Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, and other States, who are constantly forwarding recruits, and keeping the Colonel busy mustering and securing quarters for them.

They are to be divided into infantry, mechanics and laborers, those not adopted for actual soldiers to be transferred to one of the other divisions. I am glad to see this work progressing so finely. I regard the services of the black troops as of the greatest importance. I also conversed with Captain Elgin, formerly an enlisted man of Company I, 70th Indiana, and for a long time regimental postmaster, promoted last fall.

He is laboring incessantly to teach the soldiers of the 14th and 44th to read, write, and cipher. He says already one-half of them are reading in the Third Reader, many of them far advanced in the rudiments of Arithmetic and Geography, while all can spell well. He has erected a regular school-house, and teaches five hours each day; many of the men are already good scholars. The Chaplain takes great pleasure and spares no pains in his labor in educating these children of ignorance, and says that he has fully demonstrated the fact that they are capable of receiving the most polished education. He deserves the thanks of all the well wishers of the down-trodden race for the indefatigable exertions he is making in their behalf. He says the prejudices of the white race are participated in to a certain extent by the blacks; they appear timid and backward in assuming their new position; recently a new colored recruit of the 14th arrived at Chattanooga in company with several white Ohio soldiers; they were placed in barracks, and all three slept together on the floor. When asked by his officers next day why he did not sleep by himself, he replied that he had two blankets, while the other two had but one each, and that they suggested to unite, that all might sleep more comfortable, to which he assented, and remarked that it was a

mighty comfortable agreement. The prejudice which formerly existed against negro soldiers, I am informed, is rapidly dying out, even Gen. Thomas, who formerly insisted that they were fit for nothing but to garrison forts, now admitting that they will make excellent soldiers in the field.

148. Rights of the Negro in Indiana

(From the Indianapolis *Journal*, November 10, 1866; address of a negro convention.)

To the Loyal Voters of Indiana:

Fellow Citizens: The time has come in the history of our State, when all of its citizens, irrespective of race and color, should be permitted to exercise equal rights. There are twenty thousand colored men in the State. We have always been loyal to the Government. We furnished our full quota as soldiers for the suppression of the recent rebellion; how heroically and faithfully those soldiers fought, let the record of the 28th Regiment U. S. C. I. tell. We pay taxes to the amount of $———, yet we are deprived of some of our dearest and most valued rights. We are denied the elective franchise, and thus deprived of having a voice in the choice of our rulers. To deprive us of this is to disregard the cardinal principles of the Declaration of Independence; that immortal instrument declares that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. In the language of President Lincoln, we hold that every man should have the right to be the equal of every other man, if he can; this we can not do if color is made the criterion by which to regulate the rights of men.

We are aware that it is objected that we are too illiterate and ignorant to have a voice in deciding the great questions of State and National interest. But while we claim that we are equally as intelligent as thousands of other citizens of the State who do vote, we hold that virtue and patriotism are more essential qualifications in the voter than intelligence. If we have had virtue and intelligence enough to fight on the right side, certainly we will not vote on the wrong side.

We are not asking for a social equality. Social equality does not exist in any country or community. The members of the legislature do not regard one-half of their constituents as their equals socially. Such equality can not be brought about by legislation, but depends upon culture and is a matter of taste. Because men go to the polls and vote on equal terms is no reason that they should associate together, unless they choose to do so.

From the report of the Committee on Statistics the following is abstracted. The report of the committee covered fifteen counties, the other ones having failed to furnish statistics. For these fifteen counties, excluding Marion, there are 6,051 persons of African descent; males over 21, 1,264; boys under 16, 550; children between 6 and 12, 2,251; orphans, 716; orphans of soldiers, 125; soldiers' widows, 180; colored soldiers enlisted, 1,820; soldiers died in war, 150; colored men holding real estate, 596; acres of land owned, 37,796; amount of taxable property, $912,314; taxes paid last year, $28,471.

149. A Colored Sunday-School

(From the Indianapolis *Daily Journal*, August 7, 1867.)

Mr. S. A. Fletcher, Sr., one of our wealthiest citizens, who has many large and handsomely located farms near the city, conceived the idea of having a Sabbath school organized for the benefit of the colored children in his employ. An experienced Sabbath school teacher and an ardent friend of the colored race undertook the arduous duties of superintendent. Commencing last summer with a small room with a few scholars, the school has steadily increased in interest and numbers, until now there are about sixty pupils in attendance and a convenient Sabbath school building has been erected on one of the farms of their generous patron. A day school has also been in successful operation for the past six months.

On Saturday the two schools united in a picnic excursion to a beautifully romantic grove. A number of our most respected white citizens participated in the festivities of the

occasion. An hour or so was spent in roaming over the wildwood, and in swinging, and then, by request of the Superintendent, the Sabbath school formed in a circle, and led by the full rich voice of Mr. Olin of our city, the adults and children made the woods resound with sweet melody. As they sang in tones so clear and musical, "Let Us Walk in the Light," the thought arose, that after the long darkness of slavery from which the most of them had emerged, the peculiar earnestness with which they poured forth their gratitude in song, showed how gladly they would walk in the light of freedom. There were several good judges of music present who pronounced the singing excellent.

The well-known pastor of one of our city churches then made a brief but eloquent address, congratulating the colored people on their citizenship, telling them that they had the same opportunities for improvement that the white men had, and no greater, and it rests with them to be or not to be counted with the great and good of the land.

Another speaker followed, showing his deep sympathy for those who had so long been in bondage, and encouraging them to make great efforts for their advancement in goodness and knowledge.

But the oration of the day was made by "Uncle Cas," a freedman. The white orators had addressed the Freedmen, but to the surprise of many, "Uncle Cas" addressed his remarks chiefly to the white persons present. He spoke of the wrongs Afric's sons had suffered at the hands of the white man, and by many a sly sarcasm, worthy of a Scotchman, and flashes of wit that would do honor to an Irishman, he pointed his remarks to the understanding of the white race. But although he forgot not the injustice his people had endured, he remembered and spoke with a feeling of deep gratitude of those that had sacrificed their health, and in thousands of cases, their lives, in giving them liberty. The speaker also thanked those that had shown them so much kindness in instructing them and in providing them suitable employment and homes for them since they came, in their ignorance and need, to our State. He said: "A year

ago these children and young people were as I am—they could neither read nor write; now the smallest of these scholars can read, and some can read and write well." He told the colored people to be faithful and honest in all of their dealings, and show themselves to be worthy of freedom. At the close of the speech three prolonged cheers echoed far and near, and as soon as stillness reigned dinner was announced, and the bountifully laden tables were surrounded by all who could gain access thereto, without regard to color or age; and as they partook together of the dainties and substantials, it was impossible to tell by the flavor which of the "goodies" were prepared by ebony and which by snowy fingers. Lemonade and hot coffee were provided in ample measure.

Great decorum was observed during the day. The afternoon was spent in various amusements, and all went home before the sun withdrew its beams, each one feeling a gladness in the heart for the new and better light that had dawned on the people of our much loved country.

CHAPTER XXX

INDIANA: A BACKWARD AND A FORWARD LOOK

150. The Indiana Centennial—1916

(From *Indiana Magazine of History*, March, 1912; article by JAMES ALBERT WOODBURN.)

In a little over four years Indiana will be celebrating the hundredth anniversary of her birth. The birthday of the State is December 11, 1816. It was then that Indiana passed from her territorial condition into the sisterhood of States. She became the nineteenth State of the Union, and the sixth to be admitted after the adoption of the Constitution. When Indiana comes to set her house in order for the celebration of her one hundredth natal anniversary, she will, without much doubt, have a population of three millions—about the population of the thirteen United Colonies when they declared they were, and of right ought to be, free and independent States. A hundred years ago, by the census of 1810, Indiana had a population of about 24,000. At the time of her admission in 1816 her population had risen, according to estimate, to 65,000, and four years later, by the census of 1820, she had a population of 147,000 souls. In another ten years that population had more than doubled. It was doubled again in another ten years, and in the two decades following 1840 the population of the State was again doubled, standing at the opening of the Civil War at 1,360,000 persons—approximately at one-half of what our population is today.

The coming of that population to Indiana as a part of the great movement toward the West is one of the most significant chapters of American history. It was the upbuilding of a commonwealth from the wilderness. The men who lived in Indiana for forty years prior to the Civil War witnessed a wonderful transformation. The pen of the historian has not yet adequately pictured it. It has been pictured in parts, as in Judge Howe's notable sketch of the es-

tablishment of the capital in the wilderness, and the State and local historical societies have done something to preserve the historical materials of that day. The opening pages of Mr. Holliday's *Indianapolis and the Civil War* present to us some most interesting glimpses of the primitive days of nearly one hundred years ago in Indiana. And especially of this community [Indianapolis], when Coe and Blake and Ray and Fletcher, and others, were, in their diligent and public-spirited way, establishing the new city of Indiana, when the sale of town lots within the mile square laid off for what was called "the donation" furnished the revenue for building the Courthouse and the Statehouse. Can the imagination recall the little pioneer settlement of five hundred persons here in 1824?

It is doubtful if posterity can ever be made to visualize, or in any true sense vividly to comprehend the wondrous change that was wrought in our Hoosier habitation in that fresh and productive generation. The men living here just before the sixties whose memories easily spanned these first forty years of statehood, found it difficult then to impress upon the rising generation the change that their eyes had witnessed and which their own hands had helped to bring to pass. They were youthful grandfathers who had hardly reached their three score years, yet their tales of the past would seem like flights of the imagination from old men who were seeing visions, did we not know how hard and recent were the facts of their pioneer life which they revealed. Nathaniel Bolton, Mr. Brown's predecessor in the State Library of sixty years ago, thought it a marvelous thing in 1853 that a man might start from Lafayette early in the morning, stop two hours for dinner at Indianapolis and still be in Cincinnati the same evening in reasonable time for supper and bed. Bolton, himself speaking of a time when he was still a young man of forty-eight, recalled his experience of passing over the ground where Columbus, Ohio, now stands when there was but a single solitary log cabin on the banks of the Scioto at that place. The Indianapolis *Gazette,* of which Bolton was the early editor and publisher, brought out President Monroe's message in what was then

deemed quick time; he had made an enterprising western "scoop" by bringing out the President's message in February, only two months after it was submitted to Congress in December. That was but a few years after the cabins of Pogue and the McCormicks had been erected on Pogue's run and Fall creek. Bolton had witnessed the location of this capital city in the "New Purchase," when in 1820 Hunt, Connor, Tipton, Emerson, Durham, and others, selected the site of this primitive settlement on land so lately acquired from the Indians. That was sixty years before a circuit court was held in Marion county, in the days when grand juries sat on a log to hold their inquisitions; when Anderson town, lately the seat of government of the Delaware nation, was a deserted Indian village; when the nearest post-office was Connersville, sixty miles away; when William Connor, the Indian trader, four miles south of Noblesville, first learned what it meant to have a government mail brought into his neighborhood; when, as in 1822, a United States mail was first established in this settlement, [Indianapolis], and when such rapid progress followed that in a short time, as Bolton tells it, "we had a mail from the East every two weeks unless high water prevented." These things were told by a man just entering upon middle life, while looking back over a brief period of about thirty years. He spoke at a time when Indiana had risen from a newly civilized wilderness to be the fourth State in the Union, while ten years later the commonwealth was able to furnish more than 200,000 fighting men in the war for the defense of the Union. Does it not sound like a grandfather's tale of impossible or exaggerated things? Yet we know it to be only what has become commonplace narration of the growth of one of these western States. I use Bolton and his narrative of sixty years ago only as an illustration to remind us of a fading, if not a faded, past.

Within the midst of this rising tide of new and expanding life toward the West, which seemed so recent to Bolton's eyes, but is so remote to ours, came the application of steam and electricity to modern life; and one needs but little reflection to enable him to recall the great domestic, commer-

cial and industrial revolution wrought in the progress and life of the people by these powerful agencies. Cheap lands were bringing their thousands, but these discoveries and advances were destined to bring their tens of thousands. Our young State was then virgin soil, and while our good mother may continue for ages to come to bear children and to receive them hospitably from foreign parts to her firesides and her homes, it is quite certain that it can never happen again that her progeny will increase with such giant strides and in such proportions as was witnessed in those wonderful forty years prior to the Civil War.

The Indianians who were but little past middle age in 1860, could recall not only these strange and curious beginnings, but also the denials, the hardships and sufferings, not to say the tragedies, of life in the pioneer Indiana settlements. Just one hundred years ago this year occurred the massacre in Pigeon Roost Settlement, not far from the early home of the Englishes in Scott county. When Bingham and Doughty of this city published John B. Dillon's well-known *History of Indiana,* in 1859, Zebulon Collings, a survivor of the massacre, was still alive, from whose lips the historian had some account of the conditions in the country at the time of the tragedy. I cannot here recount the story of these trials. I merely refer to them to indicate by what hardships the soldiers of civilization were founding our young commonwealth, and how recent these events must have seemed to the older men when the "boys of '61" were entering upon the struggle for the Union.

It is hard to realize for those whose memories go back easily to the days of Sumter and Shiloh that we are standing today farther removed by a lustrum of years from the beginning of that great civil conflict than were the founders of the commonwealth who sat in 1816 with Jennings, Holman, McCarty, Noble, Maxwell, and others, in our first Constitutional Convention under the historic elm at Corydon. But it is so. That stretch of years when the State was in the making seems so large a part of our State growth and life that these later years, within the memory of so many men now living, seem yet hardly a fit subject for the treat-

ment of history. But we have only to think for a moment to realize that the Indiana of 1912 is as greatly different from that of 1860 as was the Indiana of Morton and Lane from that of Governor Jennings or the elder Harrison. True, our population has not increased with such proportionate strides since then; but impelled by the inventive and industrial progress of the world of which we are a part, the progress and change in Indiana within these fifty years have been more marked, more in contrast with the past, than any that men had witnessed in all the years that had gone before. This age of electricity, the growth of our cities, the trolley car and traction lines, the telephone and the automobile—these would have been as startling anticipations to the mind and eye of Joseph A. Wright or Robert Dale Owen as a single day's railway journey from Chicago to Cincinnati to the expectation of the men of 1816. In material wealth, in industry, in comforts and modes of living, in conveniences of life whether in city or country, in methods of business, in education, literature, or art—in everything that goes to make up civilized life, the progress of the last half century has been much more remarkable than that of the half century before. Within this period, it is obvious on a moment's reflection, are other chapters of the State's unwritten history. Put these two half centuries of the State's life together and have we not a story of a State and of a people, of their times, their customs, their homes, their activities, their progress, and their changes, well worthy of a centennial celebration?

151. Indiana

(From *Indiana's Gift to the Battleship Indiana*; poem by JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY [1896].)

Our Land—our Home!—the common home indeed
  Of soil-born children and adopted ones—
  The stately daughters and the stalwart sons
Of Industry:—All greeting and godspeed!
O home to proudly live for, and, if need
  Be, proudly die for, with the roar of guns
  Blent with our latest prayer.—So died men once. . . .
Lo, Peace! . . . As we look on the land THEY freed—
Its harvests all in ocean-overflow
  Poured round autumnal coasts in billowy gold—
    Its corn and wine and balmed fruits and flow'rs.—
We know the exhaltation that they know
  Who now, steadfast inheritors, behold
    The Land Elysian, marveling "This is ours!"

Outlines for Study

CHAPTER I

Try to form a mental picture of what is now Indiana when first visited by white men. On the map of Indiana in your geography, find the rivers named in the text. Write down a list of the peoples who claimed for their homes the soil of Indiana between 1700 and 1816.

CHAPTER II

Indiana when Englishmen First Came, about 1765

1. Face of the country—how it looked to white men.
    a. The forests—their appearance and extent.
    b. The surface—three well-marked regions.
    c. The rivers—four systems and branches.
2. Inhabitants of the country in 1765.
    a. The Indian folk.
        (1) The Miamis and their distribution.
            (a) Their earlier distribution.
            (b) Tribes and locations in 1765.
            (c) Manners and social customs.
        (2) Indian lore and tradition.
            (a) Pottawattomie story of creation.
            (b) Shawnee account of Indian origins.
        (3) Indian life and customs.
            (a) Training of Indian youth—how the Indian boy is declared a man.
            (b) On the warpath—the war budget and the return feast.
            (c) Ceremony of adoption—why and how an adoption is made.
    b. The French in Indiana.
        (1) At Post Vincennes—location; description.
        (2) At Ouiatanon—location; the country about.
        (3) At the Miami village—location; origin; the people.

c. French life on the Wabash (eighteenth century).
   (1) Why the French settled here.
   (2) Agriculture:—implements, crops, markets.
   (3) Homes and furnishings.

Draw a map of Indiana. Sketch the rivers and lakes. Put in the map the names of the rivers, lakes, French posts, and the Indian tribes in 1765. Compare with the maps in the text. Write down in your notebook five points of difference between Indiana to-day and in 1765.

CHAPTER III

George Rogers Clark Conquers the Northwest

1. The "Old Northwest" from 1765 to 1778.
   a. British in possession at Detroit, Fort Dearborn, Kaskaskia, Vincennes. Locate each on map.
   b. Revolutionary War begins and is in progress.
   c. Indians hostile to Kentucky settlers.
2. Clark's plan to conquer the Northwest.
   a. Journey to Williamsburgh—meets Governor Henry.
   b. Clark gathers recruits—from where?
   c. Promises of land and money for his men.
3. Journey down the Ohio—fort built; desertion; pursuit and arrest of deserters.
4. March on Kaskaskia—route; difficulties; capture of the place.
5. Father Gibault sent to take Vincennes.
6. Ouiatanon is taken for Clark.
7. British recapture Vincennes.
8. Clark marches on Vincennes.
   a. Despatch of the "Willing."
   b. Hardships on the march.
   c. Capture of the town and garrison.
9. Importance of Clark's work for the Americans.

Write for your home newspaper a column article on the exploits of Clark. Be accurate in giving facts.

CHAPTER IV

Indian Border Wars

1. Why the Indians were hostile to settlers.
2. Gamelin's mission to the Miami nation.
3. Military exploits in the Indian country.
    a. Major Hamtramck's march to Vincennes.
    b. General Scott lays waste Ouiatanon.
    c. General Wilkinson reconnoitres on the Eel River.
4. Stories of Indian captivity.
    a. The Stephen Ashby family.
    b. The rescue of the Hope children.
5. The Indiana rangers—purpose; movements; services.
6. The climax of Indian troubles in 1811 and 1812.
    a. How the Indians were preying on settlers.
    b. The council at Vincennes—Tecumseh and Harrison.
    c. The Tippecanoe campaign.
        (1) The march to the Indian town.
        (2) The battle and its results.
    d. Savage attacks at three points in 1812.
        (1) Fort Harrison on the Wabash.
        (2) Massacre at Pigeon Roost.
        (3) Siege of Fort Wayne.
7. Conditions near the close of the Indian Wars.
    a. In the Whitewater country—on the Twelve-Mile Purchase.
    b. In the Vallonia Neighborhood.
    c. In the Maria Creek settlement.

What grievances did the Indians hold against the settlers in the Northwest? How did the British behave toward the Indians? Why? What characteristics of the Indians are brought out in the Ashby story? Name the conditions in Indiana in 1812 which made the Indians a dreaded foe. Why did settlers expose themselves in distant homes in the wilderness? What means of defense were provided? Can you tell from this chapter how names of creeks, towns, and counties were first applied? Find the origin of such names in your neighborhood.

CHAPTER V

Name and describe, in their order, the three classes of pioneers. What did each class contribute to the permanent settlement of the country?

CHAPTER VI

Life in the Wilderness, about 1816

1. Lincoln's Indiana home.
   a. Why the Lincolns came to Indiana.
   b. Where they settled. Describe the farm.
   c. The home and its furniture.
   d. How they lived; food, clothing.
2. How the new State was governed.
   a. Governor and Lieutenant-Governor—duties?
   b. Legislature—the two houses.
   c. Judiciary and law.
   d. Rights and privileges of citizens.
3. The slow advance of civilized life.

CHAPTER VII

The Coming of the Settlers

1. Whence and how settlers came to Indiana.
2. How a new trail was opened into the interior.
3. How settlers came to the New Purchase.
   a. How they crossed the rivers.
   b. Food and lodging—how obtained?
   c. Cutting a new "trace."
   d. Hardships from storm and flood.

Why did settlers show so great interest in the New Purchase? What was "the center of attraction"? How is the original plat of Indianapolis marked in that city to-day? Put into your map of Indiana Whetzel's Trace. What was the difference between a "trail" and a "trace"?

CHAPTER VIII

Clearing the Forests

1. Why were the forests called an "enemy of the settler"?
2. The operation of clearing: (a) deadening or "girdling" (b) felling (c) rolling and burning.
3. Social side of "clearing"—the *frolic*.

What was meant by "niggering"? Why so called? Why were the pioneers so ready to help one another? Should they have accepted pay? Did they commit the "sin of waste" in burning so much good timber? Compare the value of the timber so destroyed

and that of the land on which it stood at the present day. Should they have left the timber to the present day, or most of it?

CHAPTER IX

Building the Home

1. What the "home" meant to the pioneers.
2. Location of the home near a spring or stream.
3. Construction of the house. Describe the walls, roof, floor, fireplace, doors, windows, rooms, loft.
4. Furniture: beds, tables, chairs, stove.
5. Various kinds of houses.
   (a) The crude "half face camp."
   (b) The finished log cabin, made (a) of round logs, (b) of hewed logs.

Find and bring into class as many pictures of log cabins as you can. What was the "double-cabin"? Compare the log cabin with the sod house of the western prairie. What was the origin of the saying, "the latch-string is always out"? Describe for the class a log cabin which you have seen.

CHAPTER X

Pioneer Farming

1. How the pioneer obtained his farm.
   a. By "squatting" on unclaimed land.
   b. By purchasing land of the government.
2. How the farm was prepared.
   a. Stock and implements—how secured?
   b. Fencing—kinds of early fences.
   c. Clearing and draining—why necessary?
   d. Estimate of cost of new farm on the Wabash.
3. Compare the value of prairie and timber lands. What advantages has each over the other?
4. Stock-raising. How the crops were fed.

Compare the value of a farm in 1830 and of the same farm in a good section of the State today. What are the reasons for the difference? Did the government sell good lands too cheaply? Why did not the early settlers buy whole townships at such a price ($1.25 per acre)? Why did the settlers at first prefer woodland to prairies? Contrast the method then and now in use of feeding hogs for market.

CHAPTER XI

Disposal of Public Lands

1. How "squatters" secured their lands.
2. How public lands were "entered."
   a. Location of Indiana Land Offices.
   b. Auction sales by the government. Describe the sale at Crawfordsville in 1824.
   c. Steps in locating and "entering" land.
      (1) The preliminary outlook. Need of precaution.
      (2) Purchase at the land sale or land office.
3. Danger from "squatters" and "speculators." How did the settlers meet the danger?
4. How the public lands were surveyed?
   a. Principal meridian and base line—locate.
   b. Parallel township and section lines.
   c. How the lines are marked on the lands.

What is the difference between a "squatter" and a permanent settler? Between a settler and a "speculator"? Draw a diagram of a "Congress township." Number the sections properly. Write a surveyor's description of your father's (or a neighbor's) farm. On your map of Indiana, place the land offices of Indiana in the 1830's. Can land be obtained from the government today? Where? How?

CHAPTER XII

Transportation and Travel

1. Early need of roads and canals.
2. Lines of travel and transportation.
   a. Roads and turnpikes.
      (1) How a road grew from a Buffalo path, an Indian "trail," a settler's "trace," to a State road and turnpike.
      (2) Locate some early "traces": Whetzel's, Berry's.
      (c) Early improved roads. Describe a plank and a corduroy road. How was money raised for building roads?
      (d) Old National Road in Indiana. (Sec. 80.)
      (e) Discomforts of travel: Stage lines; taverns.

b. Rivers and canals.
   (a) Flatboating: how a flatboat is made. How it is used and how disposed of. Character of the flatboatmen.
   (b) River-steamboats: obstacles and how overcome.
   (c) Canal-boats: mode of travel and traffic.
   (d) Ferry-boats: uses?

CHAPTER XIII

Travel Stories

Select the best story and relate it in your own way to the class, at home, before the school, or in your History Club. Visit an "old settler" and ask him to tell you a good story of travel in an early day.

CHAPTER XIV

Pioneer Society

1. Occasions for social gatherings.
2. Kinds of social gatherings. What was done at—
   a. The log-rolling?
   b. The corn-husking?
   c. The quilting-bee?
   d. The shooting-match?
3. The militia muster: purpose, drill, decline.
4. Social experiments. Describe the settlements, social and religious life, and industry at New Harmony under Father Rapp and Robert Owen. It what respects did their settlement differ from other pioneer settlements?

What was the most important difference between the amusements of the pioneers and our own? What was the "cornstalk militia"? Who make up the militia to-day?

CHAPTER XV

Hunting Stories

Was hunting a pastime, an occupation, or a sport? Explain the difference. Illustrate your answer from the stories?

CHAPTER XVI

Religious Life of the Pioneers

1. The need of churches in pioneer society.
2. How the meeting house was built.
3. Pioneer preachers and preaching.
    a. Their self-denial and sacrifices.
    b. Their work among pioneer folk.
    c. How they "made a living" while preaching.
    d. How their preaching was received.
4. The camp meeting. Where held? When? How long? Describe the camp ground; the religious services.

Why was the minister required "to work for a living"? Why was he not paid a salary? How did the pioneer preacher travel about among the different settlements? Where were the services held at first? What things have we to make Sunday attractive which were missing in pioneer days?

CHAPTER XVII

Pioneer Schools

1. Common desire for schools and "larnin'."
2. The pioneer school.
    a. The building and its furnishing.
    b. Teaching—"loud" schools and "low" schools.
    c. Discipline—frequent use of the "rod."
    d. Subjects—the three R's.
    e. School customs: "treating"; "barring-out"; "spelling down"; the "master's" jurisdiction.
3. The schoolmaster—his cabin; standing in the community; how paid?
4. The spelling-school. (Read the *Hoosier Schoolmaster.*)

What was meant by the saying, "lickin' and larnin' go together." Did frequent whipping make better behaved children? What other ways of punishing unruly pupils were there? What were the "three R's"? The "rule of three"? Why was so much attention paid to spelling and arithmetic?

CHAPTER XVIII

Civic Ideals of the Pioneers

1. Pioneer justice.
   a. The "circuit" court—why so called?
   b. Modes of punishment: whipping; jails; the "choke-trap." Describe an old-time jail.
   c. Lack of respect for the courts.
2. Law-making. Explain "log-rolling"; "private legislation"; "combining bills."
3. Elections. Describe the ballot; method of voting; questions voted on.

What incident in this chapter illustrates how the pioneers adapted themselves to circumstances? What does "log-rolling" mean to-day? Is private legislation permitted in Indiana now? Is combining bills permitted? What evils are found in each of these early kinds of law-making? Ask your teacher to describe for you methods of voting before the ballot came into use.

CHAPTER XIX

Health of the Pioneers

1. Why sickness was common: effect of exposure, miasma, mosquitoes, lack of medical skill, poor water.
2. The common forms of illness—why were fever and ague so common?
3. Remedies: emetic, blister, bleeding, herbs and "bitters," calomel.

Is sickness more or less common now than in pioneer times in Indiana? Why? How are mosquitoes a cause of sickness? Describe the symptoms (signs) of ague. What remedies are now used in place of "bleeding"? Who suffered greater hardships, the doctor or the preacher? Who was the more useful of the two?

CHAPTER XX

Removal of the Indians

Read the story of the removal of the Indians and write a speech to portray the feelings of an Indian chieftain as he looks for the last time upon the waters of the Wabash.

CHAPTER XXI

A State in the Making

Explain the statement, "The period from 1836 to 1850 was a time of social organization." Give several instances for illustration.

CHAPTER XXII

Internal Improvements

1. The making of canals in Indiana.
    a. Why canals were needed.
    b. How they were made.
    c. Labor troubles on the canal works.
2. Advantages of railroads over canals.
3. How the people felt about canals and railroads—celebrations when opened.

On your map of Indiana, trace the route of the Wabash and Erie Canal. Why did canals so quickly go out of use in Indiana? For what is the Wabash and Erie Canal used to-day? How were canals made to pass from a higher to a lower level, cross rivers, portages, and the like? Do you know of a canal in use in the United States to-day?

CHAPTER XXIII

Banks and Banking

1. The first State Bank in Indiana—where? branches? failure.
2. The Second United States Bank—why no State Bank?
3. The Second State Bank in Indiana.
    a. When and how chartered?
    b. Central bank and branches.
    c. Where its capital came from.
    d. How it served the government and the people.
4. Bad effects of state bank bills.

What is the difference between the Old or Second State Bank and a State Bank to-day? Does a State Bank now issue bills, i. e., paper money? Why? Think of some of the ways a bank now serves the people. Ask your teacher to take your class to a bank and have it explained by an officer of the bank.

CHAPTER XXIV

Political Parties

1. When and why did a political party first arise in Indiana? Name of the party?
2. The political convention in early days.
   a. When and where the first State convention met.
   b. What the convention did.
      (1) Instruct citizens to appoint county (or township) "committees of correspondence."
      (2) Name State electors of the President.
      (3) Appoint a "committee of superintendence."
      (4) Invite General Jackson to visit the State.
      (5) Adjourn.
3. The political campaign in 1840.
   a. The perils of a campaign.
   b. The old time rally—the procession; the floats; the banners and "transparencies."

What party to-day corresponds to the "Jackson party" in 1828? What was the work of the committees named by the first State convention? What are the similar committees in a party organization to-day? What was a "barbecue"? Compare the campaign of 1840 and a similar campaign to-day. What important differences exist?

CHAPTER XXV

National Questions

Name the important questions before the people of the nation which the people of Indiana took up at this time.

CHAPTER XXVI

The Slavery Contest in Indiana

1. How slaves were first brought to Indiana.
2. When and how slavery was excluded.
3. Attempt to bring back slavery into Indiana. Explain the "indenture system."
4. What Henry Ward Beecher thought of the Fugitive Slave Law.

5. The "Underground" in Indiana.
   a. Its routes in Indiana (Map).
   b. How it operated. Stations; conductors; destination of fugitives?
   c. The "slave-catchers"—stories of rescues: Levi Coffin, Jerry Sullivan, Eldridge Hopkins.

Why did many people in early days in Indiana desire slaves? How long did slaves continue to be held in Indiana? Why were slaves permitted to be held in Indiana after the Ordinance of 1787 had forbidden the holding of slaves? How did the "indenture" scheme seek to get around the clause in the Ordinance of 1787 forbidding slavery? Name some underground "stations" in Indiana. [See map.] What became of the runaway slaves after reaching Canada? How did the people of Indiana feel toward "slave-catchers"? Why?

CHAPTER XXVII

Indiana in the Civil War

1. Indiana's welcome to Lincoln.
2. How Indiana helped in the war.
3. Indiana's "War Governor."
   a. Governor Morton's loyalty to Lincoln.
   b. His power of work and leadership.
4. Morgan's raid in Indiana. (a) Object? (b) Route followed? (c) Defense of the State? (d) Effect on Indiana?

CHAPTER XXVIII

Life in Camp and on the Battlefield

1. How volunteers were recruited.
2. Doings at camp—soldier hardships.
3. Soldiers in battle.
4. Soldiers on scout duty.
5. Soldiers on the march.

Why was Indiana not prepared for the war? In what ways did she help in the war? How did Morton find defenders to repel Morgan? What was Morgan's purpose in the raid? Did he accomplish his purpose?

CHAPTER XXIX

Indiana and the Freedmen

1. The negroes as soldiers.
2. Education of the negro: when and how begun?
3. Civil rights of the negro.
4. How the negro has responded to his opportunities in Indiana.

CHAPTER XXX

Indiana—A Backward and A Forward Look

Write for your school paper an editorial on "Why Indiana Should Celebrate Her Centennial." Or make an oration on the same subject for the school contest. Or make a talk before the History Club on "How Indiana Should Celebrate Her Centennial." Or ask your teacher to allow the class to hold a "Discussion" on one or the other subject on Parents' Day.

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